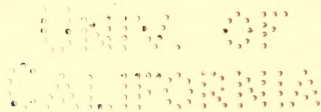


GREEN MOUNTAIN POETS.

Green Mountain Poets

EDITED BY
A. J. SANBORN. A. M.

PRINCIPAL OF MIDDLEBURY HIGH SCHOOL.



CLAREMONT, N. H.
CLAREMONT MANUFACTURING CO.

1872.

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P R E F A C E .

THIS volume of Poetry is presented to the public in response to the urgent request of many of the lovers of poetry, and that the poems of Vermont should be preserved for future times.

The poems have not been arranged with regard to merit, but as they were copied from time to time.

We would return our sincere thanks to the poets of the State for their kind assistance in collecting the poems for this volume.

Middlebury, Vt. 1872.

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GREEN MOUNTAIN POETS.

MRS. A. E. STANLEY,

OF LEICESTER.

VERMONT.

Vermont! thou fair child of the mountains,
So glorious, so grand and so free;
As thy evergreens turn to the sunlight,
So turneth my soul unto thee.

O! seraphs, from Heaven's blissful chambers,
Tune thy harps with music most sweet;
Breathe thy melody into my spirit,
While, in rapture, I sit at thy feet.

O! muses, come, hover around me;
Let me drink from thy life-giving font;
Fill my soul with thy grand inspiration,
While I sing to the praise of Vermont.

Thy sons are the stars of the Union--
Thy daughters the fairest of earth!
And we, who were born mid thy mountains,
Do not care for a nobler birth.

Progression is stamped on thy forehead,
Emblazoned in letters of gold;
Thy banner floats onward and upward,
While science gleams out from each fold.

O! rare are thy poets, fair sister,
Who bow at thy beautiful shrine;
Who will sing to thy praises forever,
In anthems and songs most divine.

How gaze I with rapture upon thee,
When the morning sun heralds the day;
Like a goddess thou sittest in splendor,
Enwrapped in thy silvery spray.

And the long, slender lines of the sunbeams,
Beglittering with light, like a star,
Steal tremblingly down through the pearl-gate,
Which Night, in her haste, left ajar.

How green are thy hills in the spring-time;
How fragrant each moss-covered mound,
When the angel of flowers walks among them,
Smiling joy 'neath her floral-wreathed crown.

Thou liftest thy noble crest heavenward,
Above the fair country around;
Thy mountains reach far in the distance,
And lovingly clasp thee around.

They tell us a fair land awaits us,
If we follow the bright setting sun;
Where the soil yields a bountiful harvest,
And wealth fills the purse of each one.

But I care not for physical plenty,
For riches were never my goal;
Let me stay with *my own dear Vermont!*
For she supplies food *for my soul!*

All hail ! to thee, belle of the Union !

In thy soft robe of bright living green ;
Hail ! hail ! to thee, pet of New England !

We bow to our beautiful queen.

God of our fathers, I thank Thee,

As humbly before Thee I wait,
That my eyes first unclosed to the sunlight,
In this beautiful Green Mountain State.

Vermont ! my loved country forever,

Wherever my lot may be cast ;
And when my soul wings her way upward,
Take my form to thy bosom, at last.

“GET OUT OF THE SUNSHINE.”

Soul, with thy superstitious fear,
Getting no light from year to year ;
Making no progress day by day ;
Living to pass the time away ;
Closing your eyes on light divine,
And then complain that the sun do n't shine,
If you *will not* behold the glorious day,
Get out of the sunshine, that others may.

For the sun has arisen on error's night,
Gilding the earth with her radiant light,
Back roll the clouds from Truth away,
And we see her crowned with the light of day.
Come out of the darkness, and into the light !
Do n't cover your head, and say it is night !
If you *will not* behold the glorious day,
Get out of the sunshine, that others may.

In this grand age of thought and commotion,
Do n't hug to your heart some musty old notion ;
Take off the old garment —put on the new—
Reach out for the good, the pure, and the true ;
Do n't sit and sing that old song,
“ Yes, I am right, and others are wrong.”
If you *will not* behold the glorious day,
Get out of the sunshine, that others may.

THE BROKEN HEART.

She rose from her couch at the dead of the night,
And crossed the dark hall in her night-robe white.

“ Mother ! ” she cried, “ whose step is it there,
That softly I hear, on the old oaken stair ?

Has Maland come back, in his beauty and might,
To bring me a lily, and kiss me good-night ?

I dreamed that I saw him rise out of the sea,
And he whispered ‘ O, Maude ! ’ and beckoned to me ;

And I reached out my hands, but they grasped the thin air—
But it must be his step that I heard on the stair.”

“ No, child ! ’t is the sound of the rain over head !
Go back and lie down in your soft downy bed.

Go, darling, and rest, now, your poor weary head,
For Maland, your lover, is dead ! is dead !

He lies ’mong the corals, beneath the dark wave,
And the sea-gulls are chanting a dirge o’er his grave.”

“Mother! dear mother! O, this cannot be!
He wrote he was coming from o’er the blue sea.

I know he will come; for I saw him last night,
His beautiful face, so cold and so white.

To-morrow night he will stand by my side,
And he’ll whisper ‘O, Maude! my beautiful bride!’

Go, mother! and bring me my bridal-robe white;
I must dress for his coming, to-night, to-night!

Bring me my bridal-vail! gossamer cloud!
O! take it away! it’s a shroud! *a shroud!*”

The star-crowned angels came down that night,
And looked upon Maude, in her robe of white.

“Poor broken-hearted!” they mournfully said,
“Thy lover, in heaven, with thee shall wed.”

“He has thrown wide open the golden gate;
And he whispers, ‘My bride! no longer wait.’”

When morn, o’er the glad earth, her rosy light spread,
Sweet Maude of the sea-side was dead! was dead!

And angels threw open the golden gate wide,
And Maland passed through with his spirit-bride.

AUTUMN DIRGE.

Gently, sweetly she is dying,
 Withered flowers are on her breast;
Mourning winds are sobbing, sighing,
 While she sinks to dreamless rest.
 Lovely Autumn !
Slumber sweet, and take thy rest.

One by one the leaves are falling,
 Falling 'round thy lonely grave;
Where the birds their mates are calling,
 Where the leafless branches wave.
 Silent Autumn !
Winds are whisp'ring 'round thy grave.

Sparkling rills that laughed in Summer,
 Sing no more the flowers among;
Thy sweet name, in solemn murmur,
 Ever mingles in their song.
 Slumbering Autumn !
Mournful is thy funeral song.

Quivering sunbeams coldly beaming,
 Tremble o'er thy silent bed;
Thou in sleep that knows no dreaming;
 Take thy rest, O lovely dead !
 Glorious Autumn !
Hallowed be thy lowly bed.

On the cloud-capt mountains hoary,
 Wood-nymphs, white, their banners wave;
Soon they 'll come in all their glory,

Scattering snow-flakes on thy grave;
Softly singing
Dirges solemn 'round thy grave.

O! may I, when Death is calling,
Sink as calmly to my rest;
Withering leaves around me falling,
Withering flowers upon my breast;
Like the Autumn,
May I sink to peaceful rest.

BRING BACK MY BABY.

They took him away from my bosom,
My precious, my beautiful boy;
Do they know that my poor heart is breaking,
While others are throbbing with joy?
My arms are so idle and empty,
I 'm watching the long, weary day;
O! pity a heart-broken mother,
And bring back my baby, I pray.

They robed the fair form of my darling
In garments so thin and so cold,
And they scattered white lilies and rose-buds
Along in each soft, snowy fold.
He looked like a little frost spirit,
So still, and so cold, and so white;
And they took up my beautiful baby,
And carried him out of my sight.

They made a low bed 'neath the grasses,
Too narrow, too dark, and too deep,
For a birdling so frail and so tender,
And I can't have him laid there to sleep;
For I know when he wakes, he 'll be calling,
And reaching his arms out to come,
We 'll leave the door open till morning, love,
Some angel may bring Herbert home.

O, dry your tears sorrowing mother,
Nor mourn for your darling, I pray,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven,"
And Herbert is happy to-day:
There, there by that beautiful "River,"
Whose waves have a musical flow,
The angels stood beck'ning so sweetly,
I knew you would let Herbert go.

FATHER TIME.

Don't go so fast! Father Time;
'Twas only a few days ago,
That my eye it was bright,
And my step it was light,
And I thought that you traveled too slow.

But you hurried me on, Father Time,
While wearisome burdens I bore;
The sunlight, I find,
Is all left behind,
And the shadows are creeping before.

You have stolen my youth, Father Time;
You have taken my roses away,
And my soft, silken hair,
Which once was so fair,
You are dotting it over with gray.

I was happy and gay, Father Time,
And I thought that you traveled so slow;
This bright little earth,
Was all music and mirth,
And my sky was all rainbows, you know.

But that "scythe" in your hand, Father Time,
Is so savage and sharp, I am told;
By the powers above!
Is there one that can love
A foe so relentless and bold?

For your mission on earth, Father Time,
Is to bring ev'ry thing to decay;
You bring blight and mold,
You make us grow old,
And you rule us with absolute sway.

The summit is gained, Father Time,
And I'm viewing the valleys below;
One side are "sweet dreams,"
The other dark streams,
That murmur with sad, tearful flow.

Now what is there left, Father Time?
Ah! what but the sweet star of hope,
To illumine our way,

As we glide, day by day,
Along down the dim western slope.

“O, cease your repining, my child,
My mission to you is for good ;
By angels of light,
I’m employed day and night,
To draw your heart nearer to God.

“When that glorious eternal, my child,
Shall dawn on your wondering view,
And angels shall come,
To welcome you home,
Then my mission is ended with you.

“And from your serene height, my child,
You will look with ineffable love ;
And in Heaven’s sweet name,
You will bless Father Time,
For his labors of mercy and love.”

F. B. GAGE,

AN EMINENT ARTIST OF ST. JOHNSBURY.

THE BURIAL.

’T is a burial—not a bridal,
To the grave we bear our idol!—

She, our only earthly treasure,
Dear to us beyond all measure—

She, who came, but now, to falter
Holy vows at Hymen’s altar,

Lies in bridal robes enshrouded,
Her brow with death's dampness clouded.

Ye who—summoned to her bridal—
Wail above your stricken idol;

Ye whose love grew daily fonder,
Lift the coffin's lid and ponder.

O'er that face hath crept the stillness,
Of death's stern and icy chillness,

And no animation lingers
In those folded marble fingers.

Ah, we marvel at the myst'ry
Of life's strangely transient hist'ry;

And we ponder, little knowing
Of life's coming and its going;

Little reading, little seeing,
The great purpose of our being;

Wondering that the wise Creator
Hath not made our knowledge greater;

We, who through our sinful being,
Lack the holy faith for seeing

Beyond th' agony of dying—
The glory of existence lying;

Harb'ring still misapprehension
Of God's kind and dear intention.

This life is the life Ideal,
Her's is changed into the Real;
Changed from earthly sin and sorrow
Into one unclouded morrow.
'Midst these many tears up-starting,
Close the lid for the brief parting :
These dear features wear the seeming
Of the pleasantness of dreaming.
She is only softly sleeping;
Leave her in God's tender keeping.
He will treasure our lost idol,
'Tis our Burial,—but her Bridal.

RESIGNATION.

Death rides alike the breeze and blast,
And thence his cruel shafts are cast ;
The same in Summer's genial glow,
The same in Winter's ice and snow.
To-day into our home he pressed,
No welcome nor expected guest.
One full of promise, bloom and joy,
The fair-haired, blue-eyed, laughing boy,
Shall never, at the cottage door,
At twilight, bound to meet us more ;

And we bewail the cruel fate
That leaves our household desolate.

We wonder at the providence
That at this hour hath borne him hence ;

We murmur that the cruel dart
Thus early touched his tender heart,

And weep, in unavailing grief,
A life so bright, and yet so brief.

Could we into the future look,
And read it as an open book,

We might turn back in fear and dread,
And thankfulness that he is dead.

We might in its dread pages read
An end more terrible indeed ;

And thus be comforted that he,
Thus early ransomed and set free,

Hath well escaped the paths that lead
Where vice, and shame, and mis'ry breed ;

And all the ills that crowd the train,
Of sickness, poverty and pain.

Then might we bless the stroke of fate
That leaves our household desolate.

Then might we stand in wonder dumb
At visioned glories yet to come.

Be still, O murm'ring heart, and trust
That all God's purposes are just—

That whatsoe'er may yet arise,
His dealings all are just and wise;

Nor deem it still a cruel fate
That leaves our household desolate.

FALLEN.

At this bedside standing sadly,
Gaze on her who perished madly!

Judge her not whose heart was broken
By the vows of falsehood spoken.

She is Death's! since he hath won her,
There's no stain of sin upon her.

She that loved, and he that lusted,
Know that man may not be trusted.

Purest souls are always frailest;
So with hers, whom thou bewailest.

God is just, and judgment certain—
Turn and softly drop the curtain.

RETRIBUTION.

One there was who loved and trusted ;
One there was who lied and lusted ;

Love and trust, alas ! were stronger ;
Sinless was her soul no longer.

Grief and shame reigned for a season,
Tottered then the throne of reason.

Darkly flowed the turbid water—
There they found the ruined daughter.

She's at rest, where peace and pity
Guard the gates of the Great City.

He shall hear a maniac's laughter,
Through all the years that come hereafter.

Every hour of night shall bring it,
Every wind shall raise and ring it.

Her dead face a ghastly vision,
Drowns his ravings of derision.

And a phantom nought can sever
Follows all his steps forever.

A GRAVE.

A grave for you and a grave for me
Was laid ere the hour that we were born,
And travel the earth, or sail the sea,
There only our resting place shall be,
Till the resurrection morn.

For He who spun eternity's span,
And spoke the word, and the world was born,
Hath perfect order in all His plan;
He watches and tends the steps of man,
Till the resurrection morn.

There's a grave for one, and a grave for all
Alike, on the face of the earth prepared;
For the love that lets not the sparrow fall,
And the order that sways and governs all,
Alike by all is shared.

Yet why should we turn away and weep,
Or over the thought in terror brood?
Though death, ere long, shall over us creep,
Though the grave is dark, and cold, and deep,
Yet God is wise and good.

So travel we far, or travel free,
Or come to our deaths, nor matters it how,
Upon the land, or within the sea,
There's a grave for you, a grave for me,
Made ready and waiting now.

THE NOISELESS RIVER.

There is a river beneath the ground,
A river that flows without a sound ;

Over the river an arch is spread,
And millions upon its surface tread.

That arch is woven of human sin,
Alas ! how rotten, and frail, and thin ;

And nothing they see, nothing they know,
Of the awful stream that rolls below.

Nay, but they glory to think they stand
So over the solid rock and land.

Ah ! the rock and land do not exist,
The rock 's a phantom, the land a mist !

But the river is real that rolls below,
It swallows all that over it go.

A fearful frenzy upon them lies,
And a strange delusion blinds their eyes.

Ah, look and see ! how quicker than tho't,
One—one of that mighty crowd is not !

Right into the solid earth he fell,
Giving out only a single yell ;

And over the place a vapor dropped,
And quick as a flash the rent was stopped ;

And those around heard not a sound,
Nor knew that one dropped into the ground.

Not into the ground, but into the river;
That rolls beneath, for ever and ever.

Ah, was it not strange that none could hear
That terrible yell that smote my ear,

When one of their dancing comrades fell
Down into a murky, reeking hell?

Ah, see, another has gone from sight
Down into the rolling, endless night!

Another, and yet another, ah me!
How fast they fall, and how fearfully!

And yet the whirl of the dance goes on,
The many miss not the few that're gone,

Nor dream they dance on a bridge of sin,
So fearfully frail, and weak, and thin.

Oh, turn and hearken, nor ever go
To join in that terrible dance of woe;

Lest in the midst of that wild career
Your terrible shriek should reach my ear!

Oh, ponder and stand in terror dumb,
And dash from your lips the wine and rum.

On the bridge of indulgence never go,
For the river of ruin rolls below.

WHICH IS THE WHICHEST?

Which is the whichest ? they said to me,
Which *is* the whichest ? I replied :
A home-bred maiden we love to see,
Or a modern school-girl for a bride ?
Which *is* the whichest ?

Which is the whichest ? they said to me,
Which *is* the whichest ? I replied :
A tidy housewife to make my tea,
Or a wasteful Bridget to preside ?
Which *is* the whichest ?

Which is the whichest ? they said to me,
Which *is* the whichest ? I replied :
A piano drumming eternally,
Or a sweet wife knitting by my side ?
Which *is* the whichest ?

Which is the whichest ? they said to me,
Which *is* the whichest ? I replied :
A wife that will go to a ball or spree,
And leave the baby and me beside ?
Which *is* the whichest ?

Away with your pomp and senseless pride,
Such riches are never the richest !
But my little cot, and my loving bride,
These are the which is the whichest !
Which is the whichest ?

A BABE'S WISDOM.

A little boy, not three years old,
Upon the floor in frolic rolled ;

And then the little roguish chap,
Climbed up into his mother's lap,

And laid his head upon her breast,
Because he loved to be caressed.

A thought was in his little head—
And with a wondering look he said :

" Who made *me*, mamma ?" and his eye
Was fixed on her for a reply.

" God made you out of *dust*, my boy,
To fill your mother's heart with joy."

While closer pressed his little head—
" Where does God live, mamma ?" he said.

" God lives up where the moon and star
Shine in the sky, so very far."

" But how does God get down from there ?"
He said, with still a wondering air.

God always stays up there, my dear,
And God will never come down here.

The child looked down upon the floor,
But thought was busy as before.

And when he raised his eyes again,
Still greater wonder filled his brain :

“ Well, if God livēs up in the star,
Where does He get the dust, mamma ?”

THEREBY HANGS A TALE.

We roamed the woods together,
When flowers bedecked the vale ;
'Twas in the bright May weather,
And thereby hangs a tale.

Our words were fond and tender,
But love could not prevail ;
Her pride would fain surrender,
But thereby hangs a tale.

Our love was fresh and sunny ;
But all of no avail—
For old John Dean had money,
And thereby hangs a tale.

But wealth is oft unstable,
And pride's schemes often fail ;
John Dean's wealth proved a fable,
And thereby hangs a tale.

Remorse stung like a viper,
And want made red cheeks pale ;
The seeds of death grew riper,
And thereby hangs a tale.

The turf is freshly broken,
And dead leaves load the gale;
I pluck a withered token,
And thereby hangs a tale.

Ah ! maiden, fair and sunny,
Let honest love prevail ;
Oh, never wed for money,
Lest thereby hang a tale.

MEMORIAL.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT
AT ST. JOHNSBURY, AUG. 20, 1868.

Raise the shaft of solid granite,
Crown it with the marble pure ;
There inscribe their names who perished
That our Freedom might endure.

They who saw the nation's danger,
And went forth to dare and die ;
They whose graves, unknown and nameless,
Scattered through the nation lie ;

They who, on red fields of slaughter,
Perished ere the strife was done ;
They whose deeds of might and valor,
Freedom for the world hath won :

All our glorious fallen heroes
Let the fadeless granite tell ;—

All who perished in foul prisons,
Or in bloody battle fell.

Not in vain was all their valor—
Not in vain they gave their lives;
For our millions wear no shackles,
And the nation still survives.

Still survives, through blood and carnage,
By their deeds of valor borne:
Every star is on our banner—
Not a stripe is rent or torn.

They who, when the great Avenger
Rained disasters from the skies,
For our erring land's salvation
Gave themselves a sacrifice—

They have brought God's suffering millions
Safe to Freedom's temple door—
Every home may have its Bible
And its Altar, ever more.

Ever more, as future ages
Measure God's eternal years,
Man shall reap the many blessings
Of their valor, blood and tears.

And enduring, as those blessings,
Shall their holy mem'ry be;
Reaching from the ice-capped mountains,
To the ever-rolling sea.

IDLE WORDS.

Give me your miniature, I said,
That I may keep it when you 're dead.

These idle words I dropped in jest,
One evening to a merry guest ;

And she—the rosy village belle—
Laughed at the jest, and thought it well.

She gave the boon, and playful said :
“ Mayhap to-morrow I 'll be dead.”

Again we laughed like merry birds,
And soon forgot our idle words.

Not idle words !—before the morn
Among the distant hills was born,

We looked upon her pallid face
Where death had left his fatal trace—

And we—who laughed an hour before—
Now wailed with sorrow, deep and sore.

Could we have seen the grave and bier,
At that dread hour so very near,

We ne'er had laughed like merry birds,
Nor trifled with such awful words.

VERMONT'S WELCOME TO SHERIDAN.

Phil Sheridan !

We welcome thee to old Vermont,
The State where treason is not wont
To mar the face of beast or man,
We welcome thee, Phil Sheridan,
Phil Sheridan.

Phil Sheridan !

Our welcome is not all for thee—
'Tis for what thou hast dared to be ;
It is that thou hast dared to spurn,
And on the nation's viper turn,
Phil Sheridan.

Phil Sheridan !

The uncorrupted Head* and Heart†
Shall yet rend Treason's fangs apart,
E'en though it come in the dread shape
Of steel, and canister, and grape,
Phil Sheridan.

Phil Sheridan !

Repentance is not fully wrought ;
Not all our battles have been fought,
For Justice stands aloof and weeps,
And still the garnered vengeance sleeps.
Phil Sheridan.

Phil Sheridan !

Out from this ominous fearful calm,

* The people.

† Congress.

Shall Retribution stretch his arm,
And from his never-sparing hand
Rain desolation on the land,
Phil Sheridan ?

Phil Sheridan !

If it shall come again to blows,
Wo be it then to Freedom's foes,
For you again shall on them wreak
Your Winchester and Cedar Creek,
Phil Sheridan.

Phil Sheridan !

Should the Old Flag e'er trail again,
And Treason's armies crowd the plain,
Their hosts shall still have cause to dread
The brave Vermonters by you led,
Phil Sheridan !

Phil Sheridan !

Whoe'er of thee shall lightly speak,
We'll hurl at him your Cedar Creek,
And if he still attempt to slur,
We'll crush him with your Winchester,
Phil Sheridan.

Phil Sheridan !

Oh, never-fearing, glorious Phil,
Upholder of the People's Will,
Whenever treason's watchfire burns,
To such as thee the nation turns,
Phil Sheridan.

Phil Sheridan !

We gladly, gaily welcome thee,
Fit champion of the brave and free,
The bravest in the van of right,
The bravest of the brave in fight,
Phil Sheridan.

E. H. PHELPS,

OF FAIRHAVEN.

LINES.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO A. M. G.

Dear G——, 't was hard,
When I first got your card,
To realize wholly the truth,
That you 'd taken a wife,
And commenced a new life,
Being reckoned no longer a "youth."

But it must be confessed,
That your course is the best
That a mortal can possibly choose ;
For a wife, I 've been told,
Is worth far more than gold,
To keep house, and to keep off the blues.

And the Bible has said,
That a mortal should wed,
That man should not travel alone ;

But should get him a rib,
Just as old Adam did,
And guard her, as bone of his bone.

And there 's one other verse,
Which I need not rehearse—
For I 'm certain you 'll heed the command—
Where it plainly declares,
That the chief of your cares
Is, to help to *replenish* the land.

That you 've made such a choice,
I cannot but rejoice—
That she 's perfect I know to be true—
For a knowledge of maids
Is the nicest of trades,
And I credit that knowledge to you.

Well, G——, dear boy,
I hope that much joy
May visit your spouse and yourself;
May your sorrows all cease,
And your pleasures increase,
Till, prepared, you are laid on the shelf.

May the angel of love
Leave the regions above,
And brighten your life to its end;
But while others *more* dear
Come to gladden you here,
Do n't forget your lone

BACHELOR FRIEND.

SONG

ADDRESSED TO THE UNION GUARDS OF THE 1ST VERMONT REGIMENT.

AIR.—“Scots wha ha’ wi’ Wallace bled,”

Hail! ye valiant sons of Mars,
Gone to fight our righteous wars,
Gone to guard the Stripes and Stars,
 With your latest breath;
Gone to face a rebel host,
Gone to save a *Union* lost,
Gone to *guard* it, though it cost
 Untold pain and death.

At the rumor of alarms,
Ye were first to shoulder arms,
First to leave your shops and farms
 For the battle-field;
And your words you need not plight,
That ye will be first to fight
For the triumph of the right,
 Never once to yield.

Keep our glorious flag on high,
Proudly floating 'gainst the sky,
Swear to guard its folds or die
 In the holy cause;

For can death more noble be
Than when fighting for the free,
In defending liberty
And our sacred laws ?

Show them that the fame ye won
With the sword and with the gun,
At Old Ti and Bennington,
Was not Southern brag ;
Let the hireling rebels feel
Yankee lead and Yankee steel,
Till the trait'rous knaves shall kneel
To the starry Flag.

Still preserve that blood-bought fame,
Which Vermonters justly claim ;
Be in truth, as well as name,
Valiant Union Guards !
Then, though numbered with the slain,
Ye will not have lived in vain,
And in dying ye shall gain
Glorious rewards.

With such sons we have no fears ;
Then let's raise three hearty cheers
For our Union Volunteers—
For our gallant boys ;
Here is trusting that ye 'll come,
With a glorious vict'ry won,
Each to his Green Mountain home,
Long to share its joys.

ZAMIA.

Said to have been one of the Ionian Isles, and completely destroyed by an earthquake, with all its inhabitants.

The morning dawned on Zamia, but no sound
Cut the still air, or trembled o'er the ground;
Up from the sea the bloody sun arose,
Like a red shield, the harbinger of woes;
It tipped the towers of Zamia with its rays,
And conscious ocean reddened 'neath its gaze.
All, all was silent, and no gentle breeze
Stirred the bright leaflets of the forest-trees;
The orange blossom and the olive fair
Sent forth no grateful odor on the air;
Not e'en the wavelet kissed the verdant shore;
Such silence reigned as ne'er had reigned before:
The air, the earth and ocean held their breath,
And all was silent as the land of Death.
But soon, from many a home among the hills,
By bounteous vineyards, and by crystal rills,
From many a cot concealed by flower and vine,
From many a cave of nature's wild design,
From lordly castle and from kingly hall,
Poured forth the anxious inmates, one and all,
And, in one great, mysterious, silent throng,
A mighty host moved noiselessly along.
All sought th' Acropolis, where in grandeur stood

The tower of Zeus, their great and only god.
There gathered many men of hardy frame,
The happy peasant and his goodly dame,
The prattling infant and the aged brave,
Tot'ring at last above the welcome grave,
And youths and maidens, many a noble pair,
In one vast, anxious throng were gathered there;
For 't was the Festival, that solemn day,
When all to Zeus their rites and vows must pay.
At length a shout rolls o'er the living tide,
And then the mass sways back on either side;
Forth from the temple, and with pompous show,
Came priest and priestess, solemnly and slow,
And close behind, with firm and steady tread,
With look from which all fear of death has fled,
With hope and faith reflected from the eye,
The Christian martyrs now come forth to die—
The one an aged man with hoary hair,
His form bowed down 'neath years of pain and care,
His eye, deep-sunken 'neath a furrowed brow,
Beams with a luster more than earthly now.
The other is a maiden, pure and bright
As heaven's own jewels in the crown of night,
Fairer by far than Zamia's daughters are,
Her home far distant toward the evening star.
Father and daughter in a foreign clime,
The love of heaven their great and only crime,
Must pour their heart's blood on this foreign sod,
To cool the anger of a heathen god.
The hour of blood has come, and now the cry
Of blood goes upward tow'rd the angry sky.
The aged man is laid upon the pile,

He cries not, shrieks not, but a holy smile
Plays 'round his mouth, and shows no lingering trace
Of fear, or sorrow, on that old man's face ;
His head is bent back, and his throat laid bare,
And then, one moment gleaming in the air,
The murderer's knife, bathed to the hilt in blood,
Pours o'er the altar's stones a crimson flood ;
Then comes the horrid agony, the fearful strife
Between Death's angel and his ebbing life ;
Struggling, convulsed, he stands erect once more,
His gray hair matted with the crimson gore ;
His eye glares wildly, and his bony hands
Reach high aloft, as if toward other lands ;
The quiv'ring lip, the hoarse and gurgling sound,
Tell that the old man's prayer, or curse, is drowned ;
A heavy fall tells that the spirit 's fled ;
The victim lies upon the altar, dead !

The deed is done, and thousands gathered there,
With shouts of triumph cleave the sultry air.
But hark ! a wilder sound breaks on the ear,
And priest and peasant shake with guilty fear ;
Up from the sea there comes a murmuring sound,
Which in its horror shakes the very ground ;
The heavens grow black, and all, above, below,
Is black with darkness as the realms of woe :
Louder, more deafening grows that dreadful roar,
Each shock more awful than the one before.
Around the isle the roar of rushing waves—
Across the isle the whirlwind shrieks and raves,
A suffocating sense pervades the air,
As if the fiends of hell were breathing there.

But see ! the lightning with its lurid ray
Turns for a moment darkness into day,
And then a cry bursts forth : " The sea ! the sea !
The Earth is sinking ! whither shall we flee !"
Toward the tower the reeling wretches crawl,
'Mid crashing timbers and 'mid heaving wall ;
Unconscious of their near approaching fate,
Some groping wildly, seek the city's gate ;
A few rush gasping, and with hurried breath,
As if to flee the jaws of hungry Death—
Fainting and falt'ring in the heaving street,
Hundreds are crushed beneath the flying feet.
And now this wild distraction knows no bounds,
With sinful feet they press the sacred grounds,
They reach the temple, and the priesthood's law
No longer fills their hearts with holy awe ;
No longer is their heathen god revered ;
No longer are his laws and edicts feared.
Within they rush, and through the sacred door,
Where none but holy feet have trod before.
Within these walls high-raised above the sea,
The wretches hope to baffle Heaven's decree :
But even now they hear the rushing tide,
Seething and boiling, dash on every side ;
They hear the whirlwind as in demon tones
It strives to drown the wail of dying groans,
They hear the earthquake as its mighty shock
Makes wall and pillar of the temple rock.
Higher, still higher, comes the angry wave,
Engulfing thousands in a watery grave !
But now beyond the sea fair hope has fled,
And dread despair is perched o'er every head,

Insanity usurps proud reason's throne,
And madness, like a giant, stalks alone.
They list no longer to the swelling flood,
But demon-like, each mādman howls for blood !
And now the work of murder has begun !
With fiendish oaths the father kills the son !
Man against man, until the temple's floor
Grows red and slippery with human gore.
And now the sea has risen till it laves
The sacred portal with its eddying waves ;
The first mad circle, in its whirling sweep,
Bears forth a hundred to the mighty deep,
Yet still the temple stands, gloomy and proud,
Its gray walls covered with a sable shroud ;
Sublime it stands—ay, even as the storm
That shrieks and surges round its ancient form ;
Across its sculptured dome, now wet with spray,
The vivid lightnings for a moment play,
And then a wave far higher than before,
A shriek, a crash, and Zamia is no more !

The morning dawned, and with its mellow light
Dispelled the darkness of that dreadful night ;
In Heaven's high arch no shadow now remains,
No stormy cloud its pure ethereal stains ;
The sun-light fell among Ionia's isles,
And wave and woodland gladdened 'neath its smiles ;
But Zamia's valleys and her vine-clad hills,
Her waving harvests and her laughing rills,
Warmed not beneath Aurora's love-lit eye,
Nor saw the beauty of that glorious sky ;
For God, who holds the waters in his hands,
Had sunk in ocean's depths that sinful land.

APRIL 19, 1775, AND 1861.

In that year, ever hallowed in story
As the dawn of our national glory,
 The 19th of April broke mellow and clear;
Not a cloud dimmed the brightness of morning,
Or gave the good countrymen warning
 That aught of destruction or danger was near.

But a light from the old North-church steeple
Had carried the news to the people,
 That the red-coats were marching toward Concord town,
And a herald, by desperate riding,
Had published the evil betiding
 At each hamlet and farm-house the country around.

As the news flew from village to village,
And visions of slaughter and pillage
 Arose at the sound of that ominous word;
The arm of each yeoman grew stronger,
And his breathing grew deeper and longer,
 As he took down his musket and grasped his good sword.

Then partings were hastily uttered,
And curses on tyrants were muttered,
 Deep curses of vengeance, that came from the heart,
On the army of British aggressors,
Sent over by royal oppressors
 To force them from God-given freedom to part.

O'er the fields where the moonlight was lying
Dark forms were seen silently flying,
 Meeting close by the church on the old village green;

There quickly they gather to meet them,
With powder and bullets to greet them,
Wherever the red-coats advancing were seen.

Soon the regulars came, full eight hundred,
And volleys of musketry thundered
To force the militia to beat a retreat;
But still they kept steadily firing,
Though their comrades in arms were expiring,
And the shot flew around them like wind-driven sleet.

'Twas then that the ruthless assaulter
First crimsoned our Liberty's altar
With the blood of the bravest and best of the race;
And he wrote on our history's pages
A tale which, through unnumbered ages,
No foe can blot out and no traitor efface.

For he learned that the God of creation
Had put in the hearts of the nation
A will unsubdued, while the body has breath,
Which from freedom no tyrant can sever,
Which will fight for it ever and ever,
Unconquered by none, save the conqueror, Death.

Just eighty-six years have been numbered,
While Lexington's Martyrs have slumbered,
And the nation in wealth and in power has progressed
With such rapid and wonderful motion,
That it stretches from ocean to ocean—
From the Gulf to the lakes, from the East to the West.

Its banner, by freemen protected,
Throughout all the earth is respected,

In the councils of Kings, upon land and on sea ;
For it floats o'er a people united,
Whose honor in blood has been plighted
To guard and defend it, the flag of the free.

But, while Freedom's sons have been sleeping,
Disease o'er the land has been creeping,
Vile treason has tainted the heart of the state,
And men high-exalted in station
Have labored to ruin our nation,
Urged on by the friends of ambition and hate.

The holiest bonds have been sundered,
The wealth of the nation been plundered,
Our vessels been captured, our flag been defiled,
Our citizens hung for no reason,
Except for not joining in treason,
Our freedom been scoffed at, and justice reviled.

Again April 19th is beaming,
And the nation, aroused from its dreaming,
Has sent forth its armies to crush from the land
All such as would rob and betray us,
By such as still swear to obey us,
Determined and willing forever to stand.

Through Baltimore, peaceful and quiet,
Suspecting no hindrance or riot,
The troops of the Bay State, a patriot race,
The sons of those veteran yeomen,
Who at Lexington routed the foemen,
Are marching to rescue our land from disgrace.

When suddenly rising around them,
Assassins and traitors surround them,
Each corner, and alley, and wall hides a foe,
And in baseness surpassing a demon,
Each shouts for the blood of a free-man,
With bludgeons and brick-bats directing the blow.

That morning a coward and traitor,
Blighted image of God, the Creator,
Spilled the blood of a brother on Maryland's soil ;
And a mob of infuriate rebels,
Less like men than like incarnate devils,
Made the blood in the hearts of all freemen to boil.

Arise, then, and arm for the battle !
Or wait to be driven, like cattle,
To give up your freedom, your rights, and your all ;
Give the rebels your aid and protection,
By bowing in meekest subjection ;
Or go forth to meet them with powder and ball !

Shall this Union unto us presented—
By the blood of our fathers cemented—
Be broken in fragments by traitors and knaves ?
Shall the land which is ever victorious,
Whose name and whose fame is all glorious,
Give this heritage up, while our bright banner waves ?

Shall that flag under which we have plighted,
To live or to perish united,
Be stolen by traitors and trampled in dust ?
Will a freeman and patriot brother
Give up half our land to another,
While the sword in its scabbard is gathering rust ?

Shall that hand never earn retribution,
Which would tear up the old Constitution,
On which this our national fabric is based ?
That bond which no tyrant can sever,
And which none but a coward would ever
See polluted by treacherous hands and disgraced ?

Shall the soil where our Washington slumbers,
Whose name is too pure for these numbers,
Be calmly surrendered to tyrants and knaves ?
Shall we promise we will not molest them,
Or put forth an arm to arrest them,
And send their foul bodies to dishonored graves ?

Shall we wait for one moment, in raising
An arm, when all nations are gazing—
From the East and the West, and the isles of the sea—
At this land so enveloped in glory,
Renowned both in song and in story
As liberty's birth-place, the land of the free ?

Ah, no, for the war-cry has sounded ;
On justice our cause is deep-founded ;
With God on our side we have nothing to fear :
In no holier cause can poor mortals
Seek entrance to heavenly portals,
Than in fighting for all that immortals hold dear !

Ay, a nobler career is before us,
When our armies to peace shall restore us,
And bring back the honor which miscreants stole ;
When purged of all tyrants and traitors,

New glories shall surely await us,
A nation of freemen, united and whole.

Then our flag, humbled but for a season,
Shall float, in defiance of treason,

In the kingdom of cotton, in South as in North;
And our country, in truth a free nation,
Shall still keep its just reputation

As the noblest and best on the face of the earth.
August, 1861.

MRS. MARY A. PARKER,

OF BETHEL—FORMERLY MISS MARY A. HUNTON OF HYDE PARK.

HERO AND LEANDER.

(A Classical Travestie in imitation of Saxe.)

In the very old time
Of classical rhyme,

There stood on the shore of a distant sea,
In as pleasant a spot as you 'd wish to be—
On the western shore, a templed shrine
Erected to Venus, that beauty divine,
Whose genuine business is looking over
The "affaire de cœur" of each earthly lover,
And keeping a sly
But curious eye

On all such things as any-way tend
To bring these "affairs" out right in the end.
She is also known as the mother of Cupid,
A blind little boy, intensely stupid,
Who makes it a point to pierce with a dart,

Every mortal so foolish as to harbor a heart.
Within this same temple a priestess dwelt,

Hero by name—

At least so says fame—

And just imagine how she must have felt,
All living alone in those holy halls—

And especially so when I let you in
To one little rule, *I* consider a sin—

It refers to beaux,

And goodness knows

That did one propose

To enter the shade of those sacred walls,
On matrimonial thoughts intent,

His days upon earth

Were really not worth,

In mercantile phrase, a single red cent.

Now this little rule, as I said before,

I should consider a regular bore ;

In short, nothing less than a burning shame,

And it seems that the priestess thought the same ;

For one pleasant day

There chanced to wander

Along that way,

A youth named Leander,

And I give you my word,

That just how it occurred

I cannot take on myself to say,

For these ancient writers by no means let out

Exactly how the affair came about ;

But though shut up tight,

She by some means got sight

Of this charming young beau,
And he of her, which's enough to know,
To be assured that those little dears,
Fell straightway in love—over head and ears.

But alas for the joys of this mundane state !
Leander lived over beyond the strait,
And across the water there was n't a bridge,
Nor yet so much as a single ridge
On which to wade, in his heaven-ward journey,
Or a boat to be hired for love or money ;
So how in the world was he to get over,
Or the lady to see her ardent young lover,
With obstructions like these it seems a great wonder,
How charming Miss Hero and gallant Leander,
Could manage to do such an immense amount

Of business divine

In the wooing line,

As they certainly did, by every account.

But it's the poorest of jokes,

If two young folks,

Being fully bent on seeing each other,

Cannot do it without any very great bother.

Now these of old story were of the right kind,
Being valiant of heart, and determined of mind,

And so they agreed

That every night,

The lady should speed

To the tower with a light,

Which as soon as he spied

On the other side,

He should plunge at once into the foaming tide,

And swimming over, should spend the hours,
In what *they* considered Elysian bowers ;
(A belief, by the way, *we* all know to be "gammon,"
The true bower Elysian being the temple of mammon,
For in this golden age we every day prove,
How very superior is money to love.)
And just at the early breaking of morn,
 When no one was nigh,
 His course to spy,
Back he would swim through the Hellespont ;
For you will allow that, "to acknowledge the corn,"
 Would be quite unpleasant,
 At least for the present,
Especially as his life depended upon 't.

Well, matters progressed for quite a long time
In a lovely way most charming to see,
And the happy young lovers both voted it "prime,"
 That affairs should go on so swimmingly,
 As night after night,
 With his eye on the light,
Leander passed over the waters blue,
 And he and his sweet
 Spent the moments fleet,
In such happy communings as lovers all do.

But it happened one night in stormy December,
 (My date is from Byron, I hope you'll remember,)
When the clouds were black, and the wind was high,
And the rain and the storm were not all "in your eye,"
 This daring young lover,
 In a tremble all over,

When his pa and his ma were safe in bed,
 Stole out of the house,
 As still as a mouse,
So as not to wake the maternal head ;
 For this naughty boy,
 His mother's joy,
Took particular pains when he went on a scout,
Not to let her know that her darling was out.
 The water was cold,
 But his heart was bold,
For he saw on the tower the beacon light,
So in he plunged with all his might ;
 The billow was rough, and in that same minute,
When we might truly say he had put his foot in it,
There came a great gust which blew out the light,
And left him enveloped in tempest and night.
But I think he 'd have lived in spite of the lamp,
If he had not been seized by an unlucky cramp,
But in less than two minutes after he felt
Its grasp on his leg, he was dead as a smelt.
The morning succeeding, at a quite early hour,
His body was washed to the foot of the tower,
Which Hero espying, her grief was so great
That she threw herself headlong down into the strait.

MORAL.

Young men, do n't swim courting on stormy nights,
When the wind may blow out your lady-love's lights,
For besides its being uncomfortably damp,
As likely as not, you 'll die of the cramp.
Dear girls, if by luck you get a nice beau,
Keep your beacon-light burning, do n't let the chap go.

But if you *do* lose him, 'tis no harm to cry
Just a little, but remarkably foolish to die.

Hydepark, Jan., 1859.

A WISH.

There is a Love no tongue can tell,
No language ever hath expressed—
It throws a pure and holy spell
O'er him who welcomes this dear guest.

There is a Joy so calm and sweet,
Nought troubles its serene repose—
'Tis when two hands in union meet,
Together joined till life shall close.

There is a Peace to mortals given—
A Peace the faithful only know,
A holy calm akin to Heaven,
When hearts unite for weal or woe.

May yours be this Love, Joy and Peace,
As onward, hand in hand, you go,
And when the pulse of life shall cease,
That purer bliss earth cannot know.

Stowe, Nov. 30, 1867.

SABBATH EVENING.

'Tis a quiet Sabbath evening,
All the earth seems hushed to rest,
Bright the setting sun is gilding
With his glories, all the West.
High above, the clouds are blushing,
From the ardor of his gaze;
And the mountain-tops are shining
In the splendor of his rays.

In the lone and quiet churchyard,
Softer falls the evening light,
Resting, with a saddened luster,
On the tombstones fair and white;
Casting deep and lengthened shadows
O'er each lowly sleeper's bed,
Shrouding with a softened radiance
This lone city of the dead.

Gently floats the evening zephyr,
Fanning with its perfumed breath,
Now the blooming cheek of beauty,
Now the pallid brow of death—
Bringing to the sick and dying,
Visions of a happier shore,
Whispering to the broken-hearted
Of a land where griefs are o'er.

Mingling with the brook's low murmur,
Steals the cricket's cheerful song,
Bidding to the heart's deep slumbers
Long-forgotten memories throng,

Of some pleasant sun-lit meadow,
Or, perchance, some shady grove,
Where, with throbbing heart, we listened
To the first fond words of love.

Now the sun-light all has faded,
Twilight settles slowly down,
Clothing all the distant landscape
In a dress of sober brown—
Draping soft, in night and darkness,
Palace hall and cottage hearth,
Bringing dreams of peace and gladness,
To the weary ones of earth.

Very lovely is all nature—
Sweetest still in soft repose,
Telling of the good All-Father,
From Whose hand this beauty flows.
May we, His dear, erring children,
Listen to His voice of love,
Till it leads our wandering footsteps
To that brighter world above.

Hydepark, Aug. 1854.

LITTLE BELL.

O, where has our little Bell gone?
Our bright, merry-eyed little Bell,
With her footsteps as light as a fawn—
O where has she gone, can you tell?

Say, where falls the sound of her voice,
And where shines the light of her eye?
Those sweet charms that made us rejoice,
O, why must we lose them? say why.

O, where gleams the gold of her hair,
And where do those little feet roam?
We miss her soft tread on the stair,
We see her no more in our home.

The thought—how it thrills us with pain,
How it falls on our hearts like a knell,
That never, O, never again
On earth, shall we see little Bell.

The flowers above her will grow,
The robin will sing in his nest;
But the flower we laid under the snow,
Spring cannot awake from her rest.

But O, with what full hearts we pray,
That when for us time shall be o'er,
In the light of an unclouded day,
We shall clasp our lost darling once more.

Bethel, Dec., 1868.

HEART DISEASE.

I once was exceedingly troubled
With a terrible aching and smart,
Just where physiologists locate
That troublesome thing called a heart.

I also was very much given
To heaving such dolorous sighs,
That, I truly believe, had you seen me,
'Twould have brought the salt tears to your eyes.

Ma could not imagine what ailed me,
But thought I was in a decline ;
So she sent in great haste for the doctor,
Who ordered some jalap and wine.

But this did not seem to avail me,
Though I took it all up to the last,
For I kept right on getting no better
At a rate most alarmingly fast.

Now it chanced I knew more than the doctor,
For whose nostrums I cared not a pin,
For I found that I always felt better
When I saw Charley Jenkins come in.

One day he came over and asked me—
Would I walk to the top of the hill?
To which I most gladly consented,
Notwithstanding they thought me so ill.

What he told me I shall not inform you;
But it wrought a most wonderful spell,
For when we returned, I assure you,
I was wholly and perfectly well.

I have ever since held the opinion—
And the same to you will impart—
That doctors are very poor judges,
In a chronic disease of the heart.

Hydepark, 1858.

REV. P. B. FISK,

OF LENDONVILLE.

THE FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILL,

AT LAWRENCE, MASS., JAN. 10, 1860.

Written and delivered at Barre Academy, April, 1860.

'T was midnight, dark and still—the silken clouds
Were drawn o'er nature as she sleeping lay;
For guardian angels spread their sable shrouds,
To keep the light of heaven's lamps away;
Reminding mortals in their busy crowds,
Night is for rest—enough for gain the day;
No sound save where the ice-bound waters sweep,
To lull a youthful city in its sleep.

The measured toll of yonder warning bell
Heralds the morn, and knells for yesterday,
Its solemn strokes the lonely watchmen tell;
No other beings walk this silent way:
A day is gone! vain men, remember well!
She that records what ye may do or say
Is balancing the page now consummate,
And weeps to find your debt so very great.

Gaze where that massive structure rears its head
Against the very bosom of the sky;
No luster from its thousand panes is shed,
Its myriad pivots listless, powerless lie,
All silent as the charnel of the dead;
Save the congealing current moving by,
Where, hours ago, were happy maids and men,
Where, hours to come, and there shall be again.

Hear ye a voice, with threatening portent,
Pronouncing doom on this gigantic hall :
“Before the measure of a day is spent
Floor, walls and roof—one general wreck—shall fall ;
Pillar and pintle from foundation rent,
To agony or death shall hasten all :
The tale shall flow this snow-clad country o’er,
As pebble-waves expand and lash the shore.

“Whatever power may hasten to their aid,
I will confront with all my fiendish skill—
I ’ll gorge myself in deaths, I ’ll not be stayed
Till I of human gore have quaffed my fill.
My blasting touch shall only be delayed
Till all convene whom I may hope to kill,
Then I ’ll display such terror through a night,
That all who see shall sicken at the sight !”

Again oppressive silence reigns supreme :
One star looks through where vapors scarcely part,
As when a mother’s eye doth fondly beam
On the pale infant cradled near her heart,
Then shrouds his head again, nor breaks his dream,
Waiting the hour for slumber to depart ;
So closed again the drapery of night,
And, doubly careful, shut out all the light.

The hours steal on ; the bleak winds haste the day,
Which, half awake, peeps from its eastern tower,
While night, affrighted, hurrying away,
Disturbs the mists which on the mountain lower,
And soft Aurora’s rosy fingers play
The whisper-prelude of the morning hour
Upon creation’s organ, and the throng
Of laboring swains prepare to raise the song.

Among these cluster-roofs a Hercules,
Aspiring like its rival structures near,
Stands Pemberton, emitting to the breeze
A vapor-cloud, as challenging a fear ;
Awaiting, with a self-complaisant ease,
The busy hour when hundreds gather here ;
“A hall of industry,” the passer saith :
Nay ! rather say, the pyre of doom and death !

The belfry calls with its imperial tone—
There’s quick response of hasting feet below ;
With cheerful step and smile approaches one,
Another bowed beneath or guilt or woe.
Like sullen thunder, muttering at the sun,
The humming wheels in swift rotation go,
Gyrating spindles gossip o’er and o’er
The tale repeated countless times before.

• Here labor they, and think of home the while,
Who ne’er again shall pass the cottage door ;
Lover meets lover with a glance and smile,
Who soon shall part to meet on earth no more—
The pure still pure, the vile as ever vile,
Unconscious of the danger just before—
Poor victims ! one hour longer are ye spared
O, would to heaven that ye were all prepared.

The day-light fades, nor ceases then the din—
As when afar the ocean-billow roars ;
While comely wares accumulate within
Those long protective—but now prison doors ;
Here at the twilight they are gathered in,
Some to their peril, more to end their course ;

The messenger of ruin takes his stand,
And on the fatal pillar lays his hand.

A moment more the wheels their order keep—
A shock! a crash! and men like drunkards reel;
Or like a soldier roused from heavy sleep,
They rush on ruin with a maniac zeal!
Down cower the timid, but the wary leap;
The wall falls in, and sends the shocking peal
Far on the air; the giant groans his last;
Earth shudders underneath, and all is past!

One instant silence—then the painful moan,
The shriek of fear, the pleading for release,
The curse of passion, and the dying groan,
The humble prayer, distinct amid all these,
The bells affrighted at the ruin done—
The shouts which from the gathering crowds increase
The agony of friends—all these combined
Deafen the ear, and stupefy the mind!

The meshes fine which span New England o'er,
Courses where harnessed bolts display their speed,
Snatch at the tale, and bear from door to door.
Suspense which causes many a heart to bleed;
Echo comes wondering at the falling roar,
Flies shouting, and returns with frantic speed;
Assiduous thousands to the rescue run,
But after hours, the work is scarce begun.

Darkness broods o'er them, and with lantern dim,
The rescue-army marches to success;
A few unhurt, or with a mangled limb,
And tortured numbers writhing in distress,

Anon the dead, all ghastly pale and grim,
Are lifted from the ruin's brutal press;
While scores of stricken friends run here and there,
Poising a feeble hope against despair.

Then saw ye not about the shattered pile
The fiends of havoc dancing with delight,
Exulting at the issue of the wile,
And shouting at this soul-appalling sight,
Glad in their hearts to hear the lost revile—
Or, when a soul, unfolding wings of light,
Soars to the "blissful fields where angels dwell,"
Venting the curses only learned in hell?

And, seeing that the scheme must partly fail
If those still living should escape their toils—
Heard ye this boast? "My arm shall yet prevail,
And gather hence a vast amount of spoils!
I'll triumph till the stoutest heart shall quail;
Till every mortal from the scene recoils!
Rich sport had I, most surely, by the fall,
Now, richer far! I'll sacrifice them all!"

Yonder in wild confusion may be seen
The feathery produce of a tropic sky,
An endless mass, compactly pressed between
Those unctuous timbers which in splinters lie;
Where many a sufferer, with anguish keen,
Implores the rescue not to let him die;
The laborers, hastening thither at the call,
Bear quick release—from mortal life—to all.

They come with that Promethean gift a slave;
A missile strikes it with too true an aim,

Bursts off the fetters, bids the despot rave,
Scorning all poor attempts to quell the flame ;
Grasping, relentless, some who came to save,
Others pursuing as the hawk the game,
Leaping, deriding, when the signals sound,
But to augment the powerless throng around.

The swift devourer mocks alike the prayer,
The curse, the song, the withering cry of fear,
The firemen's shout, the wailing of despair—
O, what a horrid spectacle is here !
Pity stands frozen, useless all her care ;
Love, shocked and stunned, denied a single tear,
Beholds the form it cannot extricate
Mantled with fire, forsaken to its fate !

Ye shudder as ye hear of fire at sea,
Where none can come to lend a helping hand ;
The heart is deeply moved with sympathy,
When any perish by the frightful brand,
Though distant from the scene of agony ;
What then the sufferings of this noble band,
Whose best exertions stay the flames, no more
Than they could bale the ocean on the shore !

Shut up the scene—humanity is shocked—
Count not the number of these charred remains ;
Tell not how many homes this deed hath mocked ;
Bid dark oblivion come and soothe their pains :
One thought redeeming—it may have unlocked
Some mortal prisons, and the joyful strains
Of souls, released from bonds and sorrow here,
Will swell the anthems of a better sphere.

'Tis but a more severe uncommon blow,
Descending at the most unguarded hour—
'Tis but what some of us perchance *may* know;
'Tis but a fever of terrific power.
Thus Friendship daily mourns its dead in woe;
Thus sorrow's fountain flows each bitter hour
The soul departs, and earth resumes her clay,
Making the careless record—"Passed away."

THE CAMERA.

Among the many mansions, one
The Dreamer saw, whose crystal wall
Gathers all
To focus that is ever done
Among the children of the fall;
All that concerns the doom of men—
Result of deed, word, thought or pen,
Be 't wrong or right,
Done day or night,
Well fixed upon a moving screen,
Each action in its proper hue,
By this omniscient view
Is kept, and shall be seen—
Yea, seen and read,
When He shall come to judge the quick and dead.

This Angel-Camera discerns
The look, the heart, with equal ease;
Most clearly sees
The Guardians as they help and wait ;—

All influences, or small or great,
Into the picture burns;
Each several life correctly drawn
From very dawn,
And at the last
A shadow or a golden light is cast
As—good or bad—the influence goes on.

The Dreamer saw while in a gallery pacing
Where many a scene,
Of meadow green,
And mountain bold,
And people young and old,
Was pictured by the lens with its steady gazing,
And he—the man of art,
And genial heart—
Was pointing its impartial eye
From out his window high
Upon the busy city's mart.

An Angel raised the vail, may-be,
To let the Dreamer's soul one moment see
How they above
Make record of these scenes of mortal grief and love;
To make him feel, and fear, how great the woe
When all above, below,
Shall see that picture scroll
Unroll—unroll—
Disclosing to the world assembled there,
Written, in art's clear character,
Much that, if *now* revealed, he could not bear.

The Angel raised the vail, may-be,

That, soul! the Dreamer might declare to thee,
Thy life, wrong, right,
Is photographed complete in Heaven's own fadeless light!
And thou (and *all*)
Shall see it move along the judgment wall!
And unless thou repent betimes,
And Christ with his own blood, expunge thy crimes,
'Twill read so to thy heart
Thou scarce wilt need that He should say to thee, "Depart!"

LINES

SPOKEN AT BARRE, THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRST SNOW, NOV. 7, 1859.

There 's snow on the roof!—young Spring with its flowers
Has passed all its sportive and ever-green hours—
Has laid by its garments of ripening bloom,
 And, in mantling gloom,
 It falters on to its deep, dark tomb.

There 's snow on the roof!—and the verdure fled,
Leaves the gray old year with a heavy head,
And his trembling voice is profuse with sighs,
 As, in vain, he tries
 To weep tears congealed in his faded eyes.

There 's snow on the roof!—the old year is dead;
For the winding-sheet is about his head,
And the mournful clouds take their passing view,
 While the winds anew,
 Like a funeral choir, chant the last adieu.

There 's snow on the roof!—but the year that 's gone
Is the birth of the new that is coming on
Like the Phoenix—so doth the New Year fly
To the summer sky,
From the grave where the sire laid him down to die.

THE NEW YEAR.

Arise, arise, with me behold
The New Year's morning dawn :
The former year, so dead, so cold,
Has with dark ages gone.
Behold Aurora's crimson glow,
Which fades before the day ;
Then rise, and each the other bless,
With shouts of pleasure say :
“ A happy day to you,
Who have no danger to fear ;
We wish, with hearts forever true,
A happy, happy New Year !”

On western summits smiles the sun,
Which soon shall smile on thee,
With happy heart and sparkling eye,
And health and merry glee,
We pray the coming year may shower
Its thousand joys along :
Then shout ! and this shall always be
The chorus of the song :
“ A happy day to you,
Who have no danger to fear—

We wish, with hearts forever true,
A happy, happy New Year!

ODE,

FOR THE CLASS OF '61, BARRE, VT., JULY 18, 1861.

The rain-drops steal into the fountain,
And mingle their thousands in one,
Collected awhile in the mountain,
Ere down the sweet valley they run—
So, but yesterday we were united
To prepare for the duties of life;
The day we long have invited
Now ushers us into the strife.

The rill through the winding dell rushes,
Brimmed over with mosses and flowers,
Now into the noontide it gushes,
Now sleeps in the shadow for hours—
So have these bright seasons been numbered:
While we past "the future" have flown,
We scarcely had wakened and slumbered,
Yet reap we the harvest we've sown.

The sun, from the current smooth-flowing,
Draws the mist to the cloud-pillared skies—
So, while we together were going,
Companions were snatched from our eyes:
But their memory never shall perish,
While onward and upward we tend,
The garland of friendship we'll cherish—
Thus linked to a life without end.

As the lessening brooklet meanders
To be lost in the first-ripening lea,
Through whose thirsty petals it wanders,
In channels no mortal can see;
So, devoted be each to life's mission,
Unshaken, though *everything* frown.
Lo! sweet is the promised fruition
"To the humblest--*the jewel-set crown.*"

GOD SEES.

Sometimes the guardian angels cheat
The mortals of their care;
They lead them where a blessing waits,
Blind-fold and unaware;
Then snatch the vail away, and shout
O'er their surprise with glee,
And bid them, in all future gloom,
Remember—*God can see!*

ON LITTLE MOUNT WAITSFIELD, JUNE, 1855.

I love to sit on some gray crag,
When twilight softly nears,
And see the valley dressed in green,
The sun's resplendent mellow sheen,
The cloudy fold all tinged with gold,
Just as it now appears.

I love to watch the flock and herd,
But more I take delight

In the gay songster's happiness,
As, now on that tree, now on this,
With other harmony afar, .
It blends at blush of night.

I love to watch the coming storm,
And hear the chariot roll;
No terror now its voice inspires,
But awe of Him who lights these fires;
A reverent love of One above,
The Maker of the soul.

I love to see the tinted bow,
The flag of truce to man;
No artist-hand can ever trace
Such richness on the canvas' face,
Nothing below can ever glow
Like this celestial span.

I love from these to learn of Him
Who built the earth and skies;
His name, the great "I AM," I see
Impressed on creature, rock and tree,
In earth, and air, and everywhere
His glorious image lies.

I love all Nature—all I see
Confirms the hope I own,
Helps me believe that He, Who *made*,
Sustains the earth, the light, and shade,
Numbers my days, deserves my praise;
My God is God alone.

(PS. XXIII: 5—JER. II: 13.

My cup of enjoyment doth never run o'er,
I sip the last swallow while thirsting for more;
Alone in the desert of doubt and of gloom,
Naught pleasant behind, and before me the tomb.

Oh! why should I wander, thus parted from God,
And do I deserve this most torturing rod?
Why must I be groping, when others have light?
Why may not *my* cup be o'erflowing to-night?

The cup of my heart, so deceitful hath been,
I did not discover the fracture of sin;
Delaying to drink, although ready to faint,
I wasted the good while I uttered complaint.

O, Saviour forgive me the murmurs I think!
When my cup is refilled let me hasten to drink:
Then speed on Thy errand, refreshed from above,
Nor permit sin to rob me of half of Thy love.

OUR WARRIOR BROTHERS.

CLASS OF 1863, BANGOR SEMINARY.

Twice eight brothers abide,
One sleeps under the sod,
Three, with swords at their side,
Fighting and trusting in God.

Three whom we love and revere,
Three we remember in prayer,

Hoping to meet again here,
And to sing the "new song" with them there.

Three who, from motives of right,
Bravely have taken the field;
God of all justice and might!
Be Thou their Helper and Shield.

To the rescue they run with a will,
True to their country and Thee;
Father, Thy promise fulfil:
Their Rock and their Comforter be:

Fainting, oh, strengthen their heart,
Lowly—commune with them more,
Short-sighted—wisdom impart,
Battling—go Thou before,

Fearing—say Thou, "It is I!"
Show them the army of flame;
Wounded—with healing be nigh,
Help them to honor Thy name.

Twice eight brothers abide,
One sleeps under the sod,
Three, with swords at their side,
Fighting and trusting in God.

One in the hopes that we share,
One in our hearts let us be,
One in our every prayer,
And one, blessed Saviour! in Thee.

THE LILY AND ITS SHADOW.

A purling brook, from out the dell,
Tinkling in sweet cascadelets, fell,
It circled round the birch's-root—
It eddied at the gray rock's foot—
Where watched the speculating trout
To seize the tiny prey, that buzzed about.

Within a little grassy nook
A lily forth its petals shook,
And bent so low its modest face,
All peerless in its native grace,
That, on the mirror stream, it viewed
Another flower—its own similitude.

Now lower bent the lily's gaze,
And up the phantom came apace;
More beautiful the image grew,
The lily nearer, nearer drew,
Till—as its maiden lip was wet—
The lily and its charming shadow met.

Aback it drew, as if in shame,
And lo! the phantom did the same;
Each move was roguishly repeated,
And soon—as willing to be cheated—
A new advance the lily made,
Returned by fond embraces from the shade.

Now 'reft of every bashful coy
Companionship became their joy—
They meet, they part, as if in jest,

The wave forbidding them to rest,
When Autumn stole the Summer's place,
It found the lily with a morbid face.

Soiled, faded, crumpled, there it hung,
Pained at the look the shadow flung;
No more it bowed, as erst 't was fain,
The phantom ne'er advanced again,
Till, severed from the stem, they gave
One last embrace, and floated down the wave.

And 't is sometimes with souls like ours,
As with the dell-born Summer-flowers;
Affection hath its image made,
One lives to be another's shade;
One dies—the grave receives a pair—
Lovely in life, they 're not divided there.

And there are pleasures which we crave,
Like as the lily sought the wave—
Suspicious, but desired the more;
Sweet-meats, with poison at the core—
They lure us in our youth and bloom,
And mock and sting us, even to the tomb.

Man, like the lily, bows him down
To pleasure's fountain, and a frown
Or smile is mirrored on the wave,
According to the look he gave;
Wastes all his talents on the train
Which ripples by, and ne'er returns again.

We live and thrive our little hour,
Like to the dell-born Summer-flower;

We sport our precious time away,
Then yield in sorrow to decay;
Resign, at last, our vital breath,
And—scarcely missed—float down the river Death.

LINES

In reply to a letter from Newburyport, Mass., which closed with the words,
“Write! Let the mountains talk to the sea.”

Lo, the mountains to the sea,
—“Restless sea”—
Send their greeting;
Well know we,
Though never meeting—
With our fountains flowing free,
We are cousins—distant cousins,
Real cousins to the sea;
O, ye billows of the shore!
As ye rise, and charge and roar,
Are ye not the mountain-billows?
Were ye not in days of yore?
Send not we the frequent greeting?
Send not ye the oft reply?
Crystal rivers murmur sea-ward:
Swift-winged clouds return on high:
Happy to confess are we
Our relations to the sea.
Like your waves, or high, or low,
—Petrified and changeless though—
Are the ranges of the hills,
Dashed with rills,

White-capped with perpetual snow,
Blue like you in distance seen,
On approach, we too are green:
We *are* cousins, O ye billows !
Real cousins to the sea,
Both in feature, name and feeling,
And we always mean to be.

July 25, 1866.

MISS JULIA WALLACE, *now* MRS. JULIA HUTCHINS,
OF WATERBURY.

THE RETURN.

A bark has left St. Helen's Isle.

A Prince is at the helm,
She bears the Exile Emperor
Back to his ancient realm.
No joyous shout bursts from her crew
As o'er the waves they glance,
But silently, through foam and spray,
Seek they the shores of France.

A soldier comes! haste, comrades, haste!
To greet him on the strand;
'Tis long since by his side ye fought
For Glory's chosen land.

A Leader comes! let loud hurras
Burst from the extended line,
And glancing arms, and helmets raised,
In martial splendor shine.

A Conqueror comes! fly Austrian, fly!
Before his awful frown;

Kneel, Lombard, kneel ! that pallid brow
Has worn the Iron Crown !
The eagle waves ! the trumpet sounds !
Amid the cannon's roar,
Ye victors of a hundred fields
Surround your Chief once more !

Thrills, high again, the warlike strain
That rose upon Marengo's plain,
And, to the breeze in triumph flung,
O'er Alpine cliff and glacier rung !
No terror now is in that sound,
A haughty foe to quell ;
The bugle-note is wild and sad ;
It only breathes—" Farewell."

A *monarch* comes ! From royal arms
Remove the envious rust ;
A monarch comes—the triple crown
Free from the gathered dust.

Guard him not to the halls of state,
His diadem is riven :
But bear him where yon hallowed dome
Repeats the arch of heaven ;
And, with the requiem's plaintive swell,
With dirge and solemn prayer,
Enter the marble halls of death,
Enthroned your monarch there !

A Husband comes ! Imperial Bride
Unbar thy regal bower ;
Let music ring through every hall,
Light stream from every tower.

Haste ! gentle wife, to greet those lips—
They have been long unpressed—
That weary head may slumber now
On thy devoted breast.

She comes not thus ; imperial grief !
Her tears were lightly shed,
Whose whole life should have been one thought—
The memory of the dead !

Yet stay—call her whom *first* he loved,
The partner of his state—
That “Child of Destiny,” whose star
Ascendant ruled his fate !
She sleeps—they may not meet again
E’en in Death’s cold embrace ;
Oh ! ne’er beside that hallowed dust,
His recreant ashes place !
She lived, while fortune smiled on *him*
Without one changeful frown—
She lived, and Heaven bestowed an heir
To his imperial crown.
But when her smitten idol bowed
Beneath misfortune’s stroke ;
She had a human heart—it bled,—
A woman’s heart—it broke.

No cannon-peal burst o’er her grave,
No drooping banner there shall wave ;
But *hers* shall be a purer fame
Than that which gilds a conqueror’s name ;
Her grave be deemed a holier shrine
Than thine, Heir of the world, than thine !

For Want's pale children, hand in hand,
Moved with her princely funeral band,
And gratitude its blessing shed
To consecrate her peaceful bed;—
While filial love one touching line
Traced on the tomb of Josephine.

A father comes! Haste, princely son!
With banner, plume and lance,
Lead forth, to greet thy sire's return,
The chivalry of France;
And kneel upon thy country's sod,
Amid that noble band,
In loyal pride, in filial love,
To kiss the regal hand.

Hush, hush! a plaint, a voice of wail
Floats faintly on the dying gale,
And through a distant castle's halls,
Along its high, its haunted walls,
A sigh steals on: it speaks of doom—
A noteless grave—an early tomb!

A son returns! fond mother, come!
He waits thy dear caress;
Once more, upon that lofty brow,
Thy lips in fondness press;
And think not of the Emperor,
The chief, the mighty man,
But clasp again thy fair-haired boy—
Thy youthful Corsican.
Ah! age and grief have dimmed those eyes;
But, placed upon that head,

A mother's hand would recognize—
That mother, too, is dead.

And what a destiny was hers!
A fair and youthful bride,
When dangers filled her husband's path,
She shared them by his side:
A mother next, and infant eyes
To hers look sweetly up;
O, was not this the dearest drop
That blest her mingled cup?
A widowed matron, then, we see,
Amid that youthful band,
And one by one they left her side
To shine in other land.
A woman next, whom friendly Fates
Had raised on rapid wings,
The parent of a royal group—
A family of Kings!
And then an exile, sad and lone,
Lamenting over glories flown,
In sorrow's hour un comforted,
Like her who wept o'er Rama's dead:
Death's frost fell kindly on her brow—
The worn heart feels no sorrow now.

A brother comes—fraternal ties
May now be joined again,
Since fate restores the brightest link
That glittered in the chain.
Ho! brothers brave, and sisters fair,
With joyous welcome come,
And meet as erst in pleasant bowers,

Of your own Island home.
No—Time, and Death, and Distance tell
That call is raised in vain—
The weary exiles may not meet
In their childhood's home again.

Napoleon comes! go speak that word,
At midnight's awful hour,
On the Champ de Mars! will it not prove
A spell of fearful power?
Will not a shadowy host arise
From field and mountain ridge,
From Waterloo, from Austerlitz,
From Lodi's fatal bridge,
And wheel in airy echelon
From pass, and height, and plain,
To form, upon that ancient ground,
Their scattered ranks again?

Go speak it in the Louvre's halls,
'Mid priceless works of Art;
Will not each life-like figure from
The glowing canvas start?
In proud Versailles, where heroes frown,
And monarchs rule in stone;
Across those chiselled lips will not
A startling murmur run?

No, no—the marble still may be
Cold, cold and silent—so is he;
The pencil's living hues may bloom—
His form has faded in the tomb,

And warriors, in their narrow homes,
Sleep, reckless that their leader comes.

Napoleon comes! but Rhine's full flood
Rolls on without a tinge of blood;
The Pyramids still frown, in gloom
And grandeur, o'er an empty tomb;
And sweetly still the moonbeam smiles
On Venice, of the fairy Isles.

Napoleon comes! but Moscow's spires
Have ceased to glow with hostile fires;
No spirit, in a whisper deep,
Proclaims it, where his legions sleep;
Or sighs, from column, tower, or dome,
A name that hushed thy heart, gray Rome,
For life and power have passed away,
And he is here—a thing of clay.

Silent the gazing nations pause
In awe and reverence here;
While France, the mighty mourner, bends
Above her hero's bier.
Ah! fear, and hate, and rivalry,
To human sorrow turn—
E'en haughty England drops a tear
Upon Napoleon's urn.

He will not wake at war's alarm,
Its music or its moans;
He will not rise when Europe hears
The crash of crumbling thrones—
When institutions, gray with age,

Are numbered with forgotten things ;
And privilege, and "right divine,"
Rest with the people—not their kings.

The trophied marble proudly pile—
Earth's tribute to her brave—
The warrior's place of pilgrimage
Shall be Napoleon's grave.
France, envying long his island tomb
Amid the lonely deep,
Has gained at last the treasured dust—
Sleep, mighty mortal, sleep !
Ay—dreamless as the unhonored dead
Beneath earth's humblest sod,
Rest, till the Archangel's trump shall sound
The summons of thy God.

C. R. BALLARD, A. M.

PRINCIPAL OF WOODSTOCK HIGH SCHOOL.

TO A BUTTERFLY IN CHURCH.

Why fliest thou
Where mortals worship here below ?
Thou needest not to bow
In prayer, nor praises to bestow.

Thou feelest not
The guilt that stains the human heart ;
Thine is a better lot,
In man's disgrace thou hast no part.

Free thing ! all days
Alike are given thee for rest ;
 Why, then, disturb our praise,
When Sabbath comes, with hours so blest ?

Hadst thou not sought
The Courts of God, thou simple thing,
 Then had our every thought
Not chased thee on thy nimble wing.

We scarcely heard
The Invocation, and the Song
 Of Praise—the Holy Word !
And yet we think thou didst no wrong.

For thou didst seem
The emblem of that Better Life,
 Of which we sometimes dream,
When resting from earth's toil and strife.

We gazed at thee,
And thought that thou a *worm* hadst been !
 But *now* thou roamest free,
Like ransomed spirit, freed from sin !

We still are bound ;
Still dwell in tenements of clay ;
 Freedom for us is found
Not yet, nor Resurrection-day.

Bright Butterfly !
From thee a lesson let us learn ;
 We too, like thee, must die,
But when to dust shall dust return ?

May we arise,
And, on wings brighter far than thine,
Mount upward to the skies,
And dwell in Light and Life Divine.

STREW FLOWERS.

("DECORATION DAY," MAY 30, 1869.)

Strew flowers on the soldier's grave,
For he bravely fought and fell,
That Freedom's Flag might forever wave
O'er the land we love so well.
And he willingly died to save
These beautiful homes of ours;
So let us adorn his lowly grave
With garlands of choicest flowers.

Strew flowers on the soldier's grave,
For he left home, friends, and all;
And, among the bravest of the brave,
Went forth at his country's call;
And, among the foremost, fell!
And these sad Memorial hours,
Let us gladly use of his worth to tell,
While we strew his grave with flowers.

Strew flowers on the soldier's grave,
For his heart beat fast for the fray,
As he saw the Starry Banner wave,
While he hurried from home away;
And boldly he marched to the front,
And he recked not sun nor showers;

But now there's a slab with his name upon 't,
And *there* let us scatter flowers.

Strew flowers on the soldier's grave,
'Tis but little that we can do ;
For he passed, long since, Death's icy wave
To that land where all is new ;
And we trust he enjoys, to-day,
A more beautiful Home than ours ;
Yet we feel 'tis well, while here we stay,
To embellish his grave with flowers.

Strew flowers on the soldier's grave,
For Life's Battle, with him, is o'er ;
And this goodly land that he died to save,
Will know him, alas, no more.
Let his resting-place be kept green,
Until perish these hearts of ours,
And our eyes behold the celestial sheen
Of his Wreath of Immortal Flowers.

UP THE SCHOOL-HOUSE HILL.

Ha ! the bell is ringing ! "jingle, jingle, jingle !"
See the lads and misses, all together mingle.
Busy feet are moving—moving, moving still ;
Still, and yet so noisy, up the School-house hill.

Play-ground is forsaken ; sports are all suspended—
Hoop, so nicely trundled ; wicket well defended ;
Ball, or hunting frolic ; mimic fight, or drill—
Actors all are moving up the School-house hill.

See! from far they're coming—road, and lawn, and wildwood,
All are sweetly vocal with the laugh of childhood.
Lightly are they tripping, ill at ease, until
With their mates, they're ranging up the School-house hill.

See the ruddy faces, full of life and beauty;
Mark the bosoms swelling with a sense of duty.
Innocence, how gentle! *Love*, that fears no ill,
Boldly march, together, up the School-house hill.

Men, whose deeds of honor yet shall win them glory;
Men, whose praise shall ever live in song or story;
Men, whose clarion voices tyrant hearts shall thrill;—
Men, *to be*, are going up the School-house hill.

Women, whose devotion not e'en death shall sever;
Women, whose attainments earth shall value ever;
Women, whose blest mission they so well fulfill;—
Women, *such* are tripping up the School-house hill.

Lovely scene! inviting poet's smoothest measures—
Youthful minds engaged in search for hidden treasures;
Never searching vainly; "Where there is a will
There's a way"—a sure one—up the School-house hill.

Let the bell keep ringing—ringing in the morning;
Ringing out its matin; ringing timely warning;
Ringing for the school-boys, like a clarion shrill;
Calling rosy school-girls up the School-house hill.

Ye who gaze enchanted on some landscape pretty;
Ye who list, with rapture, to some mellow ditty;
Ye who hear rich music in the warbling rill—
Go with me, in fancy, up the School-house hill.

Watch the scene, how nature in herself rejoices;
Hear the mingled chorus of her childish voices;
List her witching music, as the magic trill
Breaks from myriad heart-strings, up the School-house hill.

“P. H. W.”

(DIED APRIL 24, 1869.)

At rest is that active brain!
That busy hand is still!
And his Native State will search in vain
For another his place to fill!

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY,

FINISHED, MAY 10, 1869.

“And a Highway shall be there.”

'Tis “*Done*”—the wondrous thoroughfare!
Type of that Highway all divine!
No ancient wonder can compare
With this, in grandeur of design.
For, 'twas no visionary scheme
To immortalize the builder's name;
No impulse rash, no transient dream
Of some mere worshiper of Fame.

Rare common sense conceived the plan,
For working out a lasting good—
The full development of Man;
The growth of human brotherhood!

And lo! by patient toil and care,
The work with rare success is crowned;
And nations, yet to be, will share
In blessings which shall e'er abound.

Across a continent's expanse,
The lengthening track now runs secure,
O'er which the Iron Horse shall prance,
So long as earth and time endure!
His course extends from East to West—
From where Atlantic billows roar,
To where the quiet waters rest,
Beside the far Pacific shore.

Proud commerce, by Atlantic gales
Tossed to and fro—her canvas rent—
Will gladly furl her wearied sails,
And glide across a continent.
Through smiling valleys, broad and free,
O'er rivers wide, or mountain-crest,
Her course shall swift and peaceful be,
'Till she has reached the farthest West.

And e'en the treasures of the East,
Diverted from their wonted track,—
With safety gained, with speed increased,—
Will follow in her footsteps back.
And thus the Nations, greatly blest,
Will share another triumph, won,
That links yet closer East and West—
The rising and the setting sun!

This glorious day with joy we greet!
May Faith abound, may Love increase,

And may this highway, now complete,
Be the glad harbinger of Peace !
God bless the Work, that it may prove
The source of greater good in store,
When Man shall heed the law of Love,
And Nations shall learn war no more.

FADED WILD FLOWER.

A few days since, this withered flower,
Upon its parent stem,
Would e'en have graced the fairest bower,
Or spotless diadem.

It bloomed 'mid flowers of varied hue,
That decked its forest-bed,
The sun, and shower, and gentle dew,
Its fragrant beauty fed.

The whippoorwill and mourning dove,
With plumage gay and bright,
Above it told their tales of love,
And sang the livelong night.

And will these flowers forever bloom
In beauty fair and gay ?
Or do they blossom for the tomb,
Then wither and decay ?

And will this warbling feathered throng,
Their notes forever blend ?
Ah, no ; like ours, their sweetest song
Full soon will have an end.

But there are never-fading flowers,
And songs that ever rise ;
They blossom in Elysian bowers,
And echo in the skies.

Oh, cherish, then, the birds and flowers,
For they are symbols given ;
Their beauty, fragrance, vocal powers,
Are typical of Heaven.

FINANCES OF 1857.

Hard times is now the mournful theme,
Of speech, and thought, and nightly dream ;
Where dollars were, are now but dimes,
In these distressing, mournful times.

The lawyer grasps his client's fee,
The engine pipes her mournful glee,
As, wending on her distance far,
She drags her empty railroad car.

The banks refusing to discount,
Except to very small amount ;
While men of wealth begin to taper,
Contriving how to meet their paper.

Merchant's clerks begin to pale,
Who never handled axe or flail ;
And many more begin to pine
For want of place to sleep and dine.

Happy are they who have in store
Enough for comfort, though no more ;
Who have with prudence saved their dimes,
Against the coming of hard times.

OVER THE LINE.

A LETTER TO THE RUTLAND (VT.) HERALD.

Whitehall, N. Y., October, 1859.

In an age like the present, when all will agree
That the chief end of life is, to hear and to see :
When the million are anxiously gaping for news,
Be it thrilling or tame, to instruct or amuse :
When the world is in haste for "the latest thing out,"
And our neighbors must know what we all are about :—
Sure, no pardon is needed, for me or for mine,
If I send you a letter from over the Line.

Not the "wickedest place" is this famous Whitehall !
Not so bad as you hear : not so "hard," after all.
Like some other things it is "hard" at "the Point,"
But where is the village that has n't a flaw in 't ?
Some dismal, dark corner, where wickedness thrives,
Where virtue is periled, and cheap are men's lives ?
Yet the Sabbath-bells greet us from many a shrine,
And a host of good people live over the Line.

'Tis not *classic* Whitehall,—for I think it quite clear
That the "House built by Inigo Jones" is n't here.
'Tis too modern for that—why, 'tis *very New York* !
Though the looks of the people remind me of Cork :

Not the whole of them, sure ; yet the half that I meet
Wear an air very foreign, in shop or in street.
It is not a *Green-Mountain* air ; so I incline
To suspect I have journeyed quite over the Line.

'Tis not rigid Vermont, where men's rights are curtailed,
Strong bars taken down, and rum-barrels assailed !
Where the Law, most unjustly, as some people think,
Makes it " unconstitutional " even, *to drink !*
Here the *legal* obstructions are out of the way ;
And yet men *will fall*, for 'tis only to-day
That I saw one, like Troilus, lying supine,
And I said to myself—" He 's clear over the Line !"

As to Politics—well, I half wish I were back
Where Republicanism makes every thing " Black :"
Where the " Stump-Tails " are few, and the " Cow-Boys "
are fewer,
And Democracy's doom is both speedy and sure.
Here are Democrats *plenty*, " Americans," *rare*,
And Republicans—well, a *respectable* share ;
And Election will bring such a " squall," I opine,
As the Sun did, when last he went over the Line.

But perhaps I mistake, for no prophet am I :
Little versed in the " Signs of the Times," or the sky.
The heavens, e'en *now*, may be clearing somewhat,
For the papers all *say* that " Know-Nothings " *are not !*.
Most too good to be true ; but we 'll hope for the best,
And after Election I 'll send you the rest,
Unless some wire-worker, by chance or design,
Shall have sent it, by Telegraph, over the Line.

'Tis a most timely place for the News of the day
By Cars, Boat, or Telegraph—choose your own way :
And business transactions can't be very slow,
With canal boats above-ground, and railroads below.
There are lawyers to spare, and some men with "the Rocks;"
And doctors as plenty, at least, as the docks.
Of course there are ladies, to *put on the shine*,
And to make life endurable over the Line.

It is hard keeping order where every thing floats,
Yet they "lock up" the rascals—as well as the boats.
As to rogues, I should risk very little upon 't,
Should I say that the shrewdest ones come from Vermont!
How annoying it is in the Green-Mountain State,
For culprits to learn both to *labor* and *wait* !
When, to shun such a trial of patience—and spine,
They have only to travel straight over the Line.

We hear much beside foreign accents and curses,
For Saxe has been round with his loveliest verses.
"The Hutchinsons," too, with mellifluous throats,
Have saluted our ears with their mellowest notes :
While diverse occasions their influence lend,
To make all our actions toward usefulness tend,
—— But I hasten to close, by subscribing, in fine,
Your obliged Correspondent, just over the Line.

TO THE NINTH VERMONT REGIMENT.

JUNE, 1862.

Again is heard the summons !
Once more our country calls

For men of noble daring,
Whose hearts no fear appalls.
Again floats out the Banner
With LIBERTY upon 't,
And to the rescue rallies
The gallant NINTH VERMONT.

Full many a brave Vermonter
Is in the field to-day,
Among the foremost, waiting
Impatient for the fray.
But, while there still is needed
Courage without alloy,
How fitting is the summons—
“Come on Green-Mountain Boy!”

From many a quiet village;
From hill-side, vale and glen;
From homes whose faithful teachings
Make earnest, active men;—
There comes a band of heroes,
Of firm and fearless front;
Destined to deeds of valor—
The gallant NINTH VERMONT.

Heed, then, your country's summons,
With hearts as stout and brave
As ever beat with longings,
A nation's life to save.
Down where opposing armies
Are marshalled for the fight,
Make haste to do fierce battle
For Liberty and Right.

Down where Potomac's waters
Are red with brother's blood ;
Yea, where the brave Vermonters
Faced murderous fire and flood !
Prove that the self-same spirit
Your every bosom thrills,
That fired that band of martyrs—
The Heroes of Lee's Mills.

Show, by your gallant bearing,
The Mountains whence you came ;
Amid the thickening contest
Call Ethan Allen's name ;
And then, with shout terrific
As cannon's stunning noise,
Sustain the ancient glory
Of " Brave Green Mountain Boys ! "

Go with Cromwellian purpose—
To fight, and think, and pray ;
And hasten on the wished-for
Emancipation-Day—
Do what the people bid you ;
Do what the hour demands—
Dispense swift death to traitors,
And free the " Contrabands."

So wage this righteous conflict,
That Freedom nevermore
Need fight her battles over,
More bloody than before !
Remove the cause of Treason—
Say to the Slave, " BE FREE ! "

And let *him* help to forward
His "Year of Jubilee."

Resolve, at every hazard,
The Union to maintain,
Lest all our Fathers' efforts
Shall prove to be in vain;
And make it still more glorious,
From all oppression free;
On firm and sure foundation—
JUSTICE and LIBERTY.

Dear ones at home are praying,
And bidding you "God-speed!"
Rejoiced to find you ready
In this, the hour of need.
Then onward to the conflict!
Be foremost in the fight;
Strike hard for Truth and Freedom,
And God will speed the Right.

MISS MARY W. RICE

OF GRANBY.

WAITING.

June, laughing June, her verdure weaves
About her flowery way;
And lightly, through the glancing leaves,
The whispering breezes play.

Gently, as when with kisses light,
They touched the forehead, fair,
Of her, who, pale and lone to-night,
Is sadly waiting there.

Waiting—she thinks how one year ago,
When the Summer-day grew late,
Her Willie bent his proud head low,
And kissed her, “good-bye,” at the gate.

How gaily he spoke, as he turned away,
“One year and we’ll meet again;
One little year—you’ll remember the day,
And I know you’ll wait for me then.”

One little year! and waiting now,
While the Summer-day grows late;
The soft breeze kisses her aching brow,
As she waits for him at the gate.

Watching and waiting at the gate,
Though the shadows of night are near;
She murmurs oft, “it is getting late,
And he will soon be here.”

Waiting, poor heart! and still thou may’st wait,
Till the shadows of death are near,
Till the day of life is getting late,
But he will not be here:

For, lifeless, on a trampled plain
He lies, whom thou dost wait;
And never more may he come again,
To meet thee at the gate.

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But we will hope, on a blissful plain,
Beside Heaven's pearly gate,
Beyond the reach of death and pain,
He now for thee doth wait ;

And that, when life for thee is o'er,
And thou shalt cease to wait,
That he, upon that heavenly shore,
May meet thee at the gate.

THOUGHTS OF A CONVALESCENT.

I thank Thee, O God, that this languid eye
May look once more on the pure blue sky !
That again, with rapture, I see unrolled
The sunset's page, with its hues of gold ;
And I gaze till my eyes are suffused with tears,
At the memories fond of earlier years ;
And my childhood dreams come rushing back,
To people, in fancy, the sunset's track ;
Till forms of glory, and spirits bright,
Seem treading those halls of dazzling light ;
And I fancy the sunset's opened gate,
The portal of Heaven, where angels wait,
And listen almost to catch the strains,
Which sweetly float o'er those blissful plains.
I hear again the rustle of leaves,
On the dear, familiar, household trees,
Through whose branches now, as in childhood's day,
I hear the whispering breezes play ;
And as I gaze on their verdure bright,

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Bathed in the sunset's rosy light,
A feeling of rapture is at my heart,
Which the beautiful scene alone might impart.
Oh! I envy not the one whose view
Can wander, unmoved, o'er the sky's deep blue ;
Whose eye with rapture does not turn,
Where the sunset's fiery embers burn,
And without deep, ecstatic thrill,
Can look on river, field and hill ;—
Though wealth be his, and fortune pour,
With lavish hand, her golden store.
And not unblest that life must be,
Where the sunset's glorious imagery,
The bright green fields and laughing sky
Can speak to the heart, through the raptured eye ;
For rich and poor their share may hold,
In the moon-beam's silver and the sunset's gold.
And thanks that again, o'er the fevered brow,
The cool soft breeze may wander now ;
That with gentle touch of fingers fair,
'Tis playing lightly through my hair ;
And its cool, soft breath is on my face,
Where sickness hath left its living trace.
But forgotten, now, those weary hours,
Shut in from the fields and the beautiful flowers ;
Forgotten now those days of pain,
For I look on the bright green fields again ;
Forgotten be all, for my languid eye
Hath looked once more on the pure blue sky.

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THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Life seems a gay, delicious dream
 To *childhood's* wandering eyes;
A gentle, flowing, flower-crowned stream,
 On which its vessel lies.

The life-bark, which such freight doth bear,
 Floats on its surface calm and still,
All furnished with a mother's care,
 And guided by a father's skill.

In youth the river, deeper grown,
 Rushes with headlong haste,
O'er threatening sand-bar, shoal and stone,
 Beneath its current placed.

But firm the hand that grasps the helm;
 Youth's heart can know no fear;
The dark surge, threatening to o'erwhelm,
 Is music in his ear.

Hope's meteor light is beckoning on,
 Her siren voice he hears,
While loud above the raging storm,
 Fame's clarion call rings clear.

And darker now, to *manhood's* view,
 The rushing torrent seems;
'Mid riven-clouds; oft breaking through
 The vivid light'ning gleams.

A cloud seems resting on his brow;
 Fond hopes have proved untrue;

Fame's dazzling gifts are seeming, now,
Like mirage, to his view.

Age's shattered bark the rushing tide
Seems threatening to o'erwhelm;
When, lo! appears the heavenly guide—
An angel takes the helm.

He bids the weary voyage cease,
Upon life's river, dark;
And, safely to his Port of Peace,
He guides the shattered bark.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

Flashed through the land on wings of lightning,
A victory, grand, has sped;
Patriot hearts and prospects brightening,
The glorious news has spread.

Within the door of a cottage low,
Where the clambering woodbine creeps,
Sits a woman pale, while in her arms
A smiling infant sleeps.

And at her feet a fair-haired boy
Prattles, in accents sweet;
And now he shouts, with childish joy,
As he looks on the crowded street,

Where a ceaseless tide of eager feet
Go wildly hurrying past,

While echoes far the drum's wild beat,
And the bugle's warlike blast;

And, wild with joy, their frenzied shout
Blends with the cannon's voice;
And the stars and stripes, flung proudly out,
Proclaim to all—Rejoice!

Rejoice! for another field is ours,
A glorious victory 's won;
Another blood-red plain baptized,
With deeds of valor done.

More joyous still, o'er vale and hill,
Sounds the deep cannon's voice;
While, waxing loud and louder still,
Swells the glad cry—Rejoice!

And the boy does not know, as he turns again
On the street, his eager eye,
That his father lies dead on that battle plain,
Beneath the Southern sky.

But, with gestures of pain, the mother starts,
And turns from the crowd surging near;
As the joy, welling up from jubilant hearts,
Jars sadly on her ear.

With face upturned to the pitying sky,
She sits unheeding there;
While still that wildly echoing cry
Comes on the evening air.

And the joyous peals of the merry bells,
With their stirring music come;

The bugle's note still wilder swells,
And the rattling roll of the drum.

TO THINK OF SUMMERS YET TO COME, THAT
I AM NOT TO SEE.

I look on the fields of vivid green—
On the bright and laughing skies,
Where a beauteous ever-varying scene
Is unrolled to my wondering eyes ;
And still I turn to look again,
With a wonder that never tires ;
Till a feeling, half akin to pain,
The beautiful scene inspires.

For I think—though I know that the earth again
Shall rejoice in the Summer bright,
And vale and mountain, hill and plain
Be bathed in its gorgeous light—
That my eye, which gazes with rapture now,
May be closed in death ere then,
And the soft June breeze, which now kisses my brow,
I never may feel again.

Oh ! 'tis sad to think how our dying eyes
Must close on the scenes of earth ;
We must look, for the last, on the pure blue skies,
And the beautiful home of our birth :
Must leave that home where our childhood's hours
Have been passed 'mid pleasures sweet,
And the path we have loved, among the flowers,
To be trodden by other feet.

—To think that Springs, as fair as this,
Shall deck the earth with their bloom,
And nature revel, in Summer-bliss
And beauty, around the tomb;
That as glorious as now shall be the skies,
And the sunshine just as sweet;
And the bright flowers bloom, although our eyes
May be clothed in death's deep sleep.

—To think how our seat at the board and hearth
Must be vacant ever more;
And in all the joyous scenes of earth
We must mingle never more.
And oh! that we must be forgot,
Or remembered only as dead;
The places that know us shall know us not,
And we in oblivion be laid.

Sad thoughts, yet not for these alone,
Do we so shrink from death;
But ah! the thought of that dread unknown—
That "Something after death:"
That dark abyss which death conceals,
The future, none can know,
With its scenes which lie all unrevealed,
Till death the mystery show.

These are the thoughts that blanch the cheek,
And fill the saddened eye,
That to the heart in terror speak,
And make us dread to die.
And as I muse, more bright and clear
Seems the earth, in her Summer bloom;

And I turn, with a dark and shuddering fear,
From the thought of the silent tomb.

THE AWAKENING.

Lingering in the West, the day's
Departing glories shone ;
And the sunset's holy rays,
In softened radiance thrown,
Resting upon the swelling mound,
A heavenly beauty shed
O'er all that consecrated ground—
The " City of the Dead."

I'd left my weary couch of pain—
Of cheerless dark despair,
And on my brow I felt, again,
Spring's soft reviving air ;
Like angel hands, with healing fraught,
Upon my forehead placed,
From my poor brain each wild, dark thought,
Its touch seemed to erase.

I sought the place my childish feet
Had often sought before ;
The evening breeze played, softly sweet,
My fevered temples o'er,
Till 'neath its influence, holy, mild,
That dark delirious dream,
In all its gloomy wanderings wild,
A fearful fancy seemed.

It was not true—he was not dead !
O ! what a rapturous thrill
Of deep, almost delirious, joy,
My whole existence filled !
I felt earth's charms must fade for me,
Could he not in them share ;
O, were it so?—it could not be !
Earth could not be so fair !

No, it was all a wild, dark dream,
Which, through those months of pain,
A dread reality had seemed
To my delirious brain.
Glad, grateful tear-drops filled my eyes,
Long sealed in dark despair,
Which now, up to the pure blue sky
I raised, in heart-felt prayer.

Within its radiant depths there shone
Joy's deep, resistless tide ;
When, as by chance, it rested on
A new grave at my side.
Then a wild, low, half-uttered moan,
And a shudder, thrilled my frame—
O God ! upon the lettered stone
I read the loved one's name.

No more—for a mist and a deathly pain
Came swimming o'er my eyes,
And a scene, which fired my maddened brain,
Before me seemed to rise.
A field, all drenched with human gore—
The dashing, murderous steel—

My aching sight could see no more,
For mind and reason reeled.

Then as the sunset's rosy light
Faded from the glowing west,
And, in the holy hush of night,
All nature sank to rest.
The moon, with her pale and holy light,
Came slowly up the skies ;
And myriad stars, on the brow of night,
Gleamed forth like angels' eyes.

But the shadows which fell upon my heart,
That rayless, hopeless night,
O, its gloomy shade will never part,
Ne'er yield to hope's fair light ;
For, whether I look on the star-gem'd sky,
Or the sunset's hues of gold,
There's ever before my spirit's eye,
That fearful scene unrolled.

And the light has faded from the earth,
As the light of my heart went out,
And darker, now, at sound of mirth,
The mocking laugh and shout.
Upon my heart is the shadow thrown,
"And a thrill runs through my brain,"
As again, upon the lettered stone,
I seem to read that name.

PELETIAH PERKINS, ESQ.—“MY DARTER.”

You've noticed the gal that sits in the choir,
At our meetin'-house, Sundays, just in front of the Squire—
Of course, for she looks than the rest so much smarter,
You could 'nt have failed—well, that's Sally, my darter.

Her cheeks are as red as a rosy full-blown ;
And her teeth just the whitest that ever were shown,
And her hair, like the boots of the Parson, doth shine,—
O ! she's handsome and smart—this darter of mine.

I'm not quite as rich as I'd like, to be sure,
But you need 'nt from that set me down very poor :
To be sure, all we've got we've scabbled hard arter,
But there's nothing too good for Sally, our darter.

I've bought her a watch, and a couple of rings,
A hat full of feathers, and lots of sich things ;
And if you'd believe it, why, only last fall,
I sent clear to Bosting, to get her a shawl.

I sent her, *three terms*, to the village *high skule*,
Where she learned French, and music, and drawing, by rule.
Then I bought her a peanny, richer and smarter
Than the one the Deacon has got for *his* darter.

With fingers as lively as wild birds in June,
She plays her peanny, and rattles a tune ;
No wonder the fellers, all round here, are arter
My Sally, my beautiful, rosy-cheeked darter.

They all are so eager to hear Sally play,
It's *really distressing* to keep them away ;

But the house would be filled till midnight, and arter,
If I did n't sit up for the good of my darter.

But when they come courtin' I 'm allers on hand,
And, vainly enough, any secrets are planned;
For one of us allers arrange to look arter
All matters, pertaining to Sally, my darter.

And when there's a concert or spelling-skule round,
On tip toe of fix-up the gals are all found;
But of the young men, all the richer and smarter
Are sure to come round to carry my darter.

But I tell you they all might as well keep away,
For Sally sha' n't gad round, by night or by day;
And I reckon they 'll learn, it 's no easy matter,
For ordinary chaps e'er to carry my darter.

There was Sullivan Smith, the Postmaster's clerk,
With his rat-tail mustache, and dandy-like smirk;
O, he swelled, like an extrafied dose of creamtarter—
For he felt pretty sure he could marry my darter.

But Jerusha and I were allers around,
And all his fine projects fell to the ground;
And there was the chap that called his name Carter,
And as handsome a feller as courted my darter.

They got along finely, and planned up one night,
To run off and get married, next day, before light;
But, when to the Parson's, next morning, went Carter,
He 'd got my old woman, instead of my darter.

There was Johnnie, the son of old Deacon Grimes—
He came to see Sally, a number of times;

There aint, to be sure, a feller that 's smarter,
But, still, I could n't think of his marrying my darter.

She had some rich offers—a good many, you see—
Pretty flattering ones, too, for a poor man like me;
But never, for gold, would I willingly barter,
Like a piece of dry goods, dear Sally, my darter.

But, there 's a young Captain, now stopping in town,
At home on a furlough—I think from a wound;
They say, in the army, not a officer 's smarter,
And, I rather expect, he 'll propose for my darter.

She is going with him to the concert to-night,
You know, I, of course, should not think it was right,
For a *patriot, like me*, to ever say “no,”
When a poor wounded soldier asks his darter to go.

And Jerusha, she says, when an officer sues,
It would 'nt be right in us, to refuse;
And though nothing besides from dear Sally should part her,
For our country she 'd give up, even *our darter*.

HALLOW THIS GRIEF.

Thou God of mercy! oh! to-night,
Accept the plea,
Which from these lips, with anguish white,
I raise to Thee.

'Thou only knowest the bitter grief,
Which rends my heart—

And Thou alone canst give relief—

Oh! then, impart

Unto my fainting spirit strength

To bear the blow;

And grant my doubting heart, at length,

Thy love to know.

I would not murmur nor repine;

Be this my prayer—

Oh! make Thy holy purpose mine,

And let me share

That grace Thou only canst impart:

More than relief

I ask, Lord, to my chastened heart—

“Hallow this grief!”

THE RIVER.

Where soft flows the river,

Just down by my door,

And the shining leaves quiver

Along its green shore,

I catch the bright shimmer

Of light, through the leaves,

As the sunset's last glimmer

Falls on the still waves.

And all through the hush

Of the still moon-lit hour,

The river's soft rush

Sounds with magical power;

While the bright, watching stars—
Night's radiant crown—
To its clear, sparkling depths
Look lovingly down.

When the sun-god's bright ray
Flames down on its banks,
At the noon of the day,
Like a murmur of thanks,
I hear the glad voice
Of its musical flow,
As it seems to rejoice
In the bright Summer glow.

Though Winter may bind it
In his still, icy chain,
In the Spring-time I find it
The same friend again;
And I love it the more,
And lonely am never,
While, down by my door,
Flows the bright, sparkling river.

ADRIAN TEMPLETON GORHAM
OF CASTLETON.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN.

A maiden dwells by the flowing sea,
Where the dark waves revel in sounding glee;
And foam-capped breakers, with sullen roar,
Dash madly against the rock-bound shore.

Oft, on a towering cliff she stands,
Above the blue waters and sparkling sands,
And murmurs, amid the wild waves' din :
"I shall see him again, when the ship comes in !"

Sadly her eyes wander over the deep,
Where the restless billows majestic'ly sweep ;
Often the loved one doth she bewail,
And mingles her sighs with the moaning gale ;
But naught of the proud bark can she espy—
No white sail gladdens her straining eye ;
Yet her sweet voice murmurs, 'mid Ocean's din,
"I shall see him again, when the ship comes in !"

Oh ! ill-starred bark ! Oh ! false—false dream !
No more, o'er the waves, shall her white wings gleam ,
For the breath of the storm-king, with mighty sweep,
Hath entombed her for aye, in the rolling deep !
The mermaid chanteth her siren strain
O'er the storm-wrecked pride of the deep blue main !
And the foaming waves, with unceasing din,
Moan a dirge for the ship that shall never come in !

Oh, lonely watcher ! thou mindest me
Of cherished hopes wrecked on Life's dark sea !
Bright-budding pleasures, that scarcely bloom
Ere they wither, and sink to a silent tomb.
And long we gaze o'er the troubled main,
And sigh for their welcome return, in vain,
While the waves roll onward, with ceaseless din—
Alas ! for the ships that shall never come in !

THE FLAG OF AMERICA.

O, Emblem of Union ! O, Symbol of Might !
O, glory-crowned Banner, so peerlessly bright !
'Neath thy star-blazoned folds, conq'ring hosts of the free
Vow allegiance only to God and to thee !
For in Him is their trust, and in thee is their pride ;
And they swear, by the green graves of heroes that died
For Freedom and Right, thou shalt e'er be unfurled—
O, Flag of America—hope of the world ?

O, Emblem of Union ! O, Symbol of Might !
O, Standard of Victory, peerlessly bright !
We laud thee, we bless thee, we plant thee above
Our shrine of devotion, the land of our love.
All hail, victor-flag ! of Oppression the friend !
True hearts shall surround thee, strong arms shall defend,
And bear thee forever, in glory unfurled,
O, Flag of America—hope of the world !

O, Emblem of Union ! O, Symbol of Might !
O, Star-crownéd Ensign, so peerlessly bright !
Around thee the soul-flame of Liberty glows—
We 've a hand for thy friends, and a blow for thy foes !
By the graves of our sires—by their victories won,
By the mem'ry, immortal, of great Washington,
We will bear thee forever, in beauty unfurled,
O, Flag of America—hope of the world !

DRIFTED AWAY.

She has drifted away to the beautiful shore—
To the shadowless homes of the seraph-land;
And the white sails flash, when her bark went o'er,
We saw, as we wept by the shining strand.
Oh! our thoughts were full with the after years,
As she smiled her adieu, o'er the dark wave's crest;
And our eyes drooped downward, 'mid silence and tears,
As she drifted away—away to her rest.

She drifted away, ere her girlhood's morn
Wore on to the ripeness of blushful day;
Like a tender violet, rudely shorn
From the flower-crowned scepter of rosy May;
Ere her pure heart's freshness grew sere and dim,
Or the cherub of peace ceased to gladden her breast,
Ere wild Woe chanted Hope's dying hymn,
She drifted away—away to her rest.

She drifted away, when Autumn came
With gorgeous pomp of crimson and gold—
When the forests were lit with his wings of flame,
And wandering winds blew drear and cold;
With her soft eyes bright with celestial fires,
And meek hands folded athwart her breast,
To the wild, sweet music of angel lyres,
She drifted away—away to her rest.

I WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN.

I would I were a child again,
Amid the flow'rs at play,

All light of heart, as Summer bird,
Throughout the live-long day ;
And sweet 't would be to tread the fields
Where I was wont to roam,
And linger, 'neath the charm that clung
Around the olden home.

The bees among the clover hummed,
The flocks grazed on the lea,
The streamlet sang, along the vale,
Its rippling melody ;
And care, on my unruffled brow,
No shadow then had thrown,
Nor grief, my life light dimmed with tears,
Or hushed youth's merry tone.

I'm dreaming of that quiet cot,
With vine-clad, rustic door,
By branching elms, and poplars tall,
So softly shadowed o'er.
I hear again the linnet's song
Come floating on the air,
And catch the perfume-laden breath
Of roses, fresh and fair.

Ah ! many wintry snows have fled,
And Summer flowers decayed,
And gentle forms, I loved of yore,
Are in the church-yard laid.
Yet oft fond mem'ry turns to where
Those scenes of beauty smiled,
That decked with bloom life's sunny path,
When I was but a child.

LOST LULU.

The cold winds blew across the dreary moor,
And storm-clouds gathered fast,
As Lulu hastened from her father's door,
And braved the piercing blast.
So young and fair, a fragile flower was she—
The drunkard's only child;
Alas! that one of tender years should be
Abroad, in night so wild.

What seeketh she, amid the deep'ning gloom
That shrouds her trembling form?
Why leave the cot—the poor but sheltering room—
To wander in the storm?
Ah, well-a-day! the tale is ever old—
A loved one fails to come;
A father's hand now clasps the deadly bowl,
Far from the light of home.

Along the moor, with hurried steps she flies,
While blinding snow-flakes fall;
She gains the wood—no well-known voice replies,
Nor heeds her feeble call.
Lost, lost in snow! while bleak winds madly rave
O'er field and forest dim—
Hark! hear her prayer: "O God, my father save—
His child now dies for him!"

* * * * *

The storm had ceased—the winds were hushed to rest,
And morning's golden glow
Flamed out in glory, o'er the cold earth's breast,
Bedecked with wreaths of snow;

When homeward hieing, thro' the forest wild,
The stricken father found,
Where, tearless now, his fond and faithful child
Lay dead upon the ground.

GIRLS OF THE GREEN-MOUNTAIN STATE.

Come, fill up your goblets with rich, ruby wine,
Fill, fill to the brim, with the nectar divine!
Let the bottle pass round with a merry clink-clink—
I've a toast to propose, which we'll presently drink.
Well, are you all ready?—together, then, rise:
Here's to God's best and dearest gift under the skies—
Our ladies! may blessings each fair one await!
Here's a health to the girls of the Green-Mountain State!

They are lovely as morning's first orient glow;
They are pure as the snow-wreaths on Killington's brow;
They are gentle and trusting, kind-hearted and true,
And their loyal hearts throb for the Red, White, and Blue!
They are patterns of housekeepers—frugal and neat;
Though not bred in the cities, their *bread* can't be beat!
That pleasing fact I, from experience, relate;
So, a health to the girls of the Green-Mountain State!

“Ever faithful till death!” is our fair ladies' creed;
From Love's rosy partners they will never secede;
Staunch and true, by the Union each pretty one stands—
The union of hearts, and the union of hands!
And while our brave boys were away to the wars,
Doing battle for Freedom—the Stripes and the Stars—

Busy hands, for their comfort, toiled early and late ;
Then, a health to the girls of the Green-Mountain State !

God bless them—co-laborers in Liberty's cause ;
Ever true to our world-honored Union and laws !
God shield them from peril, from anguish and want—
May their smiles ever gladden the homes of Vermont !
May their paths be illumined by Love's holy ray,
And their life-wreaths bloom brighter, as years wear away.
Our ladies ! choice blessings each fair one await ;
Hurrah for the Girls of the Green-Mountain State !

THE ROSE'S CONSOLATION.

I reclined me, at noon, 'neath the wide-spreading shade
Of a stately old elm, whose branches o'erhung
The streamlet that near my feet merrily played,
And sweetly, above me, the wild birds sung.

I had culled me a rose from a favorite bower,
Where brightly it blossomed, in queen-like pride ;
And I gazed, with delight, on the beautiful flower
That blushed, like the cheeks of a fair young bride.

I placed it near to my throbbing breast,
Where it softly emitted a crimson glow ;
And methought it whispered a promise of rest
That soothed my sad spirit, oppressed with woe,

In accents, soft, as the gentle strain
Of Æolian lyre, by the wind-god played,

It breathed sweet peace to my soul again ;
And these are the words, methought, it said :

“ Frail, trembling mortal, why dost thou weep ?
Why droopeth thy head like a stricken flower ?
Mournest thou for loved ones that peacefully sleep
In the lone, quiet grave, till the final hour ?

“ Say, have the best treasures of thy young heart
Been spurned from the shrine where thou laid'st them low ?
Or has cruel Slander's malignant dart
Pierced thee, and enshrouded thy spirit with woe ?

“ Perchance fickle Fortune has frowned on thee,
And withdrawn the light of her golden smiles,
And left thee, unfriended, on Life's dark sea,
A prey to the pitiless multitudes' wiles ?

“ Whatever the cause of thy anguish may be,
Grieve not, but aloft turn thy sorrowful eyes !
There is rest in high Heaven above for thee—
A home for the weary, beyond the skies.

“ Oh, weep not ! despair not—the same Hand that guides
Creation's vast orbs through their infinite course,
Alike over thee and the frail rose, presides—
Of mercy the boundless, Omnipotent source !”

It ceased : I heard the sweet voice no more ;
And I sprang to my feet with a sudden start :
Withered, on the cold earth, lies the beautiful flower
But its silver-toned accents still ring in my heart.

FAIRY LILLIE, WITH THE BONNIE BROWN
E'E.

Some there are who boast of treasures,
Golden ore and shining gems,
Bright as those that proudly glitter
In monarchal diadems—
And of palaces, whose turrets seem
To kiss the bending skies;
Monuments of art and beauty that
In lofty grandeur rise.
But for all of these I care not—
Little value I the hoard
Of the ever-anxious miser, or the
Haughty, belted lord;
For I have a living treasure, and
More precious far to me—
'Tis a maiden, Fairy Lillie, with the
Bonnie brown e'e.

Oh! her smiles to me are brighter than
Glory's honored stars,
Blazing on the breasts of veterans, heroes
Of victorious wars;
And her eyes outshine the diamonds
Decking beauty's clustering curls—
She 's the dearest of the maidens, and
The best of brown-eyed girls!
O, had I a little cottage, in some
Sweet, secluded place,
A dwelling, where my blossom might
Bloom in its native grace—

There, surrounded by home's pleasures, I
Should ever happy be,
In the love of Fairy Lillie, with the
Bonnie brown e'e.

'T was on one bright May morning, when
The ever-freshening breeze,
Joyous skipped along the hill-tops, and
Went singing through the trees,
That I sat beside dear Lillie, and
Whispered something low,
That surely must have pleased her,
For she did n't answer "no!"
And when Summer cometh, like a
Young bride, crowned with flowers,
And the song-birds carol gaily through
The swiftly flying hours,
I shall think upon a promise, once
So kindly made to me,
And claim my Fairy Lillie, with the
Bonnie brown e'e.

MISS SUSIE A. SILSBY

OF WINDSOR.

JOY AND SORROW.

The bright angel of Joy came tripping to me,
With a wreath of white lilies from over the sea,
And a golden cup, of the blessings of life,
To mingle their sweet with its wearisome strife.

Then the angel of Sorrow came gliding to me,
With a shadowy wreath from the cypress tree,
And the cup that she brought was of molten lead,
Filled, e'en to the brim, with the tears she had shed.

And they bound their wreaths together with care,
And twined them both in the curls of my hair,
And I drink from each cup, as they silently go
So close by my side, while I linger below.

But when, at the close of this life, I shall stand
At the opening gates of the heavenly land,
I will tear the shadowy wreath from my brow,
And leave but the lilies, as white as the snow.

Then the angel of Sorrow will turn her aside,
For Sorrow, in heaven, could never abide,
But Joy will then enter, with me, to the rest,
That is only found in the land of the blest.

JEPHTHA'S VOW.

Like a vision of beauty, unfolded to light,
Lay the fair land of Gilead, outspread to the sight;
Broad meadows were gleaming in sunshine and dew,
And the heavens above them were cloudless and blue.

The birds warbled never so sweetly as then,
And the flowers, that blossomed in forest and glen,
Uplifted their dew-sprinkled heads from the sod,
And sent up their perfume, as incense, to God.

The zephyrs were telling sweet stories of love
To the greenrobed trees, in the forest and grove,
And the sun beams of morning were dancing in glee,
On murmuring river and billowy sea.

One would think, amid scenes of such beauty as this,
That all should be harmony, union and bliss;
But vainly we dream of perfection below,
For the serpent is lurking, wherever we go.

On forest, and meadow, and clear, winding brook,
The Ammonites gazed with a covetous look ; [stone,
And with spears that were flashing, and hearts that were
They invaded that fair land, to make it their own.

The Israelites, wroth at invasion so bold,
Uprose to the combat, in numbers untold,
And the sound of contention grew loud through the land,
As they strove to expel the invading band.

But the Ammonites speed not their arrows in vain,
For the turf grows red with the blood of the slain,
And the air grows thick with the spirits that rise,
Through the wounds of the fallen, to soar to the skies.

But where is the leader of Israel's host ?
Is he false to his trust, when they need him the most ?
Has the strong heart of Jephtha grown timid with fear,
That he bends not his bow, that he lifts not his spear ?

He kneels on the ground, with his hands clasped in prayer,
Unheeding the arrows that speed through the air,
Unheeding the spears that are aimed at his head,
Or the ground that is covered with wounded and dead.

There 's a look of resolve on his uplifted face,
Forbidding a thought that is linked with disgrace;
•And the light in his eye burneth steady and clear,
And it tells of a spirit untainted by fear.

He kneels not to mortals, he sues not for life,
But he pleads with Jehovah to aid in the strife,
And he prays, in the faith that his prayers will be heard,
And will surely be answered by deed, or by word.

“O God of my fathers, and hearer of prayer,
Who guardest Thy people with tenderest care,
Wherever they wander, by land or by sea,
Give ear to Thy servant, who kneeleth to Thee.

“Thy people are falling, like leaves from the trees,
And the sound of their groaning goes up on the breeze;
O stretch forth Thy hand, which is mighty to save,
And lay the proud Ammonites low in the grave.

“Let them go not from battle, in triumph, to boast
That they vanquished the leader of Israel's host,
But let death be their portion, and victory mine,
And a sacrifice, living and pure, shall be Thine.

“When the land of my fathers once more shall be free,
And the home that I cherish, in triumph, I see,
The first that shall meet me, with welcoming word,
I will give as a sacrifice unto the Lord.”

He rose from his knees, when his prayer was done,
With faith, that the victory soon would be won;
And he lifted his spear, with his arm of might,
And smote the proud foes, till they fled in affright.

Over Gilead's meadows, in terror they speed,
And never had foemen such terrible need—
For the Israelites closely their footsteps pursue ;
And their arrows are sharp, and their aim it is true.

All glowing is Jephtha, with victory now,
It was won by his hand, it was bought by his vow ;
But he dreams not what sorrow that vow wrought for him—
It will fall on his heart, ere his laurels grow dim.

* * * * *

Far away from the scene of contention and strife
Were the lands, and the palace, of Israel's chief—
The breezes touched lightly its minarets high,
And cool were the streams that went murmuring by.

The fragrance of flowers was fresh in its halls,
And the palm, and the sycamore guarded its walls,
And the spray of the fountain, like gold was its hue,
In the beams that the setting sun over it threw.

But the light of that palace, its glory and pride,
Was the daughter of Jephtha, who seemed to preside
O'er its peaceful domains, like the genii of old—
Whose touch made each object new beauties unfold.

Her face was the fairest of pictures, I ween,
That ever in hall, or in palace, was seen ;
And her voice was as sweet as the song of a bird,
When, in the hush of the twilight, its music is heard.

She knelt at the lattice—her form half concealed
By the dark hair that swept to the floor, as she kneeled,

And eagerly watched for her father's return,
Glad tidings of victory hoping to learn.

All at once she has sprung from her bended knees,
For a long line of light in the distance she sees—
'Tis the army of Jephtha, so brightly appears ;
They have caught the last rays of the sun on their spears.

She calls to her maidens, in tones that are fraught
With the joy that her heart from that vision has caught :
"My father is coming ! the battle is won !
And the banners of Israel, in triumph, are borne !

Let us go forth together, the victors to meet ;
For the father I love I am longing to greet,
And fain would I kneel at his feet, as of yore,
With his hand on my forehead, in blessing once more."

They have gone from the palace—from chamber and hall—
And the daughter of Jephtha is foremost of all ;
They have met, with proud greetings, the conquering band
That expelled the invaders from Israel's land.

There was joy in the hearts of those maidens fair,
And their voices rose clear on the sweet-scented air,
As they sang of the unfailing goodness of God,
And the un-numbered blessings He scatters abroad.

But why turns the cheek of their leader so pale ?
Why strikes he his hand on his bosom of mail ?
Why turns he aside, as if fearing to meet
The glance of the daughter, who kneels at his feet ?

'Tis his only child, and her voice and her smile
Have ever had power his heart to beguile ;

And never, till now, had her presence brought woe
To the least of God's creatures that dwelleth below.

He must nerve his own voice to pronounce her doom,
Though it shadows his future in sadness and gloom,
For a gift to the Lord he must gather his rose,
Though the world has few like it, to love or to lose.

He raises his child from her place at his feet,
And tells her, in tones that are mournfully sweet,
How the battle he won had been bought by his vow—
And the price was the daughter who stands by him now.

The tones were as gentle, the words were as mild,
As a father could choose for an only child,
Yet they fell on the heart of the maiden like stone,
And the hopes of her youth, from that moment, were flown.

All the dreams of the future that fancy could weave,
All the joy earth could give, or a mortal receive,
All the blessings that God in her path way had strewn,
In that one little moment forever were flown.

Yet no word of complaint to her father reveals
The depth of the anguish her crushed spirit feels;
Not for worlds would she add to the unspoken grief
That is breaking the proud heart of Israel's chief.

She kept back the tears that she dared not to shed,
And clear were the tones of her voice as she said—
"My Father, thy strong heart should bend not in woe,
But rejoice that thy country is freed from the foe.

"Though dark is the future that waiteth for me,
Yet the vow of my father unbroken must be;

My love for the world shall not stand in the way,
When the good of our country forbids me to stay.

“ Let me go with my maidens, my fate to bewail,
Until twice the moon shall have waxed and grown pale,
And then shall my father remember his word,
And my voice in Gilead no more shall be heard.”

* * * * *

The years rolled along just the same as before,
Bringing blessing to many, and sorrow to more,
And the palm, and the sycamore, stately and old,
Still guarded the palace like sentinels bold.

The sun shone as brightly, the skies were as clear,
And the song of the bird was as joyous to hear,
And the flowers their fragrance unsparingly shed,
Just the same as they did in the years that were fled.

But the fragrance was wasted, the song was not heard,
For a sweeter voice than the voice of a bird,
That once had re-echoed through garden and hall,
Had been hushed by a doom that no power could recall.

The years rolled along, with their unceasing flow
Of sunshine and shadow, of pleasure and woe,
Still Jephtha was judge over Israel's land,
With the wisdom to rule, and the power to command.

His wisdom and valor had won him a name,
And the broad land of Gilead echoed his fame ;
But fame had no power to restore to his side
The daughter that once was his joy and his pride.

With a void in his heart that the world could not fill ;
With a cloud on his brow that would linger there still ;
With a glance in his eye that was mournful to meet,
He trod the rough path with unfaltering feet.

The years rolled along until six had passed by,
And the ruler of Israel laid down to die ;
No daughter was near to receive his last breath,
Or to wipe from his forehead the cold dews of death.

His labors, his triumphs, his sorrows were o'er,
And, 't is pleasant to fancy him meeting once more
In a happier home, in a holier sphere,
The daughter his vow had deprived him of here.

“CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.”

Coldly swept the winds of winter,
Coldly sifted down the snow,
Sifted down against the windows
Of a farm-house, brown and low.
All within was warmth and brightness,
From the broad old fire-place cast,
All without was cold and darkness,
As the winds went howling past.
Inside, where the blaze shone brightest,
In a quaint old rocking chair,
Sat a fair-faced woman knitting,
With an absent, dreamy air ;
Near her sat the farmer, nodding,
With his eyes in slumber sealed,
Dreaming of his fertile acres,

And the wealth they yet would yield.
Outside, in the gathering darkness,
Was a struggling human form,
And his torn, wind-shaken garments,
Could not shield him from the storm—
And the woman by the fireside
Heard a footstep in the snow,
Heard a fall upon the threshold,
And a mourning sound of woe;
And she woke the sleeping farmer,
From his dreams of worldly gain,
Woke him quickly, as if fearing
She should hear the sounds again.
And they swung the door wide open,
And the snow came sifting in,
While a stranger lay before them
Clad in raiment old and thin.
Tenderly the farmer raised him
From the snow-drift at the door,
Lifted him across the threshold,
Laid him on the kitchen floor,
Where the fire-light shone and flickered
On his young, but bloated face;
For intemperance, on each feature,
Plain had left its fearful trace.
And the farmer, looking downward
At his face, in harsh disdain,
Seeing he was drunk and bloated,
Would have thrust him forth again;
But the gentle, fair-faced woman,
Kneeling down beside him there,
Chafed his hands, and bathed his temples,

With a tender, thoughtful care.
"John"—she whispered to her husband—
"This poor boy is young, you see ;
Scarcely older than our Charlie,
If alive, to-day, would be.
Somewhere mourns a mother for him,
As he treads the downward path—
Or, in angel choir, is watching,
More in pity than in wrath.
Prayers of sisters may be rising
Upward to the throne of God ;
Or a father's hopes be falling,
Crushed and broken, to the sod.
In his heart there still may linger
Hidden gems of future good—
Ours may be the task to bring them
Through the surface, rough and rude.
So they watched beside him kindly,
'Till he woke, with fevered brow ;
And the voice, that had been silent,
Spoke in wild delirium now.
Ere the burning fever left him,
Many days had passed away ;
And the farmer's wife had watched him
With a tender care, each day ;
'Till her cheeks grew pale and faded,
While to his the bloom returned,
And, before the fever left him,
Many a lesson he had learned.
Earnest prayers her lips had offered
For that young and erring one,
Kneeling by his bed-side, nightly,

When the busy day was done:
Prayed she for the absent mother,
Who was mourning him as lost,
For the tears and for the heart-aches
That his wasted life had cost—
For his father's hopes, so blighted !
Of a son, to manhood grown,
Who, in life's unceasing contest,
Should have won a laurel crown ;
For his wasted youth and vigor,
And his weak, misguided mind—
For the talents that seemed given
But to lose in errors blind ;
'Till his stubborn heart had melted
With a sense of guilt and shame,
And the tears of true repentance
From his eyelids slowly came.
Slowly back came health and vigor,
Health of body and of mind,
And the shackles of intemperance
Never more his soul could bind.
With a fervent, prayerful blessing
From the farmer and his wife,
Went he forth, prepared and strengthened
To redeem his wasted life.

Many years brought many changes ;
For the farmer's hair turned grey ;
And his wife, with failing eyesight,
Laid the knitting-work away.
And misfortune had been busy,
While they had been growing old,

For the crops had all been blighted,
And the old farm-house was sold ;
And, within the almshouse shelter,
They had sought a place to die,
Little knowing, little dreaming,
That a helping hand was nigh :
For, one day, a stalwart stranger
Paused before the almshouse door,
Asking for the good old farmer
He had known, in days of yore.
Near the window sat the farmer,
With his bible opened wide,
Reading, from its time-worn pages,
To the old wife by his side ;
Reading how the good Lord careth
For the great and for the small,
For a mighty nation's progress,
Or a tiny sparrow's fall.
And the good wife sat and listened
With a quiet, peaceful air—
With a tender, sweet expression,
Though no longer young and fair.
Stood the stranger in the door-way,
Looked the farmer in surprise,
And the woman, toward the footstep,
Vainly turned her sightless eyes.
Then the stranger knelt beside her,
Told her how, long years before,
They had found him in a snow-drift,
Just before the farm-house door ;
How they prayed for him, and watched him,
When the fever laid him low ;

How they blessed him, when he left them,
 Out into the world to go;
How, since then, his life had prospered,
 Even more than he could ask;
And he had not yet forgotten
 They had nerved him for the task.
He had come to see, and beg them
 In his heart and home to share,
Till, within the church-yard's shadow,
 They should rest from earthly care.
It should be his chiefest pleasure
 To supply their every need;
He would love to bear their burdens,
 And their every wish to heed.
Then the aged couple, weeping,
 Scarce could answer him, for joy,
But, again, they fondly blessed him,
 As they did when but a boy.
Kindly, blindly, on the waters
 They had cast their bread away,
God had sent it back to feed them
 Now that they were old and gray.
Ye, whom fortune kindly favors,
 Take the lesson to your hearts—
Learn, in all life's varied contests,
 Bravely, still, to bear your parts.
Let your careless eyes be opened
 To the work upon you laid,
Till you see the world around you
 Has a right to claim your aid.
There are many sinking downward
 In the depths of sin and crime—

Your hands yet may draw them upward,
If you reach them out in time.
On the verge of good and evil
Many stand, in trembling doubt—
Yours may be the task to tell them
Which is best, and safest route.
Some are drooping, under burdens
That yourselves have never known—
Stand not back, in selfish coldness—
They must bear them not alone.
Some are reaching for the prizes
That they scarce can think to gain—
Lend your hands and hearts to help them,
Till their path grows smooth and plain:
Do the work that lies before you,
Shrink not, though it seemeth rough;
It will smother you with blessings,
Till your souls cry out—"enough!"
"Cast thy bread upon the waters"—
Waves will bring it back again;
God will add a blessing to it,
That will evermore remain.
There are stricken hearts to comfort;
There are starving minds to feed;
There are sin-stained souls to rescue,
And the cause of right to plead.
There are all earth's weary pilgrims,
That, along our way, we meet—
Pluck the thorns from off the roses
That you drop before their feet.
Hold the clouds from off their pathway,
Let the cheering sun-light through;

Shake the boughs that bend above them,
Bringing down the cooling dew.
Deeds like these will bring you blessings,
Greater than you dream or know—
Blessings numberless and priceless;
Though you may not reap them now.
“Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
Though beyond you it be driven,
Though, on earth, you seem to lose it,
You will find it safe in Heaven.
One by one the years are passing
From our tightening clasp away;
We may reach our hands out toward them,
But we cannot make them stay.
We may call, with eager voices,
Till our hearts are filled with pain—
With the pain of fervent longing—
But they will not come again.
Other years are dawning for us,
With a newer, clearer light—
Laden with a richer promise,
Telling of a star-crowned night.
Life's stern duties wait performance—
Mercy's claims must be fulfilled;
And our dormant souls must waken,
And our idle dreams be stilled.
Sometime, at the gate of heaven,
We will lay our burdens down,
And will ask the angels near us
For a never-fading crown.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, A. M.,

OF ALBANY, N. Y.—FORMERLY OF BURLINGTON, VT.

[The following pieces were taken from "The Masquerade," by permission of the author. The Masquerade is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass.]

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born;
A helpless *Babe*, to greet the light
With a sharp wail—as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between; and then?

And then, apace, the infant grows
To be a laughing, puling boy;
Happy, despite his little woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy;
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody *Child*; and then?

And then, in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And break it; an unthinking *Lad*;
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant, oft, by field and fen,
To capture butterflies; and then?

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a *Youth* full-grown;
A hero, in his mother's eyes—
A young Apollo, in his own;

To imitate the ways of men,
In fashionable sins; and then?

And then, at last, to be a man;
To fall in love; to woo and wed;
With seething brain to scheme and plan;
To gather gold, or toil for bread;
To sue for fame, with tongue or pen,
And gain or lose the prize; and then?

And then, in gray and wrinkled Eld,
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes his youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of Lang-Syne;
To dream awhile, with darkened ken,
And drop into his grave; and then?

THE GIFTS OF THE GODS.

The saying is wise, though it sounds like a jest,
That "The gods don't allow us to be in their debt,"
For though we may think we are specially blest,
We are certain to pay for the favors we get!

Are Riches the boon? Nay, be not elate;
The final account is n't settled as yet;
Old Care has a mortgage on every estate—
And that's what you pay for the wealth that you get!

Is Honor the prize? It were easy to name
What sorrows and perils her pathway beset;
Grim Hate and Detraction accompany Fame—
And that's what you pay for the honor you get!

Is learning a treasure? How charming the pair,
When Talent and Culture are lovingly met;
But Labor, unceasing, is grievous to bear—
And that's what you pay for the learning you get!

Is Genius worth having? There is n't a doubt;
And yet, what a price on the blessing is set—
To suffer more with it than dunces without;
For that's what you pay for the genius you get!

Is Beauty a blessing? To have it for naught,
The gods never grant to their veriest pet;
Pale Envy reminds you the jewel is bought—
And that's what you pay for the beauty you get!

But Pleasure? Alas! how prolific of pain!
Gay Pleasure is followed by gloomy Regret;
And often Repentance is one of her train—
And that's what you pay for the pleasure you get!

But, surely, in Friendship we all may secure
An excellent gift; never doubt it,—and yet,
With much to enjoy, there is much to endure;
And that's what we pay for the friendship we get!

But then there is Love?—Nay, speak not too soon;
The fondest of hearts may have reason to fret;
For Fear and Bereavement attend on the boon—
And that's what we pay for the love that we get!

And thus it appears—though it sounds like a jest—
The gods don't allow us to be in their debt;
And, though we may think we are specially blest,
We are certain to pay for whatever we get!

THE HUNTER AND THE MILKMAID.

(Imitated from Beranger's "Le Chasseur et la Laitiere.")

I.

The lark is singing her matin lay ;
O come with me, fair maiden, I pray ;
Sweet, O sweet is the morning hour,
And sweeter still is yon ivied bower ;
Wreaths of roses I'll twine for thee,
O come, fair maiden, along with me !
 Ah ! Sir Hunter, my mother is near,
 I really must n't be loitering here !

II.

Thy mother, fair maiden, is far away,
And never will listen a word we say ;
I'll sing thee a song that ladies sing
In royal castles, to please the king ;
A wondrous song, whose magical charm
Will keep the singer from every harm.
 Fie ! Sir Hunter—a fig for your song ;
 Good-by—for I must be going along !

III.

Ah ! well,—if singing will not prevail,
I'll tell thee, then, a terrible tale ;
'Tis all about a Baron so bold,—
Huge, and swart, and ugly, and old,
Who saw the ghost of his murdered wife ;
A pleasant story, upon my life !
 Ah ! Sir Hunter, the story is flat,
 I know one worth a dozen of that.

IV.

I'll teach thee, then, a curious prayer
Of wondrous power, the wolf to scare,
And frighten the witch, that hovers nigh
To blight the young, with her evil eye;
O guard, fair maiden, thy beauty well—
A fearful thing is her wicked spell!
O, I can read my missal, you know;
Good by! Sir Hunter—for I must go!

V.

Nay, tarry a moment, my charming girl;
Here is a jewel of gold and pearl;
A beautiful cross it is, I ween,
As ever on beauty's breast was seen;
There's nothing at all but love to pay;
Take it, and wear it, but only stay!
Ah! Sir Hunter, what excellent taste!
I'm not—in such—particular—haste.

HON. STODDARD B. COLBY, A. M.

Stoddard B. Colby was born in Derby, Vt., in January, 1815—graduated at Dartmouth College, in the class of 1836; and studied law in the office of the late William Upham. He was admitted to the bar in 1838, and practiced his profession at Derby, until 1846—when he removed to Montpelier, and became a partner with J. S. Peck.

He attended County and Supreme Courts in Washington, Caledonia, Orleans, Lamoille, Chittenden and Orange counties, and also in other counties of the State, as counsel in important suits. He was considered one of the best lawyers in the State. His re-

finest taste, graceful wit and eloquence at the bar, are known to all. In 1864 he was appointed Register of the United States Treasury. We recollect the beautiful morning when we wended our way to the Treasury building, and saw Mr. Colby take the oath of office. His toilet had been carefully adjusted, and with his beautiful features and sparkling eyes, he seemed more beautiful than ever before.

During his stay in Washington, his health became impaired by bilious derangement and diarrhœa, and he died at Haverhill, N. H., Sept. 21, 1867.

BURNING OF THE ERIE.

[The following poem was written by Mr. Colby on the death of his classmate, David Scott Sloan. Mr. Sloan perished in the ill-fated steamer "Erie," while, on his way to Geneva College, where he was engaged as a teacher. Every passenger, and all of the crew, perished in the flames. The first Mrs. Colby lost her life in a similar manner, in the "Henry Clay," which was burned on the North River some years afterwards; and these lines were re-published on that occasion.]

She sails to-night—that gallant bark
How proudly greets the air,
Oh, bear thee well, bold, daring ark,
Rich gems are periled there.

High hopes, fond prayers, surround thy brow;
Heed well the parting tear—
Glad homes, gay hearts are saddened now;
How full of truth is fear.

What cherished ones are there enrolled—
Love's freshest, greenest spring,
Whose tendrils, twined through half the world,
Around that frail boat cling.

Scarce faded from the anxious sight,
Echo the last "God speed" returns,

A flash, a flame, gleams on the night,
Oh, Heaven! *the Erie burns!*

Ah! virtue, talent, beauty, worth,
Must ye all perish there?
Look now aloft, trust not in earth—
Its hopes but mock your care.

They're lost, they're gone—Great God, defend
The bleeding, bursting heart;
Thine only is the power to send
Thy grace that bids despair depart.

We leave the wreck; but shall we trace
The march of this dread blow?
Mark crushed affection's pallid face,
Where tears unbidden flow.

Her story flies, day after day—
The Erie's ruthless fate!
Tie after tie is burst away,
And homes and hearts are desolate.

But enter not grief's solitude,
It seeks not sympathy;
There is no heart or hand so rude,
Can paint its agony.

*Must I, too, for that offering lend
A treasured sacrifice?*

My generous, virtuous, manly friend
With Erie's dead now lies!

Friend of my youth! I see thee, now,
On that stern funeral pile;

Calm resignation on thy brow,
Betokening Heaven's smile.

Ah, Sloan ! we thought not thus to part,
When, from our college home,
We rushed on fortune's busy mart,
Eager for fortune's doom.

Classmates ! our brother's course is run ;
That spirit, noble, rare—
The battle fought, the victory won—
Has found a Life-Boat there.

REV. ASA DODGE SMITH, D. D., LL. D.,

Was born in Amherst, N. H., but went to Vermont when nine years of age, and lived in Weston and Windsor. He has for several years been President of Dartmouth College, at Hanover, N. H.

TO MOUNT ASCUTNEY.

Fair mount, in sharpest outline showing,
Athwart the clear, blue, wint'ry sky,
As long I gaze, with moistened eye,
How weird the fancies thickly growing,
What scenes, long past, are flitting by !

Again, with childhood's ken I'm marking
Thy star-crowned peak, thy evergreen,
Thy summer garb, thy snowy sheen ;
Again, with childhood's ears I'm harking
To winds that rise thy cliffs atween.

Again—a college boy—I'm glancing
Adown the vale thou watchest well;
Old hopes anew my bosom swell—
Fair castles, airy, re-advancing,
Called up as by the olden spell.

But how, like mists that morning brought thee,
Those baseless fabrics vanished soon;
And now, at manhood's sober noon,
The golden lesson thou hast taught me,
I deem a truer, richer boon.

Old friends are in the valley sleeping,
That by me stood to look on thee;
And youthful years, how swift they flee:
Her solemn ward is memory keeping
O'er things that were—but may not be.

But thou, symbolic, still uprising,
Speakest of good that lives for aye,
And truth of an eternal day;
Of good, all real joy comprising—
A glory fading not away.

So, as from day to day I view thee,
I count earth's shadows lighter still;
And, with an humble, chastened will,
To God's own Mount up-looking through thee,
Immortal hopes my spirit thrill.

Dartmouth College, Feb. 15, 1867.

MISS CLARA P. JOSLYN

OF BROWNINGTON.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

I have read an olden story
Of a far-off, distant clime,
And the brightness of its glory
Lingers through the mists of time.

'Twas no fairy land, ideal,
Pictured o'er with fancy's pen;
But its hills and vales were real—
Filled with homes of living men.

On the plains, serene and peaceful,
While the crowded city slept;
O'er their flocks the shepherds, faithful,
'Neath the skies their yigils kept.

Read I, in this ancient story,
How an angel form they saw,
Radiant with such wondrous glory,
That their hearts were filled with awe.

Smiling, spake the heavenly stranger:
"Fear not! joyful news I bring:
Lo! this day, within a manger,
Lies the Saviour, CHRIST, your King."

On the grand Judean mountains,
E'en the reverent winds were stayed;
Softer played the murmuring fountains,
As his tones such music made.

Then a throng of angels, praising,
Hover near, on joyous wing;
While the holy song they 're raising :
“ Glory to the new-born King.

“ Praise unto our God be given—
Peace on earth, to men good-will ;”
Chanting thus, they soar to heaven,
And, once more, the plain is still.

Did the shepherds linger, waiting—
Doubting if the words were true ?
No—with eager steps they hasten
Till the Holy Child they view.

Still is ours, this wondrous story—
Yet, to-day, this Saviour lives ;
Though we may not view His glory,
Many a token true He gives.

Out of weakness, strength would flourish,
Were this thought but kept in view :
O ! that we the faith might cherish,
Bethlehem's humble shepherds knew.



MUSINGS, AT THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.

A smile, or a tear ; and which shall it be ?
For the year so surely fled ;
For another wave, on life's boundless sea,
That is hurrying on to eternity,
With a swift, but noiseless, tread.

Let us quietly pause, on this old year's eve,
And review the fading past :
For aught of wrong can we now retrieve ?
Or will it avail, if we sadly grieve,
O'er the shadows our lives have cast ?

Have the talents, intrusted to each and all,
Been improved with watchful care ?
Have our hearts responded to sorrow's call,
And our hands been ready with aid for all
Who had need of our help and care ?

Many, the burdens of hopes and fears,
The old year bears away,
To be tested anew, in coming years—
Sometimes with smiles, and anon with tears,
Till they, too, have drifted away.

There's many a heart that will ache to-night
O'er the sorrows the year hath brought ;
Its coming they hailed with a calm delight ;
Yet its closing leaves but a dreary blight,
And with sadness, deep, is fraught.

There's many a heart that will mourn to-night,
And many an eye will weep
O'er cherished hopes, that have taken flight,
And darling forms that have fled from sight—
Resting in dreamless sleep.

Yes; into how many a loving band,
The angel of death hath been ;
And, taking our loved ones by the hand,

Conveyed them away to the better land,
Where 's no sorrow, pain, nor sin.

But are there no blessings o'er which we may smile,
In the year that has glided away?
Hath "Our Father" forgotten the way to beguile,
With pleasures, and mercies, and happiness, while
We saw only thorns by the way?

Hath our cup not been mingled with bitter and sweet
By the hand of Omnipotent love?
And shall we not learn our afflictions to meet
With patient submission, and sit at His feet,
Who ruleth in mansions above?

Then a tear, to-night, for the old year gone,
Ne'er again to meet us here;
And a smile, as its parting hour steals on,
With a prayer that our work be well begun,
When we greet the "Happy New Year."

HON. WILLIAM C. BRADLEY

Was born in Westminster, March 23, 1782. He was of ancient and honorable descent. His great grandfather was a soldier in Cromwell's famous "Ironsides." His father, Stephen R. Bradley, served in the Revolutionary War, and came to Vermont at an early day, where he did good service in laying the foundations of our institutions—was a leading lawyer and statesman, a Judge of the Supreme Court, the first Senator from Vermont, and twice was chosen President of the Senate.

In 1804, Wm. C. Bradley, when only twenty-two years old, was elected State's Attorney, a responsibility seldom imposed upon

so young a man. This office he held for seven successive years. At the age of twenty-four, he was elected to represent his native town in the General Assembly, and was re-elected the succeeding year. In 1812 he was a member of the Governor's Council, and the same year was elected to Congress—the first native of Vermont who received that honor, and the youngest man who has ever been elected from this state. It was no disgrace to a be member of Congress at that time. On the contrary, it was "*prima facie evidence*" that a man was of respectable social standing, of good moral character, and of more than average intellectual ability and attainments. "There were giants on the earth in those days," and some of the mightiest of them were in the Thirteenth Congress.

There was Webster, in the first flush of his power and fame. There was Lowndes, of South Carolina, only a month older than Mr. Bradley, but already a leader in the House, by virtue of his winning eloquence and ripe political wisdom. There was Randolph of Roanoke, tall, thin, and terrible, whose sharp, shrill voice of bitterest sarcasm, pierced not the ears only, but the very soul of the unhappy victim, whom his long fore-finger singled out as the object of his venomous attack. There was Calhoun, stern, reserved and imperious, already cherishing the germs of that deadly doctrine of State Sovereignty, which has ripened, in our day, into such a copious harvest of blood and tears. There, too, was Henry Clay, gracing, for the first time, the Speaker's chair, and exercising that wonderful magnetism which made his friends his worshippers, and even his enemies, his admirers. To be a member of a Congress, in which were such men as these, was a rare honor and a great privilege. With the modesty becoming a new member, Mr. Bradley forebore to make himself conspicuous in the debates; but he exhibited powers and resources which secured for him the high respect of the noblest of his associates, and retained it as long as they lived. In 1817 he was appointed agent of the United States under the treaty of Ghent, for adjusting the North Eastern boundary, and was employed in that service five years. In 1819 he was a member of the Legislature of Vermont. In 1823 he was again elected to Congress.

For twenty-five years after his retirement from public life, he

devoted himself, most assiduously, to the practice of his profession as a lawyer. For four score years he led an active and happy life. He died at Westminster, March 3, 1867. He had a vivid imagination, and wrote considerable poetry—two pieces of which we give below.

A BALLAD OF JUDGMENT AND MERCY.

As, at midnight, I was reading by my light's fitful gleam;
I fell into a slumber, and lo! I dreamed a dream;
This outer world had undergone a great and sudden change,
And every thing around me seemed wondrous new and
strange.

No sunlight, no moonlight, no starlight glittered there—
A mild and shady twilight seemed to permeate the air;
And there sat the blessed JESUS. No golden throne had He,
But was clad in simple majesty, as erst in Galilee.

Behind Him, Justice, Mercy, Truth—safe guides in earthly
things—
Their functions now absorbed in Him, all stood with folded
wings;
And the Recording Angel, with deeply sorrowing look,
Took in his hands, and opened the all-containing Book.

There came a distant murmur, as of waves upon the shore,
While throngs on throngs, un-numbered, into the Presence
pour;
By their instincts, segregated here, nigh the close of time
Rush the dead of every nation—of every age and clime.

They stop astonished, all abashed, and with attentive ear,
Though the angel's lips were moving, no accents could I hear;

Yet, of that startled multitude, to each like lightning came
His life's continuous story—its mingled guilt and shame.

From all the secrets there disclosed, oh ! who could lift the
vail ?

Or, of the varied shades of wrong, unfold the dreadful tale
Of kingly pride, plebeian spite—of violated trust—
Of mastering force—of hidden sin, hate, cruelty and lust ?

Each has his due allotment ; and, with agony of heart,
The vast assemblage vanished at the thrilling word
“Depart !”

There was no driving angel, and no extraneous force,
For conscience was accuser, and the punisher, remorse.

When this I saw transacted, upon my face I fell ;
The anguish of that moment no human tongue can tell ;
With throat convulsed and choking, I gasped and strove
to cry,

“Have mercy, Lord ! Oh mercy have ! a sinner lost am I !”

To look upon that face again, how was it I should dare ?
And yet I wildly ventured, with the courage of despair ;
When that pitying eye fell on me, beaming mercy from above,
And I saw that smile, ineffable, of never-dying love !

By so sudden a transition, all stupefied, I gazed,
Then, in my members trembling, rose bewildered and
amazed ;
But kindest words of comfort the blessed Master spoke,
Which wrapped my soul in ecstasy, and, sobbing, I awoke.

THE FOUR PHILOSOPHERS.

Four great philosophers
Come every year,
Teach in the open air,
Then disappear.

Winter 's the stoic,
So chill and heroic ;
He sits in the mountain-breeze, biting and pure ;
And when, to bring fear and doubt,
Damp nightly winds are out,
Wraps an old cloak about—he can endure.

Spring, at dull hearts to mock,
Comes in a farming frock,
With garlands and plowshare a lesson doth give ;
He sings through the fields awhile,
Turns up the soaking soil,
All haste and laughing toil—briskly can live.

Summer, with mantle free,
Epicurean he,
Lolls in the cooling shade, like a tired boy,
While blazing suns, unkind,
Leave the stout mower blind,
Where faints the mountain-wind—he can enjoy.

Autumn when all are done,
He's the good Christian one,
Fills well the granaries, where seeds may lie,
New coming years to bless ;
Then, in his russet dress,
All hopes and quietness—sweetly can die.

MISS ELISABETH ALLEN

Was born in Craftsbury, May-17, 1794. The town was then mostly a wilderness, and three or four months' attendance at a district school was the extent of her opportunity for acquiring an education. She early became fond of reading, and was well acquainted with all the books which the place afforded. In accordance with the inspiration of natural scenery—of which she was passionately fond—and in accordance with her own buoyant and joyful spirit, she made some attempts at poetic composition. But, at the age of sixteen, she was attacked with a fever which wholly deprived her of hearing. This misfortune gave a melancholly turn to her thoughts, which did not exist before. Thus deprived of social intercourse, she found her chief amusement in composing both prose and poetry. She published a volume of poems in 1832, from which the poem below was taken. Well do we recollect visiting her room, in 1848 and 1849, when we were attending school at Craftsbury Academy, and conversing with her through the blind alphabet, and we found her taste refined, and her mind well stored with knowledge. She died at Coventry, Vt., Nov. 17, 1849, aged 55 years and 6 months.

THE IRISH EMIGRANTS.

[The following lines were suggested by the appearance of a family of indigent Irish Emigrants, who were taken in and provided for by the lady of Gov. Crafts, whose benevolent character is well known to the public.]

To our dear friends in Erin we gave the last parting,
And, sighing, set sail for the "new world," afar,
Our bosoms were heaving, the fond tear was starting,
But we saw, and we followed, a bright beaming star.

And long we were tossed on the wide, foaming ocean,
E'er anchored in safety, light rested our bark;
Our bosoms were throbbing with lively emotion,
When first we were landed in happy New York.

But no door was opened, with welcome to hail us,
As, homeless and friendless, we passed through the street;
Despair had already begun to assail us—
We bitterly sighed for some happy retreat.

But the sweet star that led us, we followed, though weary,
And, o'er the Green Mountains, we took our lone way;
Our famishing babes, in our arms, strove to carry;
And toiled on our journey through many a day.

At last, when frail nature was drooping and tiring,
When, far from our friends, and our dear native shore;
With hunger and weariness, almost expiring,
A *lady* took pity, and opened her door.

She welcomed us all to her hearth, cheerly blazing,
And spread on her table a bountiful store;
Then, while on our faces so palid, was gazing,
She wept, and she said—"you shall wander no more."

The sweet star of hope, by which we were guided,
Stood over the mansion, and beamed most divine;
For our ease and our comfort, she quickly provided,
And bade us no longer at hardships repine.

With grateful emotions our bosoms are swelling—
Our infants are lisping and prattling the same—
Of her, who has found us a home and a dwelling,
Afar from the land of oppression and shame.

May the smiles of prosperity ever attend her,
And free be her bosom from sorrow and care;
May guardian angels watch o'er and defend her—
Thus fervent shall rise the poor emigrant's prayer.

MARSHALL CARTER

Was born in Buckland, Massachusetts, but moved to Vermont early in life. He studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced at Bennington. He died Sept. 5, 1820, at the age of 29 years.

This song was written upon leaving his native valley to seek his fortune in the world.

MY NATIVE VALLEY.

Farewell, my native valley,
Farewell, my native valley;
Sweet scenes of love and peace, adieu!
For I must leave my native valley.

No more on Clesson's banks shall I—
In pensive Autumn evenings rambling—
Mark, in the pools, the inverted sky,
Or moon-beams, in the swift stream trembling.

No more, when Winter's wild winds rage,
And round the hills their forces rally,
Shall I in harmless sport engage,
Snug in some cottage of the valley.

When Spring, the air, with fragrance fills—
The landscape gay, with flowers adorning—
No longer shall I climb these hills,
To meet the bright-eyed, rosy morning.

When Summer all its fervor pours,
A listless languor round diffusing,
No longer shall I spend my hours
In you, sweet grove, supinely musing.

But, most of all, it pains my heart
To leave the friends I love so dearly,
From all I 've ever known to part—
This blow—stern fate—I feel severely.

FREDERIC ADAMS GAGE

Was born in Barton, Vermont, Oct. 19, 1828. Nearly ten years of his childhood were spent in Charleston, in the same county—ten years in Westminster, and the remaining years in teaching, in the Southern States. He died at Westminster, May 22, 1854, at the age of 25 years. He had but very little opportunity for schooling; but having a great thirst for knowledge, and being an untiring reader of standard works, he became a brilliant prose-writer and eloquent speaker. He wrote but little poetry, not believing himself a "born poet." Two of his poems are given here.

THE RED VAPOR.

A LEGEND OF THE MASSACRE AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

The mists of the valley had fled on the gale,
And the gay beams of morning enlivened the vale,
When forth from the battlements, ragged and torn,
Came a band of stern warriors, still weary and worn.

Still weary with fighting, and warm in the strife,
They gave to the foeman the care of each life;
For the spotless white banner of Peace floated free,
In the soft, balmy air that rolled up from the sea.

A horde of dark savages hovered around
Like vultures, that watch where the prey may be found:
Still nearer they hovered—a wild shout arose—
'T was the death-knell of vanquished and weaponless foes.

Then the streams that ran down to the Hudson grew red,
For many a gallant lay down with the dead;
Then a flashing red vapor was seen to arise—
A flashing red vapor encircled the skies.

With hatchets uplifted, and scalping-knives raised,
The fierce warriors trembled, and heavenward gazed:
They saw the red vapor careen in the skies—
One moment it flashes, then suddenly dies.

The knife and the hatchet were loosed in the hand;
The death-dealing weapon fell down on the sand:
Full a minute they gazed on the sky's ruddy breast—
Full a minute they gazed, but the sky was at rest.

Then the death-yell arose, then the blood flowed anew,
And a broad crimson torrent the valley ran through:
The blood-thirsty warriors knelt down by its side,
And drank long and deeply from out the red tide.

* * * * *

The pride of the red man shall triumph no more,
For the wigwams are desolate on the lake's shore;
A thousand bold warriors, in anguish, have died,
For the Angel of Death laid his hand on the tide.*

'TIS SWEET TO SLEEP.

'T is sweet to sleep where wild flowers bloom
Around the pilgrim's forest tomb;

* History records that a large share of the Indians, who participated in the massacre, died of the small-pox communicated to them by drinking the blood of their victims.

Where naught but wild-birds carol gay
Is heard from dawn till dusk of day.

'T is sweet to sleep where mermaids dwell,
Far down within some rocky dell ;
Where playful sea-fish find a home,
And earth's wild sorrows never come.

'T is sweet to sleep where wild winds rave
Above the sailor's island grave ;
'T is sweet, when life's rough voy'ge is o'er,
To sleep where billows roll no more.

'T is sweet to sleep at Glory's call ;
'T is sweet upon her field to fall ;
But sweeter, far, his sleep shall be,
Who falls, defending Liberty.

D. C. STEWART.

[The following Poem was found in an old newspaper (title of paper lost,) and credited as taken from "Whitney's Republic;" and its author must have been a Vermonter, though unknown to us. The poem is worthy of being treasured up among the gems of thought of Old Vermont.]

VERMONT.

My native land ! in many a dream,
Beneath the northern skies,
Amid the purpling clouds, I see
The dark Green Mountains rise ;
And proudly o'er thy valley sands,
The bright blue waters roll,
Whose music broke, at life's clear dawn,
With glory, on my soul.

Though years have flown since last I saw
Thy mountains' crested pines,
I love thee for the memories
That cling around thy shrines—
For all that e'er my boyhood knew,
Loved, beautiful or grand,
Is cradled 'mong thy hills and vales—
My own Green-Mountain land !

I love thee for those hero souls,
Who answered Freedom's call ;
I love thee for the liberty
Thou claim'dst and gav'st to all ;
I love thee for the stalwart arms,
And braver hearts, that stand
A stronger guard than castle walls,
For thee, my native land !

I may have trod, in sunnier climes,
Where rolls the flashing Rhine,
Or Albion rears her chalky cliffs—
A kindlier soil than thine ;
But never have I seen the spot—
Loved, beautiful, or grand—
That led my heart away from thee,
My own Green-Mountain land !

MISS FLORENCE E. SHEDD

Was a native of Hardwick, and an eminent Scholar. She pursued her studies at Hardwick Academy for several years, and afterward graduated at the State Normal School at Randolph. She taught for several terms, before and after her graduation, with good success. She was an amiable young lady, and was esteemed by all who knew her. She died at Hardwick, in 1870.

She occasionally wrote poetry, and we publish one piece which has been preserved.

MEMORY.

There's a storehouse, made for by-gone days,
Filled with gems and pictures rare ;
And gentle voices, and olden lays,
And secrets are hidden there.

The stores of knowledge, the mind's high thoughts,
Are laid there, like jewels, by,
And buried hopes, that the heart has brought,
In that storehouse—Memory.

How dear to us is its magic art—
Though a shade of grief it cast ;
For naught hath power to touch the heart,
Like the pictures of the past.

For the grey-haired man, his boyhood's home
Is there, as in years before ;
The brook and play-ground he called his own,
Remind him of days of yore.

He sports again, where he loved to meet
With his boyhood's early friends—

Now a father's smile his glad eyes greet—
A mother, his wish attends.

He forgets that time, in its onward track,
Has changed him from boy to man;
The years that have passed, since then, roll back—
The old man is young again.

Pictures of peace, for the stricken one,
Are painted in beauty there;
Ere hopes were blasted, and loved ones gone,
Or the heart knew grief and care.

Dear forms and faces are brought to view,
Remembered words are spoken;
The hand of friendship is grasped anew,
As when fond ties were broken.

O, Memory has a mystic power
To awaken smiles or tears;
It points the aged to youthful hours—
The mourner, to happier years.

'Tis a link, connecting life's brief chain
Together, by unseen bands;
The past and present, like sisters twain,
Unite at the call of man.

The hidden future is yet untold—
The present we know and see—
But the vanished past is ours, to hold
By the bands of Memory.

CHARLES HENRY HAYNES, A. M.,

FORMERLY OF PERU, VERMONT—NOW PRINCIPAL OF FENN ST. GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

THE OLD CLOCK.

WRITTEN AT PERU, VERMONT, 1862.

Tick, tick, tick, beating an even time,
From morn till night, from night till morn,
With loud alarm, as day is born—
Keeping pace with my measured rhyme.

Tick, tick, tick, behind the great hall door—
Slow and steady, steady and slow,
Backward and forward, to and fro,
Swings the pendulum, near the floor.

Tick, tick, tick, within an oaken case—
Weights and pullies, pullies and weights
Mark, with hands, the flying dates,
Gliding o'er the smooth, round face.

Tick, tick, tick, a lesson all must learn—
The young and aged, aged and young
Count the strokes of its great brass tongue—
Knell of hours that never return !

Tick, tick, tick, I well recall the day,
Slyly creeping, creeping so sly,
Shunning my mother's watchful eye,
On the great hall-floor, by the clock I lay :

Tick, tick, tick, not long I thus had lain;
Sun and shadow, shadow and sun,
(Type of the race we mortals run,)
Brightened its face, then faded again.

Tick, tick, tick, in silvery tones it said,
"Gay and happy, happy and gay,
May life be bright as a Summer's day,
And years pass lightly o'er thy young head."

Tick, tick, tick—it never spake me more;
Sound and silent, silent and sound,
The great hands moved in their ceaseless round,
And the pendulum swung as e'er before.

Tick, tick, tick, I seem to hear it now;
'T will start the tears, the tears will start,
Though the frost of age has chilled my heart,
And silver threads are on my brow.

Tick, tick, tick, it sounds the same, more clear,
Slow and steady, steady and slow,
Backward and forward, to and fro,
It has not swung this many a year.

EVENING MUSINGS.

WRITTEN AT FITCHBURG, MASS., 1861.

'T was evening—brightly shone the stars,
No cloud was in the sky,
The breeze sighed gently through the trees,
The noon of night was nigh.

The birds had long since gone to rest,
The lowing herds were still;
The wandering mind no longer felt
The influence of the will.

Out on the evening air it sped,
And over hill and dale,
O'er flowing streams, and mountains high—
No hindrance could avail;
Once more I sat, where oft before,
In childhood's happy home,
Ere I the last farewell had said,
Life's rougher path to roam.

Once more I greet the friends of youth,
And hear the welcome sound,
My mother's voice—what else like this,
Can cause the heart to bound?
New life and courage seem infused
Deep in my weary veins;
I think myself a child, again,
Nor dream of grief or pains.

I see the winding paths, wherein
'Twas my delight to tread,
While forest trees, with graceful arch,
Join far above my head,
As if to check the scorching sun,
And cast a grateful shade—
To lift our thoughts from earth to Him,
By Whom all things were made.

I see the busy, rumbling mill,
The pond that 's flowing nigh,

Which mirrors on its placid breast
The mountains, topling high;
As if to penetrate the heavens,
Or clasp the flying cloud,
To weave a misty garment bright,
Or else, mayhap, a shroud.

I see the lofty hights, from which
The sun's first rays reflect,
And struggle through the misty veil,
In rainbow-hues bedecked;
I watch the Summer foliage
First blush, and then grow pale,
And dropping from the parent stem,
When winds of Autumn wail.

I see a woody, sylvan nook,
The spring which bubbles there;
The wines, which fabled Bacchus sips,
Are not more rich and rare.
How often, at the close of day,
When weary work was o'er,
I'd hie me to the sparkling fount—
E'en sweeter than before.

I see—but ah, 't is all a dream!
The clock from yonder tower
Dissolves the vision, as it strikes
The solemn midnight hour;
And gazing forth upon the night,
How changed the scene which greets
Not of my far off mountain home—
Brick walls, and dusty streets.

MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN AT WESTFIELD, MASS, 1862.

There is one word, than other words more dear,
There is one spot, where e'er my footsteps roam,
To memory sacred, to my vision clear ;
That word, my Mother, and that spot, my Home.

In sweetest slumber, or in midnight dream
Alike, I feel upon my throbbing brow,
Her gentle hand, caressing, as to seem
My happy childhood days returneth now.

When ceaseless cares my heavy heart oppress,
When sorrow's billows o'er me, surging, roll,
Her gentle voice, in tender tones, to bless,
Like music, whispers courage to my soul.

Temptations oft my sinful heart assail,
When most from evil I would stand aloof ;
And when the chidings of my conscience fail,
Her watchful eye will speak a mild reproof.

Though us between high mountains lift their heads,
And wide and deep the rushing rivers run,
My thoughts, untraveled, over all have fled,
Far toward the limits of the setting sun.

O, may my heart, by love and duty bound,
Forever cherish those I hold most dear—
My Mother—sweeter word has ne'er been found,
My Home no lovelier spot can greet me here.

WAKE! SONS OF VERMONT!

WRITTEN AT PERU, VERMONT, 1862.

Wake to the sound of the drum and the fife,
Wake to the charms of a soldier's life,
Wake and be ready, ready for the strife,
 'T is God and your country calls.

Now has the time of need come nigh,
Proudly is floating our flag on high,
Low in the dust it shall never lie,
 Though the rebel host apalls.

Freely for freedom our forefathers fought,
A home for their children with blood dearly bought;
Shall we undo all the work which they wrought?

 Shall we the union dissever?

The hand of the traitor has plucked from the mast
The ensign of freedom, by treasure made fast;
Can we forgive and forget all the past?

 No—conquer them now and forever!

Our brothers repaired to the field long ago,
And bravely they 've met and conquered the foe;
They call for our aid, and shall we answer, no!

 And desert them now in their need?

The blood of the slain, from Virginia's soil,
Cries for vengeance, aloud, to the strong sons of toil:
Haste, haste and delay not, the proud traitors foil;

 To the rescue, volunteers, speed!

When Editors banish the scissors and pen,
When farmers, mechanics, lawyers and *men*,
With one accord rush to the standard, O, then,

 The day of redemption is sure.

Then rouse ye for freedom, brave sons of Vermont!
Show in battle array an unwavering front;
No hardship, no danger your courage can daunt—
For God and your country endure!

MISS JULIA R. HASTINGS

OF CRAFTSBURY.

VOICES.

Listen! do you hear those voices
Softly stealing through the air,
As they come with magic sweetness
From God's works, so bright and fair?

One melodious flood of music,
Heard, e'en by the pure on high,
Bursts, with power, upon our spirits,
From the earth, the sea and sky.

In the early hush of morning,
Ere life's busy cares and scenes
Crowd upon our weary spirits—
Oh! how sweet earth's music seems!

Silv'ry mists, whose soft embraces,
Hold the first bright rays of sun,
As he vainly strives to bring us
Tidings, that the morn has come,

Melt away, in mimic rainbows,
Dancing after music, sweet ;
And the sunshine, golden-sandaled,
Greets the shadows at our feet.

Now, a merry little songster,
Waking from his slumber, light,
Carols forth his song of gladness,
That the morn has dawned so bright.

Then the wild-flowers catch the spirit
Of the pean, sweetly given,
And impart their simple off'ring
To the gentle breeze of heaven.

E'en the dew-drops are not silent—
Glistening on the slender blade,
As bright crowns, of brilliant luster,
Are with jewels overlaid.

As we wander through the forest,
And its deep recesses seek,
The very stillness seems to whisper
Of the praises it would speak.

Forest stillness, deep and dreamy,
And soft skies that seem to brood
With a tender watch-care o'er us,
Speak of rest and quietude.

Stately trees, with foliage, verdant,
Towering toward the vaulted sky,
Hear the breeze's stifled murmur,
And, joyous, chant the sweet reply.

Little streamlets, gaily singing,
Sparkle in the clear sun-light;
And the hills, hearing the chorus,
Clap their hands in wild delight.

Nought, among the works of nature,
Can restrain its joyful lays;
All in one harmonious concert,
Sweetly sing the Author's praise.

Not earth, alone; for standing by the sea,
A murmur from its depths is borne to me,
Though, indistinct at first, it greets my ear,
Yet, listening, voices, clear and wild, I hear;

They come with thrilling power upon my soul,
From threatening billows, as they madly roll;
Some—loud and terrible, with anguish fraught,
Others—low echoes, from the distance brought.

Could we but see the mysteries that lie
Beneath thy billows, hid from mortal eye,
No more we'd wonder that the sounds which rise,
Fill every heart with silence and surprise.

Thy surging waves have witnessed fearful scenes;
How many ardent hopes and bright life-dreams
Have, 'neath thy cheerless waters, found a grave;
And still thou rollest on—wave upon wave.

Low sounds are borne from ripples, pure and bright,
They tell of treasures which lie hid from sight—
Of flashing diamonds, of such beauty, rare,
Not all the gems of earth are half so fair—

Of tinted shells, of every form and hue,
Which lie beneath this broad expanse of blue —
Of winding caves and grottoes, deep and wide—
Of pearls and mosses, rare, on every side.

Now tones of anguish from its depths are borne;
They tell of hearts from home's sweet influence torn—
Of sad farewells, and tears of fond regret,
Which those, on land or sea, could ne'er forget—

Of lonely voyage—watching for the shore—
Thoughts of kind friends who 'd greet the mnever more;
Of fearful wrecks, out on the lonely sea—
The soul's swift flight into Eternity.

No loved ones, round their coffins, shed the tear,
Or, in keen anguish, followed by the bier;
No kind hand robed them for the silent tomb;
Above their heads, no flowers in sweetness bloom.

Among the corals peacefully they sleep,
Beneath the restless surgings of the deep;
The sea-weed, wild and tangled, is their shroud—
There rest until the last trump soundeth loud.

Voices from the sky now reach us, .
And in accents low they come;
Telling of a land of beauty,
Where bright spirits ever roam.

Though earth's voices tell of gladness,
And the sea of beauties rare,
Yet, methinks their sweetest echoes
With these tones cannot compare.

Hear the soul-inspiring music
From the stars which gem the sky !
Are they not the eyes of angels
Peering from their home on high ?

Oh ! how lovingly they watch us,
As we tread life's thorny way !
Tenderly they guide our footsteps,
Lest from virtue's path we stray.

Hear them tell of spotless garments,
Which, if faithful, we may wear ;
Starry crowns, of radiant brightness,
Wreaths, and palms, which conquerors bear.

Do these voices, deep and earnest,
Fall unheeded on thine ear ?
Wake they not an answering echo ?
Speak they not kind words of cheer ?

If our souls commune with Nature,
As her voices sweetly call,
They will wake an answering echo ;
They will not unheeded fall.

We may ever hear them singing,
As with hope we labor on ;
They will brighten up life's pathway,
Till our mission, here, is done.

When the startling cry—"To battle !"
Echoed over land and sea,
Brave hearts, answering to the summons,
Fell, while struggling to be free.

Then was heard the cry of anguish
From hearts, torn and crushed with pain,
White lips breathed, in broken accents—
Will he ne'er come back again?

Then the voice of peace re-echoed
O'er this scene of fearful strife;
Once again were praises chanted,
And sad hearts received new life.

But a voice, in the dim future,
Will be heard in greater power
Than the cry of war e'er sounded,
Or the wail in sorrow's hour.

Then earth's brave ones, who have fallen
On the blood-stained battle-field,
Will be gathered, in vast numbers,
Never more the sword to wield.

And those forms, so long imbedded
In the waters of the deep,
Shall, with joy, obey the summons,
And awake from their long sleep.

Then the voices, which now greet us
From the earth, the sea and sky,
Will be *hushed* in awful stillness,
As they hear that thrilling cry.

Bursting, then, in sweeter music,
One rich anthem, loud and long,
Will, in rapturous notes, be sounded
By *all* voices, in *one* song.

THE RETROSPECT.

Seventy, to day ! Ah, can it be ?

It seemed but yesterday
When I, a thoughtless little child,
Spent all my time in play.

And when I think of those glad hours,
So full of girlish glee,
I can but earnestly exclaim—
Childhood ! come back to me.

Come back to me, O golden days !
Why have ye flown so soon ?
Tis but a dream, and yet, ye 're gone—
Can ye not grant one boon ?

Methinks my playmate's forms I see,
As, side by side, we strolled ;
Now gathering flowers by the way,
With petals, bright as gold ;

Then, some old forest-path we trod,
Where wild birds gaily sang ;
With peals of laughter, blithe and gay,
The old woods loudly rang.

Again we gathered pebbles bright,
Close by the brooklet's bank—
Made cups of leaves, and then, from them,
The cooling waters drank.

These, these were happy, joyous days—
Days of intense delight ;
Around them clustered rarest joys,
And pleasures, pure and bright.

But though thought fain would linger here,
'Tis swiftly hurried on
To other scenes, perchance more fair :
Yet, scenes as quickly gone.

Childhood is past—the maiden, now,
Stands on the stage of life ;
Before her gaze the future seems
With countless pleasures rife,

Bowing at Wisdom's shrine, she seeks
Its precious truths to learn ;
While, in her heart, poetic fires,
With strange, wild fervor, burn.

Bright hopes of happiness and joy
Are kindled in her soul :
She 'll rest not till her longing eyes
Behold the priceless goal.

Loved friends her aspirations share,
And kindred souls unite
Their cherished dreams and hopes of life—
Ah ! these were days so bright !

Where, now, are those once loved so much ?
Alas ! they are not here ;
Their winning smiles no more I 'll see,
Nor catch their words of cheer.

The rose has faded from their cheeks ;
Sweet friendship's ties been riven :
They've long since closed their eyes on earth,
To wake, again, in heaven.

The blinding tears unbidden start,
And dim my failing eyes;
As truthful, priceless memory
Calls up these tender ties :

But e'en while weeping for the lost,
I seem to hear the chime
Of merry bells, whose joyous peal
Recalls a happier time.

List to their tones ! I hear them, now ;
The golden wedding-bells :
" Oh ! what a world of happiness
Their melody foretells."

The echoes of their silv'ry peals
Bring clear to mem'ry's view
The altar—bridegroom and the bride
Vow to be always true.

Then came such days of happiness
That I, in those glad hours,
Forgot the path of life could not,
Always, be strewed with flowers.

But He, Who reads our inmost souls,
Saw that my heartstrings twined
Too closely round the joys of earth—
He knew my worship, blind.

He snatched my idol from my grasp,
And left me all alone,
The wild winds only mocked my woe
With their sad, dirge-like, tone.

O Death ! I cried, give back thy spoil !
 Restore my earthly stay :
Vainly I called, until they came
 And bore the form away.

They laid it to its resting-place,
 Beneath the cold, damp sod ;
In my wild grief I would not bow
 Beneath the chastening rod.

Long years have passed since that dark day ;
 They've brought sunshine and showers ;
Though oft the earth's been chilled with frosts,
 Soon followed Spring's fair flowers.

So in my heart's recesses deep—
 Though oft with sorrow riven—
I find that, in its treasure-cell,
 Bright flowers have, too, been given.

These years have left their lines of care
 Upon this aged brow ;
Yet, though my heart's been crushed with grief,
 I am submissive now.

I see my Heavenly Father's hand
 Above the clouds, so dark—
He'll through the raging billows, high,
 Guide safe my trembling bark.

For, now I know, that smiles and tears—
 Like rain and sunshine given—
Form bows of promise in our sky,
 To guide us home to Heaven.

LIFE IN DEATH.

On every gilded treasure
That decks our world, so fair,
The seal of death is written—
All things its impress bear.

'Tis sad that all things lovely
Must surely fade and die ;
Why can they not live alway ?
Sweet echo makes reply :

Though Death's unyielding fingers
His helpless victims hold,
He cannot *always* bind them,
Within his giant fold.

No! they, again, will waken,
Again sweet praises sing ;
They'll break his icy fetters—
From all *death—life* will spring.

The flowers, that bloomed so brightly,
Scatter their faded leaves ;
The snows of winter press them,
The chill wind o'er them breathes.

They're gone—their mission's ended—
Their bright hues all have fled.
But will they never brighten ?
Are they so surely dead ?

A little Germ is clinging
To the Leaflet's trembling form ;

As if to seek protection
From the fierce and raging storm.

Keen Winter's icy footsteps
Give place to Spring's soft tread :
The sun's mild, searching glances
O'er sleeping Nature spread.

This little Germ awakens
From its long and fast repose ;
Expands, shoots forth, and blossoms—
Once more a lovely rose.

Down, low before the altar,
An anxious sinner kneels ;
The moan, and silent tear,
Tell the anguish which she feels :

List to the earnest pleadings
That from her lips ascend !
"Blot out my sins, O, Saviour !
Sweet peace, from Heaven, now send !"

The blessing quickly follows ;
All doubts and fears are fled ;
New life, in CHRIST, is beaming
From the soul, so lately dead.

And, now, she longs the story
To tell to friends most dear ;
And this begets the yearning
To spread it far and near.

Her eager thoughts turn quickly
To those across the tide,

Who know of naught but sinning—
Who have no heavenly guide.

For them she'll leave her country,
And all that life holds sweet,
To brave rough storms and dangers,
Trials and cares to meet.

A group of tear-stained faces
Gathers upon the shore,
To speak the tearful parting
To her they'll see no more.

With streaming eyes, the mother,
Ere the parting word is said,
Murmurs—"May JESUS help you
Carry life unto the dead."

One ling'ring look is given
To the loved and cherished band—
She leaves her home of childhood,
For a strange and heathen land.

The broad, white sails, unfurling,
Bear her across the sea :
Her mission's still before her—
Th' imprisoned soul to free.

She seeks, by kind entreaties,
To win souls to the fold ;
She tells the precious story
That never will grow old :

How the life they are receiving
Came through the death of One,

Who closed His life in sorrow,
For death, in sin, to atone.

The hearts of those who listen,
Dead as the desert seem ;
But, life is soon awakened,
By the Spirit's gentle beam.

Then praises—oh ! so joyous—
Swell from that distant shore ;
The souls, that once were fettered,
Are freed forever more.

How blest in such a mission !
Who would not share its joy ?
'Tis better, far, than clinging
To pleasures which alloy.

We shrink from death, which snatches
The loved from our embrace,
And gaze, with anxious longing,
On the cold and deathly face.

With sorrow, close the eyelids
O'er dim orbs, once so bright,
And clothe the clay, now lifeless,
In robes of purest white.

We press the last kiss, fondly,
On the cold and marble brow—
They know not of our sorrow—
They're sweetly sleeping now.

They're borne into the church-yard—
Laid in the cold, damp grave ;

They 're left, alone, in silence,
With the flowers that o'er them wave.

But, will they always rest here,
Since life, on earth, is done ?
Though dead, to us who loved them,
Their *life* is but begun.

For, in the glorious morning
When the trumpet's note shall sound,
A clarion voice will waken
Those, sleeping 'neath the ground.

To them will crowns of glory,
And harps of gold be given ;
They 'll range the fields celestial,
And taste the joys of Heaven.

Then, no more death or parting—
No sorrow, pain, or strife ;
All will be joy and gladness—
A glorious, heav'nly life.

JUDAH DANA, A. M.,

PRINCIPAL OF RUTLAND GRADED SCHOOL.

OUR FLAG.

The star-spangled banner—the Red, White and Blue,
A trinity sacred, displayed to our view,
We 'll cherish it more, since insulted by those
Who ought to protect it from all of its foes.

The Red is an emblem of blood, that was shed
To purchase the blessings that round us are spread;
And ours, to maintain them, as freely shall flow,
So long as a traitor is left as a foe.

The White will remind us how pure is our cause,
When fighting with traitors—maintaining the laws—
Inspire us with courage and firmness, to stand,
Till treason no longer shall darken our land.

The Blue—emblematic of Friendship sincere—
We 'll never forsake it through doubt nor through fear,
But cling to it closely, though perils arise,
And fight for it bravely—all dangers despise.

The Stripes represent what the traitors will gain
Who seek to disgrace it, or rend it in twain;
And Stars will they have, who defend it from wrong,
'Gainst traitors ungrateful, or foes that are strong.

The star-spangled banner, the Red, White and Blue,
The emblems, so sacred, displayed to our view—
May never a star, in its galaxy fade,
But ever grow brighter—in beauty arrayed.

A CALL TO PATRIOTS.

Our country's in danger—ye Union-men come
To the sound of the trumpet—the beat of the drum;
For War is abroad, with his murderous hand,
Invading the soil of Freedom's fair land.

War-dogs of Carolina, let loose on her soil,
A re panting and thirsting our land to despoil—
They 'll find but *poor Pickens*, whatever they 've sought,
When they march in array 'gainst the true-hearted Scott.

There 's a maxim as true as its doctrine is sad,
"Whom the gods would destroy, they first cause to be mad,"
Let their *Beau-regard* well both his honor and life—
Woe, woe to the traitor, whom *Scott* meets in strife.

Jeff Davis must give up, and let his *Wig-fall*,
And yield must each traitor, at Freedom's loud call;
Then dreadful his fate, whom fair Liberty dooms;
For true men and traitors will early find *Toombs*.

Let the South boast, and *Bragg*, they 'll grow Slemmer, we
If they ever in battle shall meet him as foe; [know,
For like *Anderson* true, since the issues begun,
He is eager for keeping *E. Pluribus*, one.

Must our Union be severed, its banner destroyed
By those who its honors have amply enjoyed?
Accursed be the tongue, that has uttered the thought—
And palsied the arm, that disunion has sought.

The *Union* it *must* be preserved and kept whole,
No wave of dishonor, unpunished should roll;
Arouse, then, ye *Patriots*, for *Liberty* strike,
And smite down each foeman and traitor alike.

Strike, too, for your homes—for your altars and fires,
And strike for your country, the land of your sires—
The star-spangled banner must wave o'er the free,
Defended and honored, on land and on sea.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.

When *Treason* reared his hideous head,
With bold, defiant arms outspread,
 Chilling our hearts with fears,
Who, then, to save our "Ship of State,"
Went boldly forth, with hearts elate?
 Our patriot VOLUNTEERS!

Let Eastern Monarchs proudly boast
Of armies trained to guard their coast,
 And quell their anxious fears;
A safer, stronger guard have we,
Defending us, on land and sea—
 Our matchless VOLUNTEERS.

No standing armies had we kept,
Our wars had ceased—in peace we slept,
 For lulled were all our fears;
We little thought how strong a band
Was forming down in "Dixie's" land,
 To call for VOLUNTEERS.

But when, on lightning wings, were borne
Reports of Sumpter from us torn,
 Then roused were all our fears;
And men, true hearted men were found,
Who started forth, at War's dread sound,
 To go as VOLUNTEERS.

All honor to that noble band,
Who, firm for Freedom took their stand,
 When high were raised our fears—

Who quickly seized the sword and gun,
And forward marched to Washington—
Those noble VOLUNTEERS.

And, when war's deadly strife shall cease—
When all our hearts rejoice in peace,
And hushed are all our fears;
With loud huzzas the air shall ring,
And grateful tributes will we bring
For gallant VOLUNTEERS !

“GOD HAS A PLAN.”

“God has a plan
For every man,”
And He 's a plan for you;
So, watch and pray,
And He, some day,
Will show you what to do.

Be not afraid,
Nor e'er dismayed,
Though clouds obstruct your view;
But watch and pray,
From day to day—
He 'll teach you what to do.

In every state
Be 't small or great,
There 's work enough for you,
And, day by day,
While here you stay,
Ask what He 'll have you do.

Then labor on
Till life is done—
Eternity in view;
And never shirk,
But do the work
Which He may show to you.

CLINGING CLOSELY UNTO THEE.

Dearest Saviour, grant Thy blessing,
All unworthy though we be;
May we each, Thy love possessing,
Follow closely after Thee.

Let the world, with all its treasure,
Far behind us ever be;
May it be our chiefest pleasure,
Foll'wing, closely, after Thee.

While we are, in life, advancing
To the dread eternity;
May Thy love, our hearts entrancing,
Join us closely unto Thee.

When we leave this world of sadness,
With our souls from sin set free,
May we go with joy and gladness,
Clinging closely unto Thee.

DECEPTION.

From the primitive days of Adam and Eve,
And Satan's successful attempt to deceive
Our First Parents, and make them believe
 That evil was good,
 If rightly understood,
In village and hamlet, in city and town,
From the beggar in rags, to the king on his throne,
 Deception has reigned
 Over men unrestrained;
And its author will still continue his sway
Till the dawn of that bright Millennial day,
 When war shall cease,
 And the nations, in peace,
 Shall hail the release
Of Truth, from its thralldom to Error and Wrong,
And the binding of Satan, so firm and so strong,
 That never again
 Will he walk among men,
But shall dwell in a cave, dark, dreary and wild,
Where hope never entered, and peace never smiled.

The vices, beheld in deception's false glass,
Reveal but the features of virtue's fair face,
 And allure the young
 With their flattering tongue—
On, step after step, in destruction's broad road,
Till they sink 'neath the weight of sin's heavy load.
 Then let us, with care
 Early learn to beware
 Of deceit's fatal snare,

Which, for us, he has so temptingly spread—
And all of its meshes, so warily laid :
 But few would believe
 That aught could deceive—
Beneath an exterior—so faultless and fair
That nothing of wrong should be lingering there.

PARODY.

Breathes there a boy, with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
“I am, indeed, a natural fool,
To mis-improve my time in school—
Whose conscience ne’er within him burned,
When, to himself, his mind he turned,
And thought he ’d never rue the day
In which he fooled his time away ?
If such there be, go, mark him well ;
In him no aspirations swell
Above the beasts which graze the field ;
Else he his time would never yield
To thoughtless indolence, or play,
Nor rules of school would disobey—
High, though, his parents, proud their name ;
Boundless their wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those parents’ name and pelf,
The wretch, forgot by all but self,
Living, shall gain no fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored—may be, hung.

DO RIGHT.

To the child that 's just starting in life's busy way,
Whose soul is entranced with the joys of to-day,
I would whisper one maxim to guide him along
In the path where temptations around him will throng,
"Do right."

To the boy, whose whole mind, with frivolity gay,
Regards only things that pertain to his play,
I would whisper one maxim, in accents so clear,
He would cease from his sport—to my words would give ear,
"Do right."

To the youth, who sees naught in his castles in air,
That can thwart his success, or his plans can impair,
Who can see his whole life pictured out in his mind,
I would whisper one maxim—a safe one, he 'll find—
"Do right."

To him who has passed on to manhood's full prime,
Who to labor and gain is devoting his time,
I would whisper one maxim, and have him give heed,
It is one will sustain him, when greatly in need—
"Do right."

To the man who has lived to his three-score and ten,
Who has found that his hopes have been cherished in vain,
Which he formed with so earnest a trust in his youth,
I would whisper one maxim—one guiding to truth—
"Do right."

"What is right? is there any one asks of me here,
Can you tell us the meaning in accents as clear,

As you 've told us the words you would on us impress!"
It is this, "*to love God*," 't is no more, 't is no less—
"Do right."

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION OF
AN ALBUM.

Go, little book, cull friendship's flowers
That blossom in those early hours
 When all the life is gladness—
Ere riper age has brought its cares—
Ere sin has laid his treach'rous snares
 And filled the heart with sadness.

To call to mind the friends of youth,
When all our hopes were bright with truth,
 Is memory's sweetest duty;
It soothes the cares of later years—
It drives away our doubts and fears—
 It shows us only beauty.

Go, then, my book, record the names
And thoughts of those whom friendship claims—
 To me a sacred treasure—
That when in after years I see
Those thoughts and names, so dear to me,
 'T will be a source of pleasure.

NORTH-WIND, SUN AND TRAVELLER.

ÆSOP.—FABLE 41.

Upon a stormy, gusty day,
North-wind was boasting of his sway—
The mighty deeds he could perform,
Whene'er he chose to raise a storm.
He boasted of the trees upturned—
Of wealthy cities he had burned ;
He told of ships upon the strand
Destroyed by his all-powerful hand ;
Then in a loud, defiant tone,
And with a bluster all his own,
He scornful turned his haughty head,
And thus unto the Sun he said :
"O thou, who, king of day dost shine,
How weak thy power compared with mine !
What mighty deeds hast ever done ?"
"I boast not," mildly said the sun,
"Yet, if you choose, our power we'll try
On yonder traveller passing by ;
Who first shall cause his cloak to fall,
Shall victor be esteemed by all."
To this the Wind gave quick assent,
And to his work in earnest went ;
He shook his wings with furious roar,
And loudly raved, and stormed, and swore,
But as he fierce and fiercer blew,
The traveller close and closer drew
His cloak, and held with firm intent,
Until North-wind his force had spent—
Who, forced at last the point to yield,

Withdrew in haste and quit the field;
The sun shone forth with brilliant light,
And put the storms and clouds to flight.
He turned the darkness into day,
And, darting down his warmest ray,
Compelled the man, now faint and weak,
To doff his cloak, and shelter seek.

MORAL.

Who blusters loud will find, at length,
A quiet firmness, real strength—
That he who strives, with careful hand,
To scatter blessings o'er the land,
Is one, who noblest power enjoys—
Not he who wantonly destroys.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Father, in love,
Look from above
And hear my humble prayer;
Keep me, this day,
In wisdom's way—
From every evil snare.

Oh, Saviour, dear,
Let me appear
Before my Father's throne,
In Thy blest name,
And ne'er disclaim,
The triune God to own.

Oh, may I be
Inspired by thee,
Thou Spirit, just and true;
To Thee give heed,
In every deed
That I attempt to do.

Thy grace impart,
That in my heart
No wicked thought may rise,
Nor foolish word
Be from me heard—
Oh, make me truly wise.

And when, at last,
My days are past,
And labors all are o'er;
Then may I be
Received by Thee,
To praise forevermore.

THE MODEL AND THE STATUE.

“Each man makes his own statue—builds himself.”

In that large block of marble, so pure and so white,
Lies a statue of some kind, concealed from the sight;
And the artist, who seeks to reveal it, will find
It to be like the model he has in his mind.

Would he Venus de Medici out from it bring,
With a beauty and grace, fit for palace of king,

Or the Greek Slave, so faultless, call forth from its sleep—
Then the artist his eye on the model must keep.

With a strong, steady nerve, he must patiently stand,
And must earnestly work with his chisel in hand;
He must never let different patterns arise,
With illusions to dim, or to dazzle his eyes.

As from marble the statue is skillfully wrought,
And perfection of beauty is out of it brought;
So from each human form the Creator has made,
There must come forth a character clearly portrayed.

His own skill as an artist must every one prove,
In preparing his soul for the mansions above—
With the sword of the Spirit, his work he must do,
And the Saviour, his model, keep ever in view.

MISS MARY A. STRAW—*now* MRS. MARY A. JENNEY,

OF STOWE.

WILL IT PAY?

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN AT THE CLOSE OF STOWE HIGH SCHOOL, FALL TERM, '64.

Harsh words fell on a young child's ear,
Filling its heart with doubt and fear;
A tear-drop stood in those little eyes,
Filled with amazement and sad surprise,
And those words left a burning spot—
Should the man forget, the child could not,
They rankled there, the seeds then sown,

Till the child in years had older grown ;
And then, though honored by man, indeed,
Those seeds had grown to a noxious weed ;
A shadow was left in that young heart,
Which, else, were light in every part.
Kind words no sorrow ever leave
Within the heart, to make it grieve ;
Then do not pause, nor wait to say,
Will the use of kind words ever pay ?
They will not pay, in lands or gold,
But yet may find, in a heart too cold,
A place to shine with a genial light—
Lining the clouds with sunshine bright.

The fierce storm fell on a teacher's head,
As she stood pleading for shelter and bread.
The house's uncleared, the seamstress's here,
And we've not killed our pig this year—
The door closed cold in the teacher's face ;
Where, oh ! where will she find a place ?
Then wise men meet in grave debate,
To view all sides of the question great.
Shall we, the district teachers find
A place to board just to the mind ?
Or send them like the Wandering Jew,
Where homes there are, but welcomes few ?
But oh ! committee man, beware ;
Your feet may hit a hidden snare !
Consider well, ere you decide—
To districts go where it's been tried ;
Find out what all the neighbors say,
Then ask the question—will it pay ?

Pay in cents, and dimes, and dollars,
As well as benefit to scholars—
Then shall we board the district teachers
At a steady place, as we do preachers?
Or send them round, like a dog, for a bone—
Sometimes to find one, sometimes none?
I do not mean that teachers are stinted—
'Twas only this I gently hinted:
They do n't like going from "pillar to post,"
Like a wandering star, or restless ghost;
They would like a home-like place to stay—
That is, if the district thought 't would pay—
Where, after talking the livelong day,
They could go, and not have a word to say;
And not be called unsocial creatures,
But only *weary, faithful teachers*.

A few scholars sat in a school-room, low,
With their spines inclined, like an Indian's bow;
The seats were far from the school-room floor,
That their lungs might breathe the dead air o'er.
The house was built on the rhetorical plan—
Get much in little space as you can.
In such school-houses, small and low,
They think Daniel Websters will surely grow—
And if they do n't 'tis the teacher's fault—
But do n't ever try to raise sheep without salt.
You would think that *that* was a queer idea;
But the very same rule applies just here.
In that case, then, you'd surely say,
It can't be done—it will not pay.
Then give the child all the chance you can,
For wisdom will not spoil the man.

In after years, when he's your stay,
Ask yourselves, then, *if it will pay.*

'Twas Sabbath morn—the holy light,
In beauty, fell o'er the landscape bright;
Young feet, unwatched by a mother's care,
Wandered away from the house of prayer.
But, "Feed my lambs," the Saviour said;
Yet they are left unwatched, unfed,
To wander with sin and the sinner away,
For the love of pure hearts will not pay.

Will it pay to speak kind words to old and young?
Will it pay to put a bridle on the unruly tongue?
Will it pay to keep the children from ignorance and sin?
Will it pay to have them walk beauty's paths within?
Will it pay to send the children to the sanctuary,
There, in holy love, evil thoughts to bury?

Will it pay to thank these friends, as they pass away,
For the kind and marked attention that they have pleased
to pay? [ways,
Yes, for there 's no word we use, in all life's changing
That principal and interest, like "thank you," always pays.

SALUTATORY.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING TERM OF STOWE HIGH SCHOOL, 1865.

Welcome, friends—a gay, glad welcome
'Tis we give you all to-night;
Welcome, welcome, joyous welcome,
From these hearts, so free and light.

Welcome from each dear loved school-mate—
Welcome from these teachers, too;
Welcome, welcome, hearty welcome
'Tis, we all now give to you.

We have come from learning's temple,
And with us the pebbles brought,
That were scattered, and we've gathered,
By the boundless sea of thought.

We have come, a band of school-mates,
At the close of one more term;
Not with fruits of present greatness,
But of future flowers the germ.

Although, from the fount of knowledge,
We have drunk but little yet;
Although 'mong the list of famed ones,
Our own names have not been set;

Yet we've launched our barques, all gaily,
On the stream of knowledge bright,
And we cast our anchor, daily,
That we drift not back by night.

We have raised our standard heavenward—
Have the stars and stripes unfurled;
And the motto that doth guide us,
* "*Schools, the hope of all the world.*"

Yes, school-mates, we have met once more,
A united, happy band;

* At the exhibition, when this was spoken, a large U. S. flag was stretched behind the stage, and on it the motto, "The School—the Hope of the World," was placed.

Though parted oft we 've been before,
Together, once again, we stand;—

Stand, as should, the friends of learning,
Boldly in the battle's heat;
From the hardest toils ne'er turning,
For they bring rewards most sweet.

Did I say we *all* had gathered—
Gathered one unbroken band?
That we 'd met with joyful welcomes,
As, of yore, we used to stand?

No—for some are calmly sleeping
With the dear and holy dead;
Others, faithful watch are keeping,
Where the soldier's tents are spread.

Others, still, have left the school-room,
For a field more broad and large;
While some linger, faithful teachers,
With a high and holy charge.

But we still are left together
Once, again, within this hall;
And we bid you one more welcome,
Ere the Father's voice shall call.

Welcome, then, a joyful welcome,
By this merry school-mate band;
Welcome all these friends of learning—
Friends of work so high and grand.

But there 'll be more joyful welcome,
When we 're gathered round the Throne—

And the Saviour gladly welcomes—
Every child of earth, His own.

Here, we seek for perfect knowledge—
There, 't will fill each human heart;
Here, we meet with joyful welcomes—
There, we 'll meet no more to part.

RICHMOND HAS FALLEN; OR THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

WRITTEN JUST AFTER RICHMOND, VA., WAS TAKEN BY U. S. GRANT, 1865.

Richmond has fallen; let all the people shout!
For freemen are in, and rebels are out.
Richmond has fallen! and every foul den
Shall now be opened, to free our brave men.
Then hurrah! and hurrah! for our soldiers so true,
Who raised, over Richmond, the Red, White, and Blue.

Proudly the thousands marched on to renown,
And Grant, at his post, to Richmond led down;
There they lowered the "Black Flag" that floated so high,
Then marched into Richmond, to conquer or die,
And "Old Abe" was with them—the honest and true
Was with those that carried the Red, White, and Blue.

They went in as victors, who came out as *slaves*,
And they, who came *masters*, went out hunted knaves:
While, 'mid the loud shouts and the deafening huzzas,
They welcomed in Richmond the Stripes and the Stars:
And hope in their hearts was awakened anew, [Blue,
When they raised over Richmond the Red, White, and

Richmond has fallen ! fallen low in the dust,
As sooner or later all wrong ever must ;
Oh ! think of the wrongs our boys suffered there,
Now we know they are free, let shouts fill the air,
Raise your voices to God in thanksgiving anew ! [Blue.
For they 've raised over Richmond the Red, White, and

Hurrah for our Generals, Sherman and Grant !
Who are watching and working to guard freedom's plant—
Hurrah for the victories they are gaining each day !
And a prayer for the safety of those in the fray :
Yes, and hurrah for brave Sheridan, too !
And all those that carry the Red, White, and Blue.

Let old Britain look on, with her scoffs and her jeers,
For we still are freemen, after all of her fears :
Now, if she gets nervous, and wants any tea,
We 'll furnish it for her, as we did for George Three.
And if she dare touch us, the time she will rue,
For she 'll find that we carry the Red, White, and Blue.

Old Lee has surrendered—and, in that one act,
He has shown to the world the unblushing fact,
That cowards and knaves have banded together,
But the good "Ship of State" has stemmed the foul weather
And they 've planted their feet, both leader and crew,
On the soil over which floats the Red, White, and Blue.

Let it float, let it float, o'er land, and o'er sea,
The emblem of freedom, the pride of the free :
Let it wave, let it wave, in proud triumph, then,
Over true loyal women, and brave noble men ;

Let it float in the morning, and in the night-dew—
Our banner of freedom, the Red, White, and Blue.

But now is the nation enshrouded in grief,
For strange news has come—ah ! too sad for belief;
Our leader and guide by the assassin is killed,
And the throb of his true heart forever is stilled :
The nation is mourning, 't is all it can do,
Except to enshroud him in Red, White, and Blue.

Sleep on, noble martyr ! thy rest thou hast won ;
The cloud has passed over, the battle is done :
Thou hast guided the nation through darkness and gloom,
Then rest thee, O, Lincoln ! in a freeman's proud tomb :
And thou, ransomed land ! thy thanksgiving renew
To the " God of the nations," for the Red, White, and Blue.

GILBERT THAYER

OF WINDSOR.

Mr. Thayer has written under the name of "COPPER."

THE WINDSOR CENT-HUNTERS.

AN IRREGULAR AND ORIGINAL EPIC.

Old cents, old cents, old cents !
Of ancient date and rare !
Old cents, old cents, old cents !
Have you any old cents to spare ?—

The cent-hunter cries, as he rapidly flies
From shop to shop, and inwardly sighs
For rusty old coppers, of ancient dies !

 If you are in doubt,

 This truth about,

And wish for further proof to come out,

 Stand here with me,

 And soon you will see

The cent-hunters start, all professions and trades,
From the wielders of pens, to the wielders of spades !

 Old cents, old cents, old cents,

 Of Uncle Sam's coinage nice,

 Old cents, old cents, old cents —

 Oh, these are the pearls of great price !

The teacher, forgetting his grammar and Greek,

Goes searching for coppers six days in a week,

And would not object to the fours or the sevens,

 Should they come in his way,

 On that solemn day

Set apart to prepare for our rest in the heavens !

The " Doctor " leaves his place on the wall,

The shop-keeper's coppers to overhaul,

Or into the street, like a maniac starts,

Waylays and besieges the pedlers' carts.

The merchant of Main-street, who hates aristocracy,

Sells the best goods, and believes in democracy,

 With a relish as fine

 As a Judge for his wine,

Starts off in pursuit of a " seventy-nine ! "

The son of old Crispin his apron lets fall,

Drops his lap-stone, hammer and awl,

 And soon you will see

 Him returning in glee

With a "nine," or a "six," or a "twenty-three"—
A "four" or "fourteen," as the case may be!
And the Editor, dropping his scissors and pen,
Goes searching for coppers with common men!
Carefully gathering piece by piece,
And values them more than the golden fleece!
See how they gather them up in piles,
Colonial coppers, of various styles—
"Franklins" and "Washingtons," rusty and old,
Covered with verdigris, dust and mould;
"Connecticuts," covered with scratches and dents,
And the famous old "Massachusetts cents"—
With devices unlike as the pigeon and stork,
Join their scar-covered brethren of "Jersey" and "York!"
Then comes the Vermonter, of value untold,
With dust-covered visage, audacious and bold,
And taketh his place with the gathering hosts,
With "auctori Vermon" dimly seen through the mould,
As Ossian saw stars, through the forms of his ghosts!
The strife being ended, the company joins
In singing the praises of copper coins,
And this is the song as I heard it sung,
As the coppers were into their coffers flung:

Far eastward, by the Ganges stream,
In heathen lands, so we are told,
Where Reason's lights but dimly gleam,
They worship images of gold;

But we, in wisdom's ways advanced,
Whose feet no heathen land have trod,
With hearts, and minds, and souls entranced,
Adore the mighty Copper god!

His star-encircled face we see
Beam mildly on each rusty cent :
He kept our minds from trouble free,
And will till the last "red" is spent.

Life ended, if we may return,
And Swedenborg avers 't is proper,
With senses, quickened to discern,
We 'll still pursue the trade in copper.

CLOTH.

Untaught by schools in science of rhyme,
Unpensioned by kings, and not caring a dime
For rules that were made in the morning of time—
And which like the fossils of ages old,
Are covered all over with moss and mould,
I only tune my wonderful lyre,
When Wisdom decrees, and the gods inspire ;
But the lyre which should
Be here understood
Is one that is tuned for the public good—
And not the great one so allied to sin,
With the *y* left out, and the *i* put in ;
But one which the ages in tune have kept—
Which the fingers of Homer and Virgil have swept :
(Whose music still rings in each palace and shanty,)
And on which was played the "Inferno" of Dante :
While later the lyre has been tuned, in turns,
By Shakspeare, and Copper, and Byron, and Burns !

Ladies and gentlemen, here let me mention
My theme is CLOTH : now give your attention !
Go into the street, on any fine day,
And select the stupidest lump of clay
That ever had horse-hire or taxes to pay—

Then straightway dump
The inanimate lump,
As you would a log, a stone, or a stump,
Down, flat, before
The tailor's door—

Giving him orders strict, the while,
To dress it up in the latest style !

A week has passed, and the tailor's trade
A "highly respectable" man has made,
And that which was only a senseless clod,
Now walks with the airs and the pomp of a god !
In French-calf boots, and neat kid gloves,
This *dandy in cloth* each lady loves,
And jumps at the chance to hold intimate chat
With a brainless head, in a shining hat,
As eagerly as the watchful cat
Would spring to her feet at the sight of a rat.
Look into the street again ! there goes
A man in the commonest kind of clothes ;
But, just as plain as any thing can,
Each feature speaks of an honest man.
In his humble home, unaided, alone,
He has made the wisdom of ages his own ;
And more than this, and better than all,
He has strengthened the weak who were ready to fall,
And the lonely hours of the night has passed
Where the lot of the friendless poor is cast ;

And the motherless child
Has looked up and smiled
Through tears that fell like rain on the floor,
As she heard his well-known step at the door.
And thus his life has constantly been
A mission of good to his fellow-men :
But this is counted as only froth ;
For one thing is lacking, and that is—cloth.
In the temples where men go up to pray
And worship the gods from day to day,
You 'll see the man, whom the tailor made,
Sitting high with the doctors in purple arrayed,
While Nature's great nobleman, dressed in plain clothes,
Whose *name*, even, never a Pharisee knows,
Is shown a back seat, where the Publican goes.
Our worship of cloth is evinced in the street,
By petting or spurning the children we meet ;
This one in fine laces and costly brocade
Is a sweet little angel from paradise strayed,
But the same child in "homespun," at Windsor or York,
Would be only a *bog-trotter's young one* from Cork !
And sometimes 't is hard for school-teachers to marshal
Religion enough to be wholly impartial,
And I fear, though no proof can be brought to sustain,
That even a DANA could not well refrain
From lingering longer with *mousseline de laine*,
When he calls to see how in their sums they progress,
Than he would with the Miss in a cheap cotton dress !
But this gentle hint
Let no Editor print,
For Dana's a model of teachers, and hence,
As far as he possibly can, will dispense
With all partiality, except for *Old Cents* !

O, men and women ! time rapidly flies !
Soon other and solemn visions will rise,
When cloth will no longer dazzle your eyes !
You know how rapidly men's desires
Are sent along the electric wires ;
Have heard of the almost incredible race
Of planets, and suns, and comets, through space ;
Have read of the inconceivable flight
From world to world of a ray of light ;
But know, O, you whose only concern
Has been the latest fashion to learn,
That swifter than light, or comet, or star,
You are hastening on to the judgment bar,
Where cloth will not count you a row of pins,
In purchasing favor, or cloaking your sins !
Nor will you care to make great display
When you dress yourselves for the judgment day,
Or turn to look at yourselves in the glass
When off from the stage of life you pass !
Of all the poor souls on the Stygian shore,
Who in ceaseless lament their past follies deplore,
None suffer such tortures as those who have died
With their hearts and their souls given over to pride !
Awake, then, O mortals, and learn to live right,
Ere you sink in the gloom of that Hadean night,
Where *fashion-plates* never shall gladden your sight !
And now having tried
To turn you from pride,
And the follies which with it are closely allied,
The work is accomplished on which I was sent
To warn you of danger, and bid you repent !

SLIDING DOWN HILL.

I used to love, and I love it still,
 Though my head with age is white,
To take my sled and slide down hill
 In a clear, cold, winter night :
And music to me is the riotous noise
Of a dozen or two of girls and boys,
While the frost-gems sparkle in all the trees,
Bright as Arcturus and the Pleiades !

Sitting here to-night, bow'd down with years,
 With thoughts that are backward cast,
A vision of sleds and sliders appears,
 As they were in the days that are past,
When my sled on the stump was made a wreck,
While two girl-arms hung on to my neck,
And we—in the boy's inelegant phrase—
Went head over heels, in opposite ways !

But the moral world which is meant in the rhyme,
 Through which we rapidly glide,
Has its steep ascents, up which we climb,
 And its hills, down which we slide !—
Has its ups and downs, as the saying goes ;
Has its summer flowers, and winter snows,
Its storms and sunshine, fogs and blights,
Its pleasant days, and starless nights !

What a host of sleds there are in town,
 With their names in paint unfurled,
That, meteor-like, are plunging down
 The hills of the moral world !

Behold the long convoy of sleds as they go
Bounding into the plains below,
Where some "rail-splitter's" fence shall astonish the rider,
When smash goes the sled, and—smash goes the slider!

When the husband has his own wife ignor'd,
 With other "Cloth" to roam;
Or spends those hours at the gambler's board
 Which should be spent at home;
When he finds more joy in lager beer,
Than he does in the home that was once so dear,
Or follows the demon that haunts the still;
Then, know of a truth, he is sliding down hill!

When wives (my own bids me this suppress,
 But I won't while truth is adored,
And she apes the style of living and dress
 Which Evarts alone can afford—)
When wives, as I said, make tremendous display
In the street, of fine silks for which labor must pay,
And hold the rich goods for which White holds the bill—
I tell you such wives are fast sliding down hill!

When boys, with the foolish notion in mind,
 That farming is ungenteele,
Leave plow and hoe and harrow behind,
 And off to the city wheel,
They do as COPPER once did; but they,
Like him, will repent, some future day,
When they wake from the dream, as they surely will,
To find themselves rapidly sliding down hill!

When young men, deeming it vulgar to work
And earn the bread they eat,
Choose rather to follow the indolent Turk,
And smoke their pipes in the street;
Whose reading is trash which the novel supplies,
Whose business is peddling town scandal and lies;
I always tell them, and with right good will,
O, foolish young men! you are sliding down hill!

When men, whether members of churches or not,
Swell up with inordinate pride
Over dollars and acres dishonestly got,
And turn from the poor aside;
Forgetting their highest earthly trust,
Forgetting that they *themselves* are dust;
I always say, let them swell as they will,
That one thing is sure—they are sliding down hill!

When women, the stars in our social skies,
Whose presence forever delights,
Forgetting their babies, and puddings, and pies,
Turn wranglers for "women's rights;"
I always say, and the case is plain,
Though I do it, I own, with a deal of pain;
Good women, deny and disown it who will,
You are mounted on sleds, and are sliding down hill!

When pretty young girls, for whose dear sake
Great Copper would hazard all,
Leave mother to wash, and iron, and bake
While they go to dress for the ball;
Who deem it accomplishment more polite
To dance, than to darn their stockings at night,

Much as I love them, I feel it still
My duty to tell them they're sliding down hill !

When John Brown fanatics proclaim their desire
For freedom from sea to sea,
And would willingly see a white nation expire
If a "nigger" could thereby go free ;
When I look out and see these detestable gangs
Disturbing the peace with raving harangues,
I tell them, as every good patriot will,
Old chaps ! you are in for a slide down hill !

When men pay for "tracts" to send out to Delhi,
Or some other pagan shores,
While thin, pale faces beseechingly cry
For bread at their very doors,
But cry in their deep desolation and pain,
As Lazarus did for crumbs, in vain,
I *must* express the belief, and *will*,
That these heathen-savers are sliding down hill !

Then let us so live, that while life remains,
There shall come no guilty fears
To disturb the slide, which Nature ordains,
Down into the vale of years ;
But peacefully there resigning life's breath,
Way down in the "valley and shadow of Death,"
May the Ferryman, waiting with hands on the oar,
Take each of us safe to the evergreen shore !

And when the old Ferryman moors his bark,
And the oar lets fall from his hand ;
When we go on shore to the beautiful park
In that ever delightful land ;

Where, free from care as the "miller's mouse"—
Our sleds left behind in the narrow house,
Our labor all done, and done with strife,
May each reap the fruit of a well-spent life.

OUR WIVES.

Like old monks in cells reclusic,
Like the seasons without June,
Like a dance without the music,
Like an organ out of tune,
Like a garden without vines,
Like a dinner without wines,
Or a ship without a sail,
Useless, though of finest pattern,
Or a comet with its tail
Lost within the rings of Saturn,
Such is man without a mate !
Such is life's undual state !
Hopeless, selfish, desolate !
But we have no ANGELS here
In this rudimental sphere ;
Only WOMEN live earth-lives,
And from these we choose our wives !
 When to-night
 While I write,
Indulging no satirical spite,
For love is the poet's life and light ;
Help me, ye gods, to sing the song
Which no other poet has dared to sing ;

To step aside from the flattering throng,
And deal with Truth as a sacred thing !

Now turn from Fashion's tyrannical sway,
And listen, O wives, to this wonderful lay,
Suited to age, or the fancies of youth,
And wonderful most on account of its truth !

Poetic empirics

Write dishwater lyrics,

And spread their stale ditties

All over the sensation sheets of the cities ;

Those great blanket sheets wherein follies and crimes
Are made the predominant themes of the times !

But truth must be told, and the sooner we know it,
The better for all, unless 't is for the poet,

Who, like all reformers, may share the sad doom

To have his head broke with mop-handle or broom !

Be this as it may, I encounter the odds,

And, like Hector in Homer, seek aid from the gods !

Wives by Fashion's slaves ador'd

Honest men can ill afford ;

Only the accomplish'd rogue !

Keeps the kind now most in vogue !

Wives like these, with cash in the locker,

You can buy of White, or Stocker !

Not that these respectable dealers

Have ever been "men and women stealers,"

Or that they sell you handsome Dianas,

As they do way down in the Carolinas ;

Or that within these marts of fashion

Souls are, as in marts Circassian,

Bought and sold,

And paid for in gold ;

But the truth is, though to say it I'm loth,
The wives now in fashion are made up of cloth !
And hence I assert, at the risk of my life,
That the merchants I mention, can sell you a wife !
That is, they will sell you the ribbons and lace,
(A great earthen doll will do for the face,)
And then in the bill let them slyly insert
Silk hose, silk elastics, and skeleton skirt,
With nine or ten dresses of finest selection,
And wadding to form each enticing projection !
From flowers artificial, select a rich cluster,
Get cloth for the cloak, and cloth for the duster,
Bonnets and gaiters, and two styles of shawl,
One for the spring, and one for the fall !
But further I will not name item by item,
Lest the purchaser's bill, footed up, should affright him ;
But add a small trifle, say twenty-five dollars,
For extras, like lavender, musk, and lace collars !
And ten dollars more for a cameo pin,
To be had of my friend, the watchmaker, Winn !

Now, my own dear wife,
Looking over my shoulder and threatening my life,
With eyes flashing fire, like the magnetic pole,
Asks where is the heart, and where is the soul,
That is this *great pile of dry goods* to control ?

Hearts, dearest Kate,
Said I, like a martyr resigned to his fate,
In "circles of fashion," are quite out of date ;
And as for souls, you might just as well
Look for saints where the Cannibals dwell,

Or go down into Hades for Piety,
As look for souls in "our best society!"

Stop there! hold!

Cried Mrs. Copper,

You have told

A monstrous whopper!

When I do, sweet wife, I said,
May Jove aim a thunderbolt straight at my head,
And set me on the dismal road
That leads to Pluto's hot abode;
Into whose realms of smoke and fire
Potter half scared the *valiant* Pryor!

O, I have sold cow after cow
To purchase cloth wherein to bow,
With animals, at Fashion's shrine,
Far less intelligent than kine!

And gone is, O the sad reflection,
My *numismatical collection*,
Laid by for future days and rainy,
To grace the cabinet of Dana!
And now, O wives, in closing the song,
Forgive the poet if anything wrong

Has entered his head,

In what has been said,

And pray to the gods, who favor the fair,
Who answered the Argive mother's prayer,

At her earnest call,

That they may protect, and defend you all!
And remember that *cloth you are*, but learn,
That unto cloth you will not return!

Only this will be said,

When on the earth-cushion you pillow your head,
From the service ordained by the priests for the dead,
In the name of the One who is always just,
“Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust!”

SUCCESS.

That man is not, in any true sense of the word, most successful who can count
out the greatest number of dollars.—REV. S. G. ABBOTT.

What is success? is it to pile
Dollar on dollar, mountain high?
To gain the world's approving smile,
And leave the soul to starve and die?

Men count success by dollars gained,
No matter by what fiendish arts;
Whether by fraud or trick obtained,
Or coined from crushed and bleeding hearts!

Honors on Wealth the world bestows
Less only than on the Most High;
And when in death rich eyelids close,
Marble perpetuates the lie!

The church salvation's seal will place
On soulless knaves to share their gain;
Knaves at whose doors the thin, pale face
Of Want has sought relief in vain!

Well, be it so! let misers clutch
Their bags of gold with nervous grasp,
Until the hour when Death's cold touch
Shall sternly bid those hands unclasp!

Hug the rich treasure till you tread
Alone the valley dark and drear :
Die with the orphan's cry for bread
Still ringing in your dying ear !

Then wake to hear, when souls shall meet,
Where stocks shall fall and gold shall fail,
The dismal halls of hell repeat
The echoes of that mournful wail !

THE TOBACCO FIEND.

With faith yet unimpaired in good,
Life's morning sun still shining fair,
Before I knew that devils could
Assume the garb that angels wear ;

A fiend passed through the gate that swung
To guard the Temple of my soul,
With friendly message on his tongue,
As Satan into Eden stole !

Endorsed by men of high renown,
The living great and honored dead,
Worthy he seemed to wear the crown
That glittered, star-like, on his head.

His mission was, he meekly said,
To banish discord, pain and strife ;
A soothing influence to spread,
And calm the troubled sea of life !

From underneath his kingly cloak
He drew a plant and bid me taste!
I yielded—slept—from dreams awoke—
Life's future lay a dreary waste!

He laid aside the garments bright
That had, till now, his person screened,
And then, to my astonished sight,
Uprose the vile *Tobacco Fiend*!

Amazed, I bid the monster quit
The Temple which his presence cursed!
Too late! the fires of hell were lit,
And I stood in the *smoke immersed*!

With will dethroned and vigor lost,
No strength the demon to dispute,
Behold, Oh, man! the fearful cost
Of tasting the forbidden fruit!

Come to the ruined Temple, come!
And, round its crumbling walls convened,
Learn, as you shun the demon, Rum,
To shun the vile TOBACCO FIEND!

GEORGE P. HAYES.

Sadly, O Sexton, toll thy bell,
Mournfully bid its iron tongue
Speak in unison with the swell
Of hearts, by a sudden anguish wrung.

Sound it along the mountain rills,
Where proud old Ascutney lifts its head;
Sound it through all the echoing hills,
That he, the friend we honored, is dead.

A shadow upon our path is thrown
By the new-made grave our tears have wet,
And our world has visibly darker grown,
As if a star had suddenly set.

Brother, farewell, until we meet
Over on yonder immortal shore,
Where parting messages none repeat,
And the tolling bell is heard no more.

GOD.

All around us, everywhere,
On the ocean, in the air,
Fields, and where the forests nod,
Stand the witnesses for God :

Stars of everlasting light,
Blazing on the brow of night,
His eternal glories hymn
Where the Doubter's eye grows dim !

Every single wildwood flower,
Though it blooms but for an hour ;
Every tree, and every leaf
Speaks rebuke to Unbelief !

Nature, listening to the doubt,
Wakes the planets with her shout,
Rouses, and, with heart and soul,
Thunders God from pole to pole.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

God bless the friendless poor to-night,
For cold and dark the storm is sweeping;
Obscured is every orb of light,
And darkness o'er the world is creeping!

By many a lone and cheerless hearth
The eyes that have grown dim with sorrow,
Shall close, to ope no more on earth,
Before the coming of to-morrow!

By scores I see them yielding up
The forms, by hunger worn and wasted;
But death is not the bitterest cup
Which pale and dying lips have tasted!

Stand where some mother's work is done,
Whose tears are with last moments blending;
She prays; but not that she may shun
The grave, to which her feet are tending!

No! self and pain and death forgot,
Her child awakes her last emotion!
To him, more than to life's sad lot,
She clings with angel-like devotion.

Earth's truest heroes may be found
On thin and cold straw couches lying ;
And holy memories gather round
Where want is toiling, struggling, dying !

The song begun—shall end with prayer
To Thee, O God, whose love is endless,
That Thou, through night and storm, wilt spare
The poor, the homeless, and the friendless !

MISS L. L. FLETCHER,
PRECEPTRESS IN NORTHFIELD GRADED SCHOOL.

DEPARTED.

On the hill the aspens quiver,
And the sunlight gilds the river
Sweeping on, and on forever
In its pathway to the sea ;
In the elms the birds are singing,
On the turf the violets springing,
To the breeze their sweets are flinging,
As they did for you and me.

As of old, the fragrant clover
Dots the little hillocks over,
Where the brown bees hum and hover,
Where we played in childish glee.
As of old the lights and shadows
Chase each other o'er the meadows,
O'er the grassy, verdant meadows,
Where we wandered, gay and free.

All the stars shine just as brightly,
Beam and smile upon me nightly,
And the moonlight falls as whitely
On the hill and on the sea ;
But my tears are sadly flowing,
For my heart is crushed with knowing,
That the green grass, softly growing,
Hides forever you from me.

LAMOILLE.

The world is proud of its rivers,
The mighty, grand and free,
And their praise is a theme forever—
I bring my praise to thee.

Thou art not named in story,
A stranger art to fame,
No deeds of war or glory
We mingle with thy name ;

But, of all the mighty rivers,
That haste to meet the sea,
Not one to me shall ever
Be beautiful like thee.

For my childhood passed beside thee,
With its sunshine and its song ;
And what the heart first loveth,
It loveth well and long.

No moss-grown ivied castle
Hangs o'er thy sparkling tide,
In grand and gray old ruin,
Recalling pomp and pride :

But sweet and beauteous daughters,
And hardy sons of toil
Have a home beside thy waters,
O, beautiful Lamoille.

I would dwell beside thee ever,
And by the crystal wave
Of my dear Green-Mountain river,
Let them make my peaceful grave.

WHY DO THEY COME TO US IN DREAMS?

Why do they come to us in dreams ?
Sweet voices hushed for many a year ;
Those tones of tenderness and love,
That once 't was blessedness to hear.
The echo lingers softly near,
As glad we wake at morning's beams,
But their tones ne'er greet our waking ear—
Why do they come to us in dreams ?

Why do we see them in our dreams,
Those forms that faded long ago ?
Above them summer flowers have waved
And o'er them drifted winter's snow :

We 've vainly watched, at early morn,
And waited long at twilight's gleam ;
But they never greet our longing eyes—
Why do they come to us in dreams ?

Why do we see them in our dreams—
Bright scenes our happy childhood knew ?
Why clasp the hands we know are cold
And find them still all warm and true ?
O, Time and Change may rob our lives
Of all that best and brightest seems ;
But angels keep the treasures lost,
And bear them back to us in dreams.

THE AUTUMN RAIN.

Softly, wearily,
Sadly, drearily,
Falleth the autumn rain ;
Keeping the time
Of a measured rhyme,
Swelling and sinking again
In cadence solemn, but strangely sweet,
Like the echoless tread of angel feet
As they come and go in dreams.

Softly, wearily,
Sadly, drearily,
Falleth the autumn rain,
Falleth like tears
For the vanished years,

Coming, ah, never again—
Tears for the beautiful hopes that fled,
Tears for the summer that lieth dead
In her shroud of withered flowers.

Softly, wearily,
Sadly, drearily,
Falleth the autumn rain,
Out on the hill,
The vale and the rill,
And, away o'er the misty main,
Where the dim-seen ships go to and fro,
As human souls, in a night of woe,
Grove darkly amid their pain.

Softly, wearily,
Sadly, drearily,
Falleth the autumn rain;
On the low bed
Of the cherished dead,
Resting from care and pain;
Falleth on grass, where it fell of yore,
Falleth on graves, that never before
Were watered by aught but tears.

A. S. NICHOLS,

OF DANBY.

BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow—
Thou knowest not what it may be ;
To-day is sunshine—to-morrow
May bring a dark cloud over thee.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow ;
Of what thou may'st eat, drink or wear ;
To-day thou hast joy—to-morrow
May find thee in darkest despair.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow,
Though thou hast great riches to-day—
To-morrow thou may'st be a beggar,
And thy riches have all flown away.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow,
Nor think of the past as a dream :
The present time only is ours,
The future by all is unseen.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow,
But thank God for blessings, to-day—
To-morrow may bear thee from earth ;
Thy days are fast fleeting away.

GOING HOME.

The tiny brook running
So still, noiselessly,
Ever onward is flowing—
Going home to the sea.

Bright flowers are blooming,
But scarce have their birth,
Ere they are seen drooping—
Going home to the earth.

And man, too, is falling—
Must lie 'neath the sod;
His spirit, unfettered,
Goes home to its God.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

There 's much of beauty scattered wide,
That mortals fail to see;
In glories rare is nature crowned;
Her charms, immensity.

In mortal haste we pass them by;
The beautiful and grand—
In fancy, dwell on beauties rare,
Of other climes and land.

To other lands we need not roam,
For nature, ever true,
Has dealt us out its beauties rare,
If we but deign to view.

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There 's beauty in the motley throng
Who tread the busy street,
There 's beauty in the festive halls,
And where the lowly meet.

There 's beauty in the captive's cell,
Where sunbeams never play—
There 's beauty in the house of prayer,
Where Christians meet to pray.

On battle fields, in guarded tent,
Where the weary soldier dwells,
In the damp, cold mine, or the fisher's hut,
The tide of beauty swells.

It rises high with every prayer,
With every sigh or groan,
For every heart that ever beat
Has beauty of its own.

THE LAND OF THE GOLD.

My brother, my brother, thou art now far away
From all the loved scenes of thy childhood's bright day;
Like a lamb thou 'st strayed from a kind shepherd's fold,
And gone far away to the land of the gold.

Thou 'st left thy sweet home, near the old Otter Creek,
In which sports the trout so shining and sleek;
Where the Green Mountain stands in majesty bold,
And gone far away to the land of the gold.

Thou 'st left a kind father, whose heart turns to thee—
To his loved boy, where 'er he may be ;
His heart will grow warm, now so cheerless and cold,
When thou shalt return from the land of the gold.

Return, O, return to thy home once again,
Where sisters will greet thee, and many a friend ;
And brothers, impatient thy form to behold,
Will welcome thee back from the land of the gold.

RETROSPECT.

What if I could begin anew
This life, which now is nearly through,
To live my transient childhood o'er—
In youth's sunshine to bask once more ;
To live again, to middle life,
Those days of joy, of toil and strife ;
Had I the right, what think ye then,
Would I live o'er that life again ?
Those childhood days, so dark and drear,
Would quickly write the answer here ;
And youthful days, more sad than gay,
Would surely give the answer, nay ;
And manhood would repeat the strain—
Live thou not o'er thy life again.

I 'M SEEKING A TREASURE.

I 'm seeking a treasure
Of silver and gold,
To sustain me in life,
When feeble and old.

I 'm seeking a treasure—
A diadem bright,
Awarded to those
Who practice the right.

I 'm seeking a treasure,
A pearl of great worth;
A foretaste of Heaven
Whilst here upon earth.

I 'm seeking a treasure,
A Heavenly store;
A feast for the soul
On eternity's shore.

OUR COUNTRY IN 1861.

Our country! our country! "the land of the free,"
There is woe in the future—a judgment for thee;
For thy sins are as scarlet, and legion their name,
Thou hast stooped from thy glory to revel in shame.

How oft the vain boasting of freedom is heard,
How many a temple to false gods is reared,
And freedom's cry echoing from sea unto sea,
Whilst the poor slave is shrieking, "No freedom for me."

The fetters are galling their hands and their feet,
They are bartered and sold like cattle and sheep,
And scourging and whipping their portion must be,
Till our arms break their bonds, and bid them go free.

Our country ! our country ! thy boasting is vain ;
The gallows thou 'rt rearing, and victims are slain ;
The war-shout is ringing on hills and in vales—
Thy sons thou art selling, like cotton in bales.

• Shall sins such as these go unpunished? ah, no !
You surely must reap, yet, of that which you sow :
With your brother's blood you make red the sod,
But judgment will come, as there liveth a God.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A soldier on the battle-field
Lay writhing in his pain ;
Around him, there, on every side,
Lay heaps of ghastly slain.
Dumb silence reigned throughout the field—
The battle's strife was o'er ;
And many a valiant soldier boy
Was weltering in his gore.
A rider chanced to pass that way,
As the evening shades did fall,
And, stooping, gave a list'ning ear
To the hero's dying call—
“ My soul is free from mortal fear,
While bleeding here alone ;

I pray thee take my dying words
To my Green-Mountain home.
My mother loved her only son,
To the extent that mortals know;
Say to her, I will feel that love,
In the land where I shall go.
Tell her I would not she should weep
O'er my untimely end—
To put her trust in Him, alone,
Who is the widow's friend.
Tell her I died as die the brave,
Who fight their country's cause,
A nation's birth-right bound to save,
And sustain her wholesome laws.
Now hasten to thy post again,
And heed thy country's call,
Until the foe shall bite the dust—
There 's work for one and all.
And when this cruel war is o'er,
Bear home my last request—
My eyes are dim, my work is done,
I 'm going home to rest."

MY VALLEY HOME.

My home is encircled by mountains and hills,
From whose rugged sides flow bright, sparkling rills;
Whose top by the spruce and fir-tree are clothed,
Beneath whose dark shadows the wild beast doth rove—
Away from the hunter, secluded, they roam,
Nor dare to intrude at my sweet, mountain home.
Sweet home in the valley, I oft dream of thee,

As when, tiny boys, my dear brother and me
So gay and light hearted, would wander away,
To roam in the wild-wood through the long, summer day.
Oh ! there 's not on this earth, another such spot,
As the vale that contains my own native cot.
With forest and river, and scenery sublime,
With its broad-spreading oak, and proud, waving pine ;
The roar of the brook, from its height tumbling down,
Can ne'er be surpassed by a musical sound.
Though others may boast of their homes in the West,
My Green-Mountain home is the purest and best ;
And where 'er I go, in whatever clime,
I see no such home, as the sweet home of mine.

MRS. C. A. OGDEN,

OF BOSTON.

Mrs. Ogden is a native of Georgia, Vt. and, in 1867, published a prose volume, entitled "Into the Light," that has been very well received, by the literary world.

SONG OF THE WATER DROPS.

"Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth, and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice."—BRYANT.

From the ocean, the river and fountain
We rise in the mists of the morn,
And the dark frowning brow of the mountain
With a silvery garland adorn.

With dew-drops we baptize the blossom,
And bathe the young leaflets with care,
And gem the wild floweret's bosom
With jewels surpassingly fair.

With a wild laugh, we sport in the sunbeam,
In the brook, o'er the cataract's side;
Or caressingly woo from the lone stream
The lilies which bend o'er our tide.

We clothe, in soft haze, hill, city and plain,
And hide in its gray-tissued veil;
Anon we descend in jubilant rain,
Bearing Summer's warm breath on the gale.

Then in musical cadence we patter
Refreshingly o'er the green earth,
And from censers of silver spray scatter
Perfumes at the wild blossom's birth.

When forests and glades 'neath our showers,
In glittering loveliness lie,
We borrow the hues of the flowers,
And a rainbow form in the sky.

There we mirror the love and the glory
Of a promise to earth's children given;
And tell the sweet, wonderful story
Of a covenant written in heaven.

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

I come, I come from the land of dreams,
And shadows I throw on the day's last beams ;
I come at the gentle twilight hour.
And softly close the bright-leaf'd flower.

I steal from the lake and winding stream
The silvery glow of the sun's last gleam ;
I breathe on the crest of the gorgeous cloud,
And its gilded head is in dimness bowed.

The fleecy foam of the ocean wave,
As the sandy shore its waters lave,
But sparkles dim, as sea and land
Are curtained by my sable hand.

On the violet's breast, on the beechen tree,
I fold the wing of the murmuring bee ;
I check the bound of the graceful fawn,
And his bright eye close till the opening dawn.

The liquid notes of the woodland bird
At my approach are faintly heard ;
As sinking 'neath the dark green leaves,
Her parting song she sweetly breathes :

My finger still on the infant I lay,
And close his lids in the midst of play ;
And I gently steal on the maiden fair,
As she softly murmurs her evening prayer.

At my coming the peasant seeks his cot,
And in peaceful dreams are his cares forgot ;

While the sons of toil their labors close,
And a refuge find in deep repose.

My shadowy mantle around me I fold,
As the mountain mists are backward rolled ;
When morning's light o'er my pathway is cast,
I vanish from earth—a dream of the past.

LAMENT OF COPWAY, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

My heart is in the forest shade,
In the great temples God has made,
 Where once in youth I stood ;
I see again the gushing fountain—
I stand upon the lonely mountain,
 Or stem the rushing flood :

Or in a birch canoe I glide,
Across the broad lake's level tide ;
 Or down the wild-wood stream,
Whose waters from my flashing oar
In sheets of silver brightly pour,
 Beneath the moon's pale beam,

Which 'mong the pine and maple leaves,
A bright, fantastic garland weaves,
 Of mingled light and shade ;
And rocks, and hills, and forests, seem
As the "hushed grouping of a dream,"
 Which fairy spells have made.

'Tis but a dream ! Those forests grand
No longer crown my native land

With beauty wild and bold ;
Nature's majestic altars fell
Before the white man's potent spell—
Her grandeur's bought and sold.

Fled are the glories of the chase !
Our warriors brave--the Indian race—
Are passing fast away ;
Death's angel o'er the mountains sped,
And pestilence with dark wing spread
The emblems of decay.

The pale face shouts from vale and hill,
The warning cry of "westward still!"
Sadly we hasten on—
Thus do our fated race depart,
With dewy eye and breaking heart,
Towards the setting sun.

Our wigwam, 'neath the beechen shade,
Stood where in sunny youth I played
Beside the rushing river.
Those waterfalls—the cool, green wood—
The quiet mountain solitude—
They haunt my spirit ever !

Scenes of the past ! O, who can tell
How sadly falls that word, Farewell,
On throbbing heart and brain ?
Like fragrance to the faded flowers,
So clings my heart to those past hours—
I live them o'er again.

Then, white man, teach us how to till
The soil we love, with science—skill—

And on the verdant sod
Our forest sons will bow the knee
With heart less wild, but spirit free,
Before the Christian's God.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

O world ! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!—LONGFELLOW.

If the dear ties of earth were not often broken,
And the forms that we love turned not coldly away;
If the sigh and the tear were not sadly a token
That the fairest and brightest of things will decay;
If memory wept not over hopes early faded,
O'er visions of beauty too lovely to last,
And the bright dreams of life were not darkly shaded
By the sad, unavailing regrets of the past;

If the friendships we form did not often conceal
Distrust in the heart, 'neath professions of love,
And Time, in his progress, half mocking, reveal
That the idols we worship will treacherous prove;
Most dear, then, would life be! sweet truth and affection
Would clasp hand in hand, to bless and to cheer—
The heart would delight in glad retrospection—
The eye moisten only with pleasure's bright tear.

But vain is the thought! The fond heart will never
Unclouded peace find in this mutable sphere,
Where the stern miser, Death, is gathering ever
Life's fairest blossoms, the valued and dear,

Where love, joy, and sorrow, like meteors fleeting,
Successively pass o'er the soul's troubled sky;
And time by its changes is ever repeating
"That hopes fondly cherish'd like phantoms will fly."

Then blest is the promise—the hope of a clime—
Where again live in beauty the heart's withered flowers,
Where reposes forever the great scythe of Time,
And Oblivion's mantle falls over past hours;
Where Death, ever conquered, resigns his dominion,
And clearly revealed are life's mysteries high;
Where Faith meekly folds her once soaring pinion,
And the heart never mourns over love's broken tie.

REPOSE IN CHRIST.

Can earth contain a greater bliss,
A holier, dearer joy than this,
To have in Christ a friend?
To know His care, to see His face,
In each event His love to trace,
As gentle dews of heavenly grace
Upon the soul descend?

They bid life's vexing cares depart,
And peaceful trust pervades the heart
That doth in Christ repose.
Our follies, faults and sins forgiven,
The darkest cloud by light is riven;
We have a foretaste here of heaven;
Its golden gates unclose.

Our rich inheritance seems near;
The stars of Faith, serenely clear
 Upon our being shine.
A rest, unknown before, we find:
Pure aspirations fill the mind;
We see the uplifted cross entwined
 With beams of light divine.

A glorious promise, full and free,
That "where Christ is we too shall be"
 Who have His name confessed,
Points upward to a happier clime,
A life eternal and sublime,
Beyond the changing scenes of time,
 Where weary ones find rest.

O hope divine! O life above!
Bought by a Saviour's matchless love;
 We bless His grace which flows
In "living waters," fountains free!
Where all who will may ransomed be,
And, blest throughout eternity,
 In Christ, our Lord, repose.

TO THE DELAWARE RIVER.

Roll onward in thy course, majestic river!
Through mingled scenes of nature and of art,
Ever moving, ever changing, resting never—
 Like the affections of the human heart.
E'en while I gaze thy bright waves seem to start
 Forth into being, 'neath the sunlight's ray—

Anon, thy waters somber hues impart.

And shadows o'er thy mirrored surface play,

Changeful as the rainbow hues of man's eventful day.

Beneath mine eyes how passing fair the scene ;

Around me rise the busy haunts of men ;

The sloping meadow, clad in emerald green ;

The shadowy wood, the deep and mossy glen,

And far beyond, thy silver stream again

Is brightly winding. Oft, at even time,

Methinks I hear thy wild wave's choral strain

Answer the distant ocean's ceaseless chime

Which, from its mighty caves, calls thee in tones sublime.

But where are now thy foster-sons, proud river ?

Long since has passed away that warrior band ;

Gone are the spirits daring, gone forever—

But yet their deeds, so fiercely, sternly grand,

Are oft by memory painted, while the hand

Of dark oblivion draws its misty veil

O'er all their wrongs. This spacious land,

Their rightful heritage, tells not the tale,

That their oppressors' might o'er justice did prevail.

And yet, fair stream, thy course is still the same,

And man's dark passions hold o'er thee no sway—

The shout of rage, the pealing trump of fame,

All pass unheeded, as the meteor's ray.

Day after day thou 'rt onward—nought will stay

Thy rapid current, e'en as Time's resistless will,

Which through all ages spurns the least delay,

And hastens on, its Maker's fiat to fulfill,

Until the Almighty's nod, both Time and wave shall still.

MARTIN MATTISON,

OF NORTH BENNINGTON.

DEATH IN THE WINE CUP AND BOWL.

Oh, there 's death in the bowl, when the wine sparkles
 brightly,

And gay hearts are merry in revel and song;
When the victims of sorrow all congregate, nightly,
 To mingle with mirth in the bacchanal throng.

Oh, there 's death in the bowl, when beloved ones are weeping,
 In sorrow and anguish, a father's return;
And a pale one is weary of lone vigils keeping,
 While love in her bosom ne'er ceases to burn.

Oh, there 's death in the bowl, while the tempter is seeking
 To wrest from the needy his hard-gotten gain;
And the hands of the demon are gory, and reeking
 With the blood of the victims his traffic has slain.

Oh, there 's death in the bowl, when delirium is raging,
 And trembling and madness shall seize on the frame;
While wild beasts and spectres, in warfare engaging,
 And legions of serpents the fancy inflame.

Oh, there 's death in the bowl—see the drunkards all falling,
 As each bloated victim must yeild up his soul;
The rum-selling monster recruits is still calling,
 Though death's in the wine-cup, and death's in the bowl.

DEATH OF COL. MARTIN SCOTT.

"He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle."

Nor heeds he the strife on yon far distant field;
No sound can awake him, though cannons may rattle,
He slumbers, who ne'er to the foeman would yield.

He sleeps his last sleep, yet he died in his glory,
And mem'ry shall weave him bright laurels of fame,
While his deeds at Monterey will live long in story,
And chivalric daring emblazon his name.

He sleeps his last sleep—a bright star in the nation
Has set in a halo that dazzles afar;
And we drop the sad tear—a fitting oblation,
O'er the dust of the hero, and victor in war.

He sleeps his last sleep—we no more shall behold him,
Who foremost in conflict was e'er to be found,
The narrow confines of his tomb must enfold him,
Yet he lives while the trump of his valor shall sound.

He sleeps his last sleep, who could lead on in glory,
• His thousands to vict'ry, again and again;
Yet fame shall live ever in song and in story,
To tell how the warrior, in battle, was slain.

A VERMONTER IN VIRGINIA.

I will not stay where tyrant wrong
Denies that rights to man belong,
Whose deepest guilt, whose damning sin,
Lies in the color of his skin.

The song of Liberty is hushed,
God's image trampled in the dust;
Appeals to mercy all are vain,
And answered by the clanking chain.

I'll hie me to yon verdant hills,
Where freedom sweet each bosom fills,
And equal rights are held in view,
To every man, of every hue.

Those rights to man our Maker gave
Are wrested from the groaning slave;
The scorpion lash his limbs control,
And rivet fetters on his soul.

AN OCEAN SCENE.

A bark was once gallantly speeding her way,
And the crew on her deck seemed happy and gay,
All but a poor pilgrim, whose sorrows were deep,
As he lay in repose on his pillow, asleep.
This meek man of sorrows, acquainted with grief,
Who ne'er passed the needy but gave them relief,
What saw he but visions of heavenly rest,
In mansions eternal, prepared for the blest.
Nor long his repose, e'er the wind whistled shrill,
Where, a moment before, all was placid and still;
The storm madly raged, and the high-rolling wave
Made fearful the hearts of the manly and brave.
Then awake they the sleeper, and unto him say,
"Master! Carest thou not that we perish" to-day?
When arose he in beauty, majestic in form;

“Peace; be still!” His rebuke, and hush’d was the storm.
The winds that so waved o’er the sea’s glassy bed,
At His high command to their caverns had fled;
The mountain-high billows no longer were seen,
And the sunlight of Heaven shone sweetly serene.
Thus when the rude tempests of life o’er us roll,
A Saviour is ready each wave to control!
If faithful and prayerful, and hearts ever warm,
With love for the Pilgrim, who chided the storm.

BRASS BUTTONS.

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF THE REBELLION.

Brass buttons, on furlough, are now all the go, .
While true sons of freedom are striking the foe,
The death knell of rebels resounds in the air,
And slave-holding tyrants are wild in despair.

Brass buttons, on furlough, are all under pay,
As they strut in their war-plumage brilliant and gay,
How lofty their bearing—how martial and proud;
As mingle these heroes in the peace-loving crowd.

Brass buttons on furlough; while blood, freely shed,
Is running, in torrents, from wounded and dead;
Fort Donelson crimsoned with blood of the slain,
While victors march onward more laurels to gain.

Brass buttons, on furlough, will ne’er win the day;
Nor lessen the war-tax we all have to pay;
They who would win laurels, to “Dixie” must go,
And show their brass buttons in front of the foe.

Brass buttons, on furlough, in blue broadcloth dressed,
Are heroes whose courage has ne'er stood the test—
They may quail in the conflict, and e'en run away,
And live to fight battles on some future day.

Brass buttons, on furlough, how oft do we meet
In cars, stores and hotels, and walking the street;
Like Jehu, they each can a livery team drive,
But harmless in battle as drones in a hive.

Brass buttons, on furlough; how sickening the sight;
All lounging in day-time, carousing at night;
They blow, swell and swagger, and talk of the war,
And watch the smoke curl from a ten-cent cigar.

Brass buttons, on furlough; oh, how can they fail—
As their bravery increases with each glass of ale—
To conquer the rebels, our great country save,
And liberty give to the manacled slave.

Brass buttons, on furlough! how vain is your pride,
If those shining baubles poor craven hearts hide;
Then lay aside musket, sword, pistol and vow
Go back to your workshops, or follow the plough.

Brass buttons, on furlough, a pension should draw;
Such veteran soldiers no nation e'er saw;
While cannons are booming, and bursting are shells,
They 're dancing cotillions and jingling sleigh bells.

Brass buttons, on furlough, why tarry ye here [fear?
In the Green Mountain state, where there 's nothing to
Unfurl your bright banners of stripes and of stars,
And buckle your armor and start for the wars.

VOICE OF THE PRAIRIE FLOWERS.

WRITTEN AT NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, MAY 10, 1854.

There 's many a flower in gardens fair,
Of sweet perfume and beauty rare;
With whose rich tints of deepest dye,
Our humble selves can never vie.

They bloom 'round arbors, walks and mounds,
In cherished groves, and furrowed grounds;
Oft nurtured, too, by ladies fair,
And tended with exquisite care.

Far from the haunts of men we dwell,
Where nature does all arts excel;
Quite free from ostentatious pride,
We beautify the Prairie wide.

Deep in the bosom of the earth,
Pure gold, and brightest gems of worth
Are found—and choicest pearls lie low,
Beneath where briny waters flow.

So virtue, truth and moral worth
Dwell with the humble of the earth;
While those who have to fame aspired,
Are courted, worshiped and admired.

Then on the Prairie, free and wide,
In sweet content, will we reside;
Far, far away from mortal view,
We 'll drink the showers and kiss the dew.

Here on the Prairie, broad and free,
We welcome, oft, the honey-bee :
The wild fowl's song the night can cheer,
While 'round us sport the bounding deer.

They tell us man is treacherous, vile ;
That falsehood lurks beneath his smile ;
Among the wealthy, proud and gay,
He only flatters to betray.

He discontented, ever roams ;
He worships God in stately domes ;
The Hymn of gratitude we raise,
Is humble, mute and fragrant praise.

MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Mrs. Goodwin was born in St. Johnsbury, Vt., but now has charge of the Youth's Department of the "Christian Era," published in Boston, Mass.

A LAY OF MEMPHREMAGOG.

Not as when, in summer days,
Wove illusive sunset haze
Round the mountain, bald and grim ;
Watching at the rocking rim
Of the cradled lake, whose isles
Are the toys at which it smiles—
And when day, but half awake,
Saw the roe stoop to the lake,
And its silver waters sip,

With his image, lip to lip ;
Listening close, with tremulous ear,
To ten thousand warblers clear,
Up the greenwood steep so far ;
Which was dew-drop, which was star
Glimmering near the gates ajar—
What was bird-voice, what was psalm,
Stealing through the radiant balm,
Out the changeless, God-lit sphere,
Sense said not—nor eye nor ear.
Dash the canvas—white for green ;
Summer's gone—a winter scene.

Owl's Head wears its coil of snow,
Memphremagog hides below ;
Crisp the air, with frost and sleet
Folding, in the mountain dim,
As his wings the seraphim—
Twain his face and twain his feet.
Mirroring waves no more declare
Passing thought of sky and air.
Moon, or stars, or bird, or cloud,
Nor to winds confess aloud,
Conscience troubled, heart and head ;
Ice-encrusted, deep snow-spread,
Nothing stirs a conscience dead.

On the fir-tree's outstretched palms
Lie the bounteous angel alms :
League on league of untrod white,
Save the squirrel's footmarks slight ;
And the red fox's deeper trail,
Where he roamed the moonlit vale ;

Ay, and slant the frozen wave,
Past the smuggler's island cave;
One great furrow, roughly ploughed,
By a preying wolf-pack loud,
Fierce, and lean, and devil-browed.
By their lair, 'neath Eagles' Cliff,
Oft the covetous white man's skiff
Chased and lost the birch canoe,
When some rock-gate let it through,
Bearing to the mountain's bed.
Of his tribe the guardian red,
Over a mysterious mine,
Where the silver nuggets shine—
Hidden still; there are who say,
Guards his ghost the place, to day.

Deep within the solitude
Of the winter-girded wood,
Where no foot of man comes near,
Is a herd of gentle deer.
Six brave stags, with each a mate,
In a city of whose gate
Spring, incoming, holds the key—
City walled with porphyry.
Busy workers wrought betimes,
Hearing nought of Christmas chimes,
Heeding nought of glad New Year,
Daily, nightly, building here.
Noiseless workers—trowel's fray,
Chisel's twang, nor mattock's sway
Tempted echo from her haunt;
Scaffold high, nor ladder gaunt,
Stayed them up, or aided down,

While was reared that forest town.
Silence, save when tone severe,
As of tyrant overseer—
Was it but the hoarse wind's call?
"Clouds, and Cold, and Snowflakes, all,
Idlers, haste—build, build your wall!"

When the Northern Lights' review
Rends the veil of midnight through,
And the phantom warriors ride
To the contest, bloody-dyed;
And the superstitious ear
Very clash of arms can hear—
All that wall of snow on snow
Flashes, in prismatic glow,
Down each marble-paved street—
Smoothly by the slim hoofs beat.

When unheralded by bird,
Comes the pallid morn deferred,
From their covert, one by one,
Rise the herd to feel the sun;
Snap the slender icicles
On the snowy vine-thatch formed,
By their couched breaths faintly warmed,
Ringing out like silver bells.
Stretch their graceful necks to browse
On the mottled beech-tree boughs;
Leave their shredded hair entwined
With the maple's fretted rind;
Start, and list the frost-king's tread
On the branches overhead;
Playful weave their antlers proud,

To the wall like foremen crowd,
Part, and leap, and bleat aloud.

Whisper not the tale I've told
To the snow-shod hunter bold;
Safe let dwell the herded deer—
Hist! his eager hounds may hear.

FACTORY SONG.

The spindles whirl, the bobbins fill,
A little maid tends the thread,
Singing a song of somebody,
And somebody's name is Fred.
She trills aloud, for none can hear,
So noisily goes the mill;
Telling her secret to many an ear,
And keeping her secret still.

To her the din has the goodly sound
Of a carpenter's hammer and saw,
And voices of raisers of cottage walls—
“Heavo—Heavo—Hurrah!”
Building a home for somebody,
And somebody's name is Fred,
And somebody's love is a factory girl,
Mending the broken thread.

O, never she doubts but somebody thinks
Of her as she thinks of him;
Counting what day their cup of bliss
Will be full to its rosy brim.

So to and fro in the aisle she goes
Light hearted and light of tread ;
Others may work for "the Company,"
But she is working for Fred.

She doffs the bobbins, they fill again,
And so on all the day ;
Then the wheels they cease, the bell rings out,
The little maid trips away.
But soon up stairs, in her chamber small,
And soon in her dreamy bed ;
Her spirit is singing of somebody,
And somebody's name is Fred.

So may the years go smoothly round
With his little wife and Fred,
Till time shall doff the bobbins full,
And the bell calls to the dead.
O, then may they up the crystal stairs—
Earth's weariness left behind—
Haste, hand in hand, to the mansions fair,
And a happy welcome find.

THE WAY OF THE NEW WORLD.

"The boy is father of the man."

The dwarfed red school-house blossomed out,
That ancient four o'clock,
And boys and girls, in homespun stout,
Scions of Pilgrim stock,
Ran downward with exultant shout,
Like waves from Plymouth Rock.

Midway between our school and home,
The valley road beside,
Where the stark mountain spat his foam
In a broad, dashing tide,
A mill was rising to its dome,
A mill both strong and wide.

Three goodly sides of giant oak,
Our wondering visions trace;
The fourth, by many a sturdy stroke,
Was ready for its place;
Our fathers bore the labor yoke
With swart and sweaty face.

The weary shoulders put beneath,
Their burden took its aim;
Slow rising, while the toilers' breath
With moaning went and came;
They halt—they strain—vainly, 't is Death
Sits heavy on that frame!

Through sudden dusk which seemed to brood,
We thought the future stone
Of the great mill, in angry mood,
Was grinding flesh and bone:
And we, as helpless orphans, stood
A palsied row—save one.

He, flaxen headed, barefoot, brown,
In printed pinafore,
His shining dinner-pail dashed down
Upon the rocky floor,
And cried, "Heavo!" in voice to drown
The very mill-stream's roar.

We heard a ring—like spear and shield,
We saw but two small hands,
Dyed purple at the berry-field,
Clapping their firm commands;
So while our swiftest blood congealed,
To cry "Heavo!" he stands.

What ready Titan from his cave
Sprang forth, none ever knew;
But up! light, light as vapor-wave,
The shuddering timbers flew:
One careless whoop young hero gave,
And fled before his crew.

Swift years, till once he famous wakes,
When politics run high;
New urchins fare on 'lection cakes
Alumni he and I:
At night they count the ballot flakes—
"Hurra!" his party cry.

"Hurra!" it rang a final truce
To times behind that lay;
His washen hands for sterner use,
Must fold his youth away:
Nor aught more dread than berry-juice
Has stained them since that day.

And when from Washington we hear,
'Mid gales that ever blow,
Confusion to the listening ear,
His ringing, sure "Heavo!"
The Nation's frame, which tottered sheer,
Is going *up*, we know.

MYRON ROBERT HURLBUT,

FORMERLY OF GRAND ISLE, VERMONT—*now* OF NEW YORK CITY.

“THE LAND IS SACRED WHICH WE LOVE.”

Come all, this day, and follow me
To far off lands beyond the sea,
To those sad days we blush to name,
When man his rights dare not proclaim;
Follow me through the march of years,
Whose path is moist with blood and tears,
And I, my friends, will to you prove,
“The land is sacred which we love.”

Brave was that band who only knew
That they must bid their land adieu;
To seek, in some fair realm unknown,
Where none before had ever gone,
A land beyond Atlantic's tide,
Where they, in Freedom, might abide
Till ages, dark, should roll away,
And make us what we are to-day,

At length the last sad hour drew nigh,
When they must from their country fly!
They stood beneath the snowy sail,
That spread its bosom to the gale;
Then soon the brave and gallant few
Bade all their native land adieu,
And the dark gloom of Ocean's night
At last received them from her sight.

Long days and weeks of sorrow past,
While they were on the waters vast;
Their little bark, in all its might,
Was struggling in its unknown flight;
Her masts before the storm were bent;
Her sails were torn, her shrouds were rent,
And she, as if by wrath of Heaven,
Was by the raging tempest driven.

At last, at last, a land was spied,
Which to their eyes was long denied;
She, far away to the bright West,
Then loomed above the wave's blue crest;
Her lofty peaks, with snowy shrouds,
Were lifted high above the clouds,
And, at their feet, there calmly lay
The waters of fair Plymouth's Bay.

Bright was the morn—their sails were furled
In the dark shades of this new world;
And they were moored to that grim rock,
Which had stood age's trembling shock.
Dark was the gloom that round them spread,
As they, upon that lone rock, shed
A tear of hope, mixed with despair,
To leave the ship that bore them there.

They knelt upon the dreary sands,
And raised to God their feeble hands;
And from each lip there rose a prayer,
That He might guard, that He might spare
Those, who might, from that land oppressed,
Have cherished hope within their breast,

To find beyond the western wave
A home, a country, and a grave.

Advanced they in the forests wild,
Where but the rose and daisy smiled,
And there beneath the waving pine,
Thus far remote from human kind.
The Pilgrim made his humble bed,
And on the moss reclined his head,
And, 'mid the hours of darkest gloom,
They dreamed of brighter days to come.

As seasons, bright in beauty, neared,
Before them forests disappeared ;
And, ere the summer months had gone,
They gathered fruits where once were none ;
And in each dark and dismal hut,
Which from the grove was rudely cut,
They dwelt in fear—'t was death to meet
The savage, in his wild retreat.

But when a few dark years had fled,
This youthful nation swiftly spread
Her wealth and glory far and wide
Along Atlantic's foaming tide,
The Red man, with his nimble bow,
Then fled where brighter waters flow ;
And they—once owners of the soil—
Gave up their lands to sons of toil.

Scarce Liberty had spread its hand
O'er this our broad extended land,
And she, with all her lovely charms,

Inspired her sons to love of arms,
Than came there from beyond the wave
A despot king to make her slave,
And take from her that sacred trust,
To trample it e'en in the dust.

To arms! to arms! she bleeding cried!
'T was answered, too, on every side;
And round her standard, high upreared,
The bravest of her sons appeared;
And by seven years of bloody strife,
They gave to her a sweeter life;
And in that bright, untarnished field,
Her glory with bright stars they sealed.

At Valley-Forge her snows were dyed
By blood of warriors, brave and tried;
The howling winds, and winter's blast,
No gloom upon their valor cast;
For they were firm in that decree,
That they might yet a nation be—
To gather that for which they 'd sown,
Where life and blood had freely flown.

Again, on winds from Britain's plains,
Was heard the din of clanking chains;
And had the love so early cherished,
Within their bosoms quickly perished?
Not so, for they had scarce returned
From crimson fields where they had learned
'T was sweet their lives to bravely give,
That their native land might rise—might live.

No more is heard the battle shout—
The fires within their camps are out—
The broken swords and battered shields
Are strewn upon the battle-fields;
The lily of the forest-dale
Bows low its head to every gale,
And drops a tear to wet the sod,
That once was bathed in noble blood.

Sweet peace, so much by man endeared;
At last o'er all the land appeared;
And, round the living and the dead,
Her brightest light and luster shed:
The songs of war no more were sung—
The sword was in its scabbard hung,
For its great work, at last, was done,
To make us strong—many in one.

But little while—and then, at length,
When she had grown in wealth and strength,
A tyrant raised his cruel hand,
And drenched with blood this noble land;
That he might, by vile slavery,
Destroy the rights of liberty,
And rule us with an iron rod—
A despot in the sight of God.

Dark was the hour when she awoke;
The nation trembled when she spoke;
Her voice was heard, and quickly, then,
'T was answered by a million men.
They came from valleys, plains and hills,
That fed the rivers with their rills;

They left their homes, on land and wave,
Their rights to guard—their flag to save.

O, long and bloody was the fight,
That gave us this our dearest right;
I need not tell you all that past,
That gave us this sweet boon at last:
I need not take you to each field
That you may see all things revealed;
But may you, in the war-path, trace
The bloody scenes that once took place.

Could you have gone to some dark cell—
There heard the dying prisoners tell
How they have fought—how they have bled
On some green field, by blood made red—
You would have paused, to ask not why
They loved to live, but better—die;
For all these things do truly prove
The land is sacred which we love.

They rest in death, for all is o'er,
They hear the battle-cry no more;
The martial fife and rolling drum
Bid them no more to battle come:
Their sleep of death how glorious,
When fallen all victorious!
No terror has it to one's breast,
For all is peace—for all is rest.

Disturb them not, but let them rest;
Their names are bright—their deeds are blest.
How can you them your tears deny,

To turn away and pass them by ?
For there are none—no, none as they,
Who in our bosoms hold a sway.
Their spirits rise, and bid you come
To pay your homage at each tomb.

They fell in the morn of their glory ;
The last cry heard was victory—
They heard it in the hour of death,
They breathed it with their dying breath :
'T is sad to tell, though brave and grand,
That such pure blood should drench our land —
The land they loved—so dearly cherished —
In her great name they fought and perished.

Behold these dark, green hills of ours,
Whose forms are clothed with blooming flowers—
Their beauty blossoms in the dust
Of those we 've given to their trust ;
And when you 've by each lone grave knelt,
Have you not in your bosoms felt
That there was something strong to prove,
They lived and died that we might love ?

Behold some one of her fair lakes,
Whose bosom heaves, and scarcely breaks,
Alone, within her calm embrace,
One can a thousand islands trace,
Whose forms are crowned with living groves,
In which the fairest warbler roves—
Yes, there, upon each shining shore,
I 'd love to live my life once more.

What glory can a nation share,
Far more renowned than we now bear?
Could Rome, with all her mighty host,
Of such a land of promise boast?
Could she, with all her wealth of state,
Then guard against her destined fate?
Not so—for she, whose thirst was strife,
Knew not the sweets of nation's life.

Sweet peace! we welcome thee once more,
Thy voice is heard from shore to shore;
The hearts that once were made so sad
Are at thy coming now made glad.
O, God! reveal Thy sacred truth,
Inspire the heart of each brave youth;
And wilt Thou, in Thy mercy, prove
The land is sacred which we love.

YOUTH.

'T is sad that life's most pleasant dream
Has now so quickly past;
And how can I now make it seem
That it must be the last.

'T is sad that all these joys have flown
From youth's once flow'ring urn;
And those bright scenes, so happy known,
Can never more return.

'T is sad, but true, we all must part
From those in youth we've met;

But, deep within each troubled heart,
Sweet love is lingering yet.

'T is sad—but yet there still remains
What none can ever take—
The thrilling touch, the gentle strain
Of cords that none can break.

“THE FLAG OF SIXTY-SEVEN.”

To-day we come to give to thee,
What none before have given,
And may our motto ever be
“The Flag of Sixty-Seven.”
Unfurl it to the gentle breeze
That sweeps the mountain heights;
For there are none so bright as these,
In which each heart delights.

To-day, beneath the sky so blue,
We're martialled here, to greet
Kind friends, whom we must bid adieu—
Perhaps no more to meet.
Must those firm ties that bind each heart,
Which seem so hard to sever,
At last be broken, when we part,
And joined no more, forever?

May those four stars, which represent
The honor of our nation,
Never from her folds be rent,
To mar her constellation;

May they, in beauty, ever shine,
Where blood and tears have blended;
And may they, by each hand of thine,
Be guarded and defended.

Through changing scenes our march has been
Beneath her starry fold;
Resolved that we, one day, might win
The honors we now hold.
Now, as we close our sojourn here,
We'll give the trust to you,
And on her altar drop a tear,
And bid you all adieu.

THE SILVER LAKE.

Where willows o'er bright waters bend
I'll muse a while away;
And count the stars, which seem to blend
Their beauty in its spray.

I love to muse—ah, yes, a while,
Upon its golden sands,
To watch the waves which seem to smile,
And clap their snowy hands.

I love its cool and calm retreat,
When toilsome hours are o'er—
To hear the waves enchanting beat
Their music on the shore.

Long years have swept, unconscious, past,
Since first I gazed on thee;

And now, how strange that thou, at last,
Should smile to welcome me.

Sleep on, fair lake—forever rest,
Thy form is dear to me ;
As long as love reigns in my breast,
My songs shall be of thee.

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. WORDSWORTH.

Where is the mighty of the slain,
So gallant, once, in war ?
Shall he not lead us on again
To luminate our Star ?
Fallen ! fallen ! is our hero—
The one we loved so well ;
He met his death amid the foe—
Within their ranks he fell.

I heard him shout, with sword in hand,
“ Brave boys, come, follow me ! ”
He led the host of his great land
Right on to victory.
Then as before his giant form,
Robed in a fiery shroud,
I heard his voice above the storm
His sword flashed in its cloud.

At last a hundred cannon spoke—
The battlements were riven ;
His spirit rose above the smoke
To its high rank in Heaven—

To join the legions of the dead
Beyond life's stormy sea,
By one Great Captain to be led,
Through all eternity.

He loved his country and her cause,
Far more than earthly pride ;
He fought, he bled for freedom's laws—
For liberty he died.
He knew all men must equal be,
And o'er them one flag wave,
He gave his life that we be free,
And never know a slave.

Deep in the pool of all our tears,
Now lies the gem of worth ;
There to reveal, through future years,
The name of our Wordsworth.
And when you o'er his great state tread,
Remember it's his grave ;
Then weep for him—for you he bled—
The bravest of the brave !

MY ÁLMA MATER.

On Norwich Plain we meet again,
Beneath our banner bright,
Where shine the stars, made bright by Mars,
That ever give us light.

O yes, 't is sweet, once more, to greet
Our brothers, drest in blue ;

The clash of Arms has yet its charms
In halls of old N. U.

Come, let us raise our songs of praise
To him who gave her birth,
And drop a tear o'er Ransom's bier—
The brightest spot of earth.

Come, all her brave, from land and wave,
In honored peace retreat :
The storm has past, now may you cast
Your laurels at her feet.

Remember, those who now repose,
Were once our nation's trust ;
Their names are sown where blood has flown,
To blossom in the dust.

So let us live that we may give
Our names—a watchword t' be ;
When we have past through life, at last
Our deeds may honor thee.

REV. DAVID J. PIERCE,

OF CHESTER. A GRADUATE OF NEWTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, MASS.

FOLLOW ME.

I saw a youth in manhood's prime,
The victim of a heinous crime ;
His brow was sad, his hopes were gone,

He feared he was for life undone.
In tones of sweetest melody,
Christ says to him : " Youth, follow me.

He started as he heard his name,
Then staggered back, aghast with shame,
He feared to meet that heavenly face
Till he could cover his disgrace.
But Christ replied : " Thy crimes I see
And can forgive ; so, follow me."

Astonished and amazed he stood,
While there that heavenly form he viewed ;
Bewildered, such a friend to find,
Who'd treat a wretch like him so kind,
But Jesus said : " I died for thee :
Repent, believe and follow me."

Prostrate before his friend he fell,
And all his grief of soul did tell ;
He begged that he might be forgiven,
And with his Saviour go to Heaven.
" If thou wilt my disciple be,"
Said Christ, " Arise, and follow me."

They journeyed on—the youth, indeed,
Was tempted in by-paths to tread,
But when the Lord his error showed,
He quickly chose the heavenly road.
When'er temptation he did flee,
Christ smiled and cheered him : " Follow me."

But now a lovely plain they pass,
Sweet flowers bloomed thick among the grass,

'T was pleasant to the human eye,
But grief was ever lurking nigh.
The youth soon paused, these charms to see;
Christ said, rebuking: "Follow me."

A syren voice now greets his ear;
"Stop just a moment, never fear—
Then, when your wish is gratified,
Haste on and reach your Master's side.
He followed: "Yes, I'll list to thee,
For sure my Lord will wait for me."

But as he lingered, pleasure's spell
Enticed him, till, ensnared, he fell.
Now darkness overspread the plain,
The rough winds howled, while he, in pain,
Cried out: "My God, come back to me,
And I will ever follow Thee."

But soon a horrid, giant form
Came cursing mid the dismal storm,
He seized the youth with fiendish glare
And cried, "You're a victim of Despair;"
Then hurried him across the lea,
Crying, "Have mercy, God, on me."

A prisoner now in iron bands,
Once more to God he lifts his hands;
A still small voice breaks on his ear,
He lists with anxious heart to hear:
It says: "If thou'lt from sin be free
Take up thy cross and follow me."
Far off he sees a flickering light,
Which cheers the gloom of that dark night;

With joy he hastes to reach the place
But Jesus meets him full of grace :
"Thy weakness now, O, sinner see,
Now trust in God and follow Me.

In strengthened faith he wends his way,
Nor e'er for pleasure thinks to stay ;
His Saviour leads him to the goal
And gives salvation to his soul.
So each may gain the victory
For Jesus bids you "Follow me."

A MOTHER'S DYING WORDS.

Weeping children, let not sorrow
Fill your hearts, because I die ;
For it is a voice of welcome,
Calling me to joys on high.

There are mansions for me waiting,
Where no pain nor death can come ;
When my Master calls, I 'm ready,
Glad to hear the word—"Come home."

Many trials I have suffered—
Death has called dear friends before ;
But they 're waiting to receive me,
Where there 's joy forevermore.

Pain sometimes makes life a burden—
Bitter seemed the cup to be ;
But my God hath furnished patience—
Jesus stays and comforts me.

Why am I left thus to suffer—
Racked with pain, from dark till dawn?
Ah, my God afflicts in mercy;
I shall know when I am gone.

Loving children, strive to meet me,
Pray your sins may be forgiven,
Yes, I trust, I know He 'll save you,
And we 'll meet again in Heaven.

Children, sister, aged father,
I must bid you all good bye;
I am *happy, happy, happy*,
For my JESUS seems so nigh.

LINES.

Afar in Southern skies, they say, there is a vacant place,
Where neither eye nor telescope a star may ever trace;
An unknown void it seems to be—fit place to set a throne,
Where we might place a President whom neither North nor
South will own,
Some time ago, as all well know, this thing we thought to
try—
A plot was laid, arrangements made to reach this vacant
sky;
For Johnson and the Congressmen could never here agree,
And there would be a splendid place to try "my policy."
A ladder made with eleven rounds by which they might
ascend,
They 'gan to say, the 12th of May, he 'd reach his journey's
end.

The constitution at the base they placed the ladder on,
And went to work to test its strength to bear their victims on.
One step they took ; the whole frame shook, they broke the
eleventh round,

For, strange to say, the manager had placed the top end down.

Alas! the loss for freedom's cause—

The braggart must remain,
Till he, or else his term, expire,
Or, he gets drunk again.

Some say the justice broke the scale,
Lest he should lose his chair,
And the democrats would lose a Chase
That now they could n't spare.

But some, the Senate had their pants
Filled up with bribes and rocks ;
For some their office feared to lose,
And some their share in stocks.

But never can a yankee guess
What moves the nation's heart,
Until in statesmanship, he 's served
The politician's part.

Oh ! for those men of fabled days,
When money had no power ;
When office was a sacred thing,
From which the ruthless cower ;
When for the country's sake, alone,
The patriot's blood was shed ;
And honest men dared not profane
That for which others bled.

But human reason fails to find
That golden age, so bright ;
And niggard ways, and party plays,
O'ercome the law of right.

MISS EMMA FARRAND,

OF FAIRFIELD.

LIFE.

Oh, what is life ?

I ask the sun, that rises high,
I ask the moon, the stars, the sky,
I ask all nature for reply.
The lispings wild-wood tells no tale ;
The roaring wind naught doth unveil ;
The running river, as it steals
Back to the ocean, naught reveals.

Oh, what is life ?

I ask if science hath not wrought
An answer to this eager thought,
But it unto me bringeth naught,
Though the effect it well may state,
It ne'er reveals cause ultimate ;
The laws of life it doth evolve,
But life itself it cannot solve.

Oh, what is life ?

To this wild cry, response to bring,
I seek the wise man's reasoning ;
But this hath only power to sting,
For from each somber page doth gleam
These ghastly words—" All is a dream ;
The eye sees what 't is made to see ;
There is no objectivity."

Oh, then, is life
A dream—a phantasy, a trance ?
Beneath my dizzy, spectral glance,
All nature reels in mystic dance ;
And all above, beneath, seems made
Not from real substance, but a shade.
My sick heart cries, “ All is a lie !
O, loving Father, let me die !”

Oh, what is life ?
With fervid earnestness I kneel
And ask if God may not reveal
What men and science do conceal :
My mind, no longer dull and bleared,
My heart, no longer sorrow-seared,
Graspeth from nature the impress
Of God’s unbounded truthfulness.

Hence, what is life ?
Is now no longer query wild ;
For God His weak and weary child,
By no illusion hath beguiled ;
For, on the zephyr floating by,
He sends to me this glad reply :
“ Know, all things are that seem to be ;
Know, life is a reality.”

FATE, LAW, AND GOD.

THE REIGN OF FATE.

When young the sphere,	O'er power she rode
A goddess came,	With heedless strode,
And, far and near,	And trampled down
She did proclaim	City and town,
Herself a queen.	And built again.
The world she rode	Our round, green earth,
As charger wild ;	With cruel mirth,
And this brave horse	She did convulse
She soon beguiled	With fev'rish pulse
To gentle mien.	Of earthquake shock ;
She had her way ;	Or rent the rock
She dealt her meeds,	With lightning's hand :
And in her day,	Or sent amain
All lofty deeds	A shower of rain
She did reward,	O'er sea and land—
Or treat with scorn,	And this dread power,
As pleased her taste, high-	At ev'ry hour,
born,	Early or late,
Strong, stubborn, cold,	Still ruled our sphere
Ruthless and bold ;	Both far and near ;
Free, thoughtless, wild	Men called her <i>Fate</i> .
As any child,	

THE REIGN OF LAW.

The earth grew wise ;	She did unhorse,
Fate's lawless reign	Without a tear—
Her older eyes	Without remorse :
Beheld with pain ;	And in her place
And this proud queen	There came a seer ;

With measured pace
 He trod the sphere :
 Ne'er relenting,
 Ne'er repenting,
 Ne'er forgiving,
 Ne'er reprieving,
 Ne'er capricious,
 Ne'er malicious,
 Never hating,
 Calculating :
 No lust, no love
 His pulses move.
 O'er sea and land,
 O'er all the sky ;
 With even hand
 And even eye,
 He puts these words,
 " To disobey
 Will bring, always,
 A curse—a bane
 You 'll ne'er outlive ;
 I ne'er forgive
 Rebellion's stain."

Not from caprice,
 But from the need,
 He ruins Greece,
 He kills the Mede :
 For he must save
 From timeless grave
 His law of sense ;
That like sequence
Like cause must have.
 And this cold power,
 With iron hand,
 At ev'ry hour
 Ruleth the land.
 Himself, meanwhile,
 Forever found—
 As bondsman wild,
 Securely bound.
 In sea or sky,
 Woodland or river ;
 Lowly or high,
 Forever, ever
 He is the same—
Law is his name.

THE REIGN OF GOD.

Higher, more high,
 Farther, more far
 Into the sky,
 O'er sun and star ;
 O'er heedless fate,
 O'er Law's estate,
 Riseth the sphere,
 And far and near,

Obedience
 She gladly yields
 To Providence ;
 Since He reveals
 In the design
 Which marks all things
 A love benign :
 For death or life,

For peace or strife ;
For joy or grief,
Pain or relief—
All is to save,
All is to lave
The spirit in
Wise discipline.
If to the earth
He bringeth care,
Or sin, or death,
Or dark despair,
It is to bless—
Not to oppress.
Through His decree
Has no appeal,
Still, we may see

It doth reveal
Unbounded sight—
Unbounded might,
And love that can
All being span.
Above, beneath,
From sky or sea,
From every leaf
Of every tree,
We may rehearse,
Law is the lever
Which doth inspire
With life and fire
The universe,
Through the Law-Giver.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

O come, thou Ideal of my thought—
For thee long, weary days I've sought;
For thee sad, bitter tears have shed !
For thee devoted prayers have said.
The breezes whisper low thy name ;
The rivulets repeat thy fame !
The sun, the sky, the leafy tree—
All, all things speak to me of thee.
O, shine upon me with thy grace,
O, circle me with thy embrace !
And let my weary head have rest
Upon thy universal breast !
God bless thee, bless thee ! now I feel

Thy essence through my pulses steal,
Oh! how you thrill me through and through.
My mind, now strong and free, doth scan
The world-soul's universal plan:
My eye discerning, now can see
Not being, and the things that be.
O, hold me nearer, closer, till
One thought, one life our being fill!
O, kiss me with thy lips of fire,
And with thy spirit mine inspire!
Alas! alas! wildly I press
Unto my bosom—nothingness!
Gone, gone! and I again must moan
On the still air—"alone, alone!"

THE ABSENT BRIDEGROOM.

The guests are at old Linden Hall,
And there a voice of joy and mirth
Is echoed from each frescoed wall—
From many a lip of regal birth:
And nimble feet a true time-beat
Upon the marble floor,
To music, ever strong and sweet,
Echoing o'er and o'er.
Now high, now low, now quick, now slow;
Now like the strong sea breeze—
As if 't were hearts, not hands, that played
Upon the trembling keys—
For it must be that all is well:
Soon will thy lover come, Grizel!

The young bride views the mirth of all,
But seems herself apart to dwell,
As up and down she walks the hall,
Bound by some fairy, magic spell.
For her own joy, free from alloy,
Is all too deep and strong
To find enchantment, or annoy,
From this gay, laughing throng.
But does she dream how soon will gleam
Upon her pathway bright,
The angry shafts of maddened fate,
Bringing despair and blight?
O, ominous! can it be well?
Thy lover hath not come, Grizel!

Slowly the hours wane on apace,
But still the bridegroom doth not come;
And dread, caught from the bride's pale face,
Maketh all mirth and laughter dumb.
"O, dark despair! where is he, where?
What ill luck doth betide?
Has he forgot his lady fair—
Long his betrothed bride?"
Wildly she pressed unto her breast,
The hands he oft had kissed;
Striving from cold eyes to conceal
His presence, how much missed.
O, death and hell! can it be well?
Thy lover doth not come, Grizel!

Her pride, at length, gave way to fear,
And springing wildly to her feet,
To the first ready horseman near,

She did command: "Be fleet! be fleet!
Go, mount thy steed, and in hot speed,
Go seek my lost Cyrel!
And let thy rapid charger heed
Thy knotted spur so well,
That his proud heel shall never feel
The ground beneath his tread,
But, like the wind, shall skim the earth,
Or like the cannon's lead."
What hath befel? can it be well?
Thy lover hath not come, Grizel!

The mad winds blew till shrub and tree
Screamed wildly 'neath their tortured pain:
And, "Bring my lover back to me,"
She crieth o'er and o'er again.
To this wild prayer the troubled air,
Between a shriek and groan,
Brings back the words: "Despair, despair!"
Henceforth thou well may'st moan;
For a *pale bride* is at his side,
She woos him and doth win;
She leads him to cold Jordan's stream,
And bids him enter in.
With him it must be all is well,
But O, with thee—*forlorn Grizel!*

At length was heard the charger's tread
Advancing, at a lightning pace;
And, pale with mingled hope and dread,
Became each sad and anxious face.
Ah, proud Grizel! view thy Cyrel
Pale as thy smock of white,

And wildly cry, it is not well,
And kiss thy ghostly knight;
And rudely tear from thy dark hair
The rosebuds, white and red;
And, with thy lips upon his brow,
Weep, weep, that he is dead!
With him it must be all is well,
But O, with thee—forlorn Grizel!

IN THE NET.

Ah, Fate accursed, thy chain I burst;
Thy power now is o'er;
I now am free from Love and thee,
I am your slave no more!

Ah, you have bound—ah, you have wound
Your fetters round me strong!
Burst in twain, thou golden chain—
Fondled, caressed, too long!

No more to thee I bend the knee,
O Love—uncertain thing—
For what of joy without alloy
Dost thou, to any, bring?

What dost thou bring but pang and sting,
And heart-ache, sad and sore?
Our very soul to the control
Of others, you give o'er.

All power to bless with happiness
You do consign to one;

The die is cast, the river passed,
He proveth false—undone !

Ah ! is it well to risk a hell
Of torment, for the chance
Of winning, in the world of sin,
Truth—true but in romance ?

Nay, Cupid, go ! no more your bow
Shall thrust into my breast
Its arrows wet with vain regret,
With tears of grief—unrest.

Nay, do not speak—you make me weak ;
Tell not of what *might be* ;
With eyes not blind I look behind,
And things that *are* I see.

The married face bears still the trace
Of unexpressed desire ;
The married life is passed in strife
Around the kitchen fire :

The tenderness, the fond caress
Of loved and lover hence ;
No more they grasp, in gentle clasp,
The hand, with pulse intense.

Ah, Love, thou sprite of dark and light,
Thou spirit, young and old,
These owned your thrall, *these* gave you all ;
You left them in the cold !

Then, Cupid, go ; no more your bow
Shall thrust into my breast

Its arrows wet with sad regret—
With tears of grief—unrest.

Ah! vain decree, for now I see,
Before my fancy rise
A minnie glance—sweet dalliance—
From those dark, handsome eyes.

That manly face—movement of grace—
That *way*, not to be told!
That tenderness but half expressed—
All these around me fold,

And hold me near, till without fear
I yield—without regret:
Ah, Love, thy art well learned by *heart*,
Now hath me in the net!

ON THE DEATH OF CORDIE.

The bridal wreath was on her brow,
And on her lips the bridal vow,
Five weeks ago; but naught, to-day
Is left, of her young life, but clay.

Her pulse is still—her eyes are closed;
She sleepeth now the pale repose.
Ah, brother, sister, gather near
And pour the unavailing tear.

The sharer of your youthful plays—
Companion of your older days,

Gone, now, and left you to each other—
Lonely sister, lonely brother.

Ah, father, mother, now ye know
The bitter grief, the bitter woe
Of broken ties; one doted on
Forever from the circle gone.

Your table has a vacant place,
Your home has lost a smiling face;
No more, in all your walks, you hear
That gentle voice of merry cheer.

And now the childish, winning ways
Of her bright, happy, girlhood days
Come to your mem'ry once again,
And make the more your grief and pain.

You see the little trundle-bed—
Hear how her baby-prayer she said;
“Lord, now I lay me down to sleep,”
Father, mother, well may ye weep.

Ah, lover, kiss thy cold, cold bride,
Now gone forever from thy side;
And rashly curse this hard decree,
And wildly cry, it should not be.

But yesterday you called her wife—
Both in the morning of your life—
But yesterday she gave to you
Her hand, with pledges warm and true.

And *now*! ah, hard—ah, hard it seems
That she—wife of your boyhood dreams—

Should thus in haste be snatched away,
The plighted bride of Death, to-day !

Ye fairy hopes, harbored with care,
Ye roving fancies, wild and fair,
Where are ye now ? where have ye fled ?
Shrouded with her who lieth dead !

No more, no more your hands will press
Her own, in gentle, fond caress ;
No more her eyes in yours will seek
To read the love you could not speak.

No more—for she is dead—is dead :
The light gone out, the spirit fled !
O God ! you cry, why throw the pall
On her, so cherished by us all.

But, peace ! I hear a still small voice
Cry from the clouds : “ Rejoice, rejoice !
O darling ones, I have gone home ;
I now by peaceful waters roam.”

“ Then wipe your eyes ; no longer weep ;
I am not dead, I do not sleep,
But here, upon this better shore,
I watch and wait till ye come o’er.”

A. A. EARLE,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE "ORLEANS INDEPENDENT STANDARD" AT BARTON—
ALSO OF THE "TIMES" AT ST. JOHNSBURY.

BY THE CONNECTICUT.

'Twas harvest eve when last adown thy winding stream I
 strayed,

Each silver star was shining far o'er hill and grassy glade ;
The pale round moon, effulgent, poured her rays of liquid
 light,

As slowly, proudly up she rolled, the peerless queen of night.

The whispering winds that sadly sighed, the sultry sum-
 mer day,

Now wantoned with thy limpid drops, then sped them on
 their way ;

Thy winsome waters caught the strain, and sweeping, grand
 and free,

Together sang an anthem, old as angel-minstrelsy.

The husbandman, with weary feet, had to his home returned :
To shun the labors of the day, his manly soul had spurned ;
The frugal meal, toil sweetened, o'er, and care and sor-
 row fled,

His household, each in unison, breathe blessings on his head.

While pond'ring, wond'ring thus I strolled, my soul in pen-
 sive cast,

I dwelt upon the future years, and sorrowed o'er the past ;
I saw Oppression's iron car, where Terror rears her throne,
Move mournfully and surely on, and heard her victims groan.

In Mem'ry saw I once again the Indian's birchen boat
Skim softly o'er from shore to shore, lightly as fairies float.
The Indian climbed the mountain's cliff, and scaled its
craggy crest,
That like a giant, old and grim, lay mirrored on thy breast.

The eagle in her eyrie on Monadnock's rocky height,
In craven fear at his wild cheer, her pinions plumed for
flight.
The fierce Algonquins of the north—unconquered kings in
fray,
Swooped grandly down, in conscious pride, to Narragansett
Bay.

The Micmaes and Pokanokets, Pequots and Iroquois,
In warlike trim each marshaled him, in cruel death's em-
ploy;
And Metamora, Massasoit, King Philip's tireless braves,
Have reached their happy hunting-grounds—they sleep in,
glorious graves.

From where St. Lawrence's frantic floods meet wild Atlan-
tic's sands,
To Champlain's calm and crystal depths, roved free and
happy bands.
Ah, nevermore shall streamlet's shore give greeting to
their tread;
A grim and spectral cavalcade moves through the realms
of shade.

Kind spirit of the dreamy past, whose truths unceasing flow,
Pray tell how passed from earth away—and speak, in whis-
pers low.

Each breath that fans the fevered brow, the west wind's
solemn sigh,

With pen of iron, on my soul, engrave this stern reply :

The *Christian* came with sword and flame—farewell peace,
honor, now !

With hands uplifted high to heaven, I hear his solemn vow ;
Like some foul bird's ill-omened wing, that flaps in empty
air,

I see the treach'rous Mayflower's sails—I list the pilgrims'
prayer.

I see that despot band kneel low on Plymouth's hostile shore,
While mingling their ascriptions grand with ocean's win-
try roar ;

No deep-toned organ's thrilling notes, nor quaint cathedral
bell

Keeps time or tune in harmony with their rich anthem's
swell.

The prayers are said, the songs are o'er, the Indian in
amaze

Now hears the deadly rifle ring ! his wigwam sees ablaze !
He yields him to the *Christian* steel, as sand yields to the
wave !

He lived an untamed nobleman, and died no lordling's slave.

Farewell, bright stream ! still dost thou roll thy murm'ring
floods along

Where wave rich fields of golden grain, and rustic reapers
throng.

No poet-pencil ever traced sublimer scene than thine !

None, save the golden streams of heaven, than thee are
more divine.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Let all who love the Lord proclaim
The crucified Redeemer's name,
Till ev'ry land shall own its sway,
And nations learn the wondrous Way.

Bend low the knee to Bethlehem's Child,
Whose peaceful banner rules the world,
His name, His power, His righteousness,
All lands shall own—all lands shall bless.

When ev'ry nation, tribe, and tongue,
In accents sweet, His name have sung,
In power and glory shall He come
To bear earth's ransomed children home.

O, praise the Lord! shout—shout His name,
And set the heavenly choir aflame!
Lift high to Him each tuneful soul,
Long as the endless ages roll.

High raise His banner, then, on earth,
And shout that name of matchless worth;
Strike lute and lyre, His peans swell,
Who conquers death, the grave, and hell.

WHERE IS GOD?

O where is God? Enthroned on high,
In realms of blissful majesty;
Where angel hosts and seraphs bright
Forever bask in purest light,

Sits He who rules in sov'reign sway—
Whose mandates myriad worlds obey.

O where is God? The mountains hoar,
Whose bald peaks list the wind's wild roar;
And Amazon—Missouri's flood;
The holy Ganges—stream of blood—
And all the isles that deck the sea,
His habitation sure shall be.

O where is God? In ev'ry breeze
That strolls and whispers 'mid the trees;
In ev'ry pebbly brook that gleams
And flashes back the sun's bright beams;
In verdant vale or woodland green,
Thy dwelling place, O Lord, is seen.

O where is God? The trackless deep,
Whose mighty billows dash and leap—
Each twink'ling lamp that burns on high,
And lights the broad expanse of sky—
Each bird and bee that flits in air,
Proclaim that God is everywhere.

MISS CARRIE E. RICHARDSON,

FORMERLY OF PEACHAM—*now* OF ALGONAC, MICHIGAN.

COLD WATER.

Cold water—pure water! away with champagne,
The charms of the spoiler are brandished in vain,
While a nectar far sweeter than Jupiter sips,

We raise from its fountain and press to our lips.
Cold water—pure water!—wine blushes for shame
To know, with its presence, what wretchedness came,
Then water the thirst of the millions shall slake,
'T is clear as the crystal from which they partake.

From this wonderful treasure,
This source of rich pleasure,
This joy beyond measure,
“Here 's a health to you all.”

Cold water—pure water!—hence brandy and rum!
Your bane for each blessing shall never more come;
For we' ll break the strong fetters which bind with a ban,
While flows, for the taking, this blessing to man.
Cold water—pure water!—no porter, no beer:
'The thought of their presence would mar our good cheer,
For we sing of cold water, the nectar of life,
Which brings no dissension, and wakens no strife.

From this wonderful treasure,
This source of rich pleasure,
This joy beyond measure,
“Here 's a health to you all.”

Cold water—pure water!—bid toddy retreat,
While we sing of the water which flows at our feet;
For it brings no disaster, no want and no woe,
But crowns us with blessings wherever we go.
Cold water—pure water!—no whisky, no gin;
Of the reign of these tyrants we 'll say—“it has been.”
Then cease to discard—do you ask where our bliss?
We point to cold water, and answer—“'t is this.”

From this wonderful treasure,
This source of rich pleasure,

This joy beyond measure,
"Here 's a health to you all."

Cold water—pure water!—thrice welcome our friend;
Bring health, wealth and plenty till life have an end;
No widow shall view thee, then mournfully sigh,
Alas for the tempter!—alas thou wast nigh!—
No orphan upbraid thee, or bitterly moan,
Ah me!—for thy presence how weep I alone!
Cold water— pure water!—what blessings are thine;
What joy dost thou bring us, what peace half divine!
From this wonderful treasure,
This source of rich pleasure,
This joy beyond measure,
"Here 's a health to you all."

THE WHITE SAIL.

Come quickly, sister Ethel,
And tell me if there be
A white sail moving land-ward,
Far out upon the sea.
It may be but the moonbeams,
They 've cheated me before,
But fond hope seems to whisper
That it is something more.

My eyes grow dim with watching,
Oh ! tell me if there be
A white sail moving land-ward,
With joy for you and me ?

You 'll know it, little Ethel,
Our mother's name in gold,
The broad sail just above it,
You 'll know, if you behold.

Then hasten, sister Ethel,
And tell me what you see ;
Is there a white sail coming,
With joy for you and me ?
Or is it but the moonbeams
Upon the passing wave,
Like weird, wild spirits, dancing
Above some sailor's grave ?

'T is just four years, my darling,
Since father sailed away,
Oh, well do I remember
The dreary parting-day !
Our mother's face, so pallid,
It haunts my slumbers yet—
That look of weary anguish
I never can forget.

Oh Ethel, sister Ethel !
Come nearer to my side,
And place your tiny fingers
Upon my palm so wide.
I 'm stronger when you 're near me,
It gives me power to bear.
Sweet Ethel, gentle Ethel !
You 're like your mother fair.

He called me, little sister,
His "darling blue eyed-boy,"

And then he said, "My Benny,
You 'll be your mother's joy :
You 'll comfort her in sorrow,
The years will fly away,
Until the white sail brings you
Your father back, one day."

You were an infant, sister ;
I was a boy of four,
When father's noble vessel
Pushed sea-ward from the shore.
Oh, long we watched and waited !
Our waiting was in vain ;
We saw no white sail coming
For us across the main.

Our mother's step grew feeble,
No smile lit up her eye ;
One day she called me to her,
And said that she must die.
I hardly knew her meaning,
But something seemed to say,
She, too, would shortly leave us,
As father did, one day.

And when she saw me shudder,
And tears bedim my eyes,
She drew me fondly to her,
'Mid weary, weary sighs,
And whispered, oh so gently !
"My Benny, do not grieve ;
A white sail cometh for me,
And I must shortly leave.

“ A white sail cometh for me,
But not your father’s, dear,
’T is nearing, swiftly nearing,
And it will soon be here :
And when with the pale boatman
I ’ve passed from off the shore,
Be kind to sister Ethel—
You ever were before.

And tell your father, Benny,
When he comes back from sea,
How sadly I have missed him—
How dear he is to me.”
Too soon the boatman called her,
Then pushed from off the shore ;
I sometimes fear, my Ethel,
We ’ll see her never more ;

For many months have wasted,
Since first she left our side,
And yet no white sail cometh
For us, across the tide.
No white sail cometh, Ethel ;
And, oh, the dreary pain !
Our weary, weary watching
Must ever be in vain.

But look once more, sweet sister,
And tell me if there be
A white sail moving land-ward
With joy for you and me.
You ’ll know it, little Ethel—
Our mother’s name in gold ;

The broad sail, just above it,
You 'll know if you behold.

RAN AWAY.

Ran away from the sober farm-house,
Just under the sloping hill,
Two wee little, bare, brown feetlings,
That find it *so hard* to be still.
They 've carried their brave little owner
Through mischief, and frolic, and play;
And to-day, I am sorry to say it,
They 've carried my baby away.

Come back to me, little brown feetlings,
With your pattering steps so light,
Come back to me now, my darling,
You 've given us such a fright.
We 've searched the house and the garden,
The orchard, the barn and the field;
Oh, I pray that some guardian angel
My runaway boy will shield!

Far down through the rankest clover,
A wee little path I see,
It is just about large enough, darling,
For a run-away boy of three:
And bright, through the waving blossoms,
Comes a glimpse of something red:
I 've found you, at last, young truant;
'T is the cap on my runaway's head.

Two poor, little, tired footlings,
'Mong the clover and daisies lain,
Two hardy brown hands with their dimples,
All covered with strawberry-stain.
Two eyes, with the lashes o'er them,
Bright curls on the healthy brow—
I 've found you, at last, my darling,
And I 'll waken my baby now.

You 've sought for your gentle slumber
The buttercup's home, my boy,
With the musical cricket beside you,
The grasshopper singing for joy ;
And the breezes that wander so gently,
Through the clover-tops over your head,
Are soft as the voice of affection,
To the whispers of angels wed.

But the farm-house is lonely without you,
Come back to it, little brown feet ;
Come back with that gentle patter,
So musical and so sweet.
And I pray the great " All Father,"
While the years glide swiftly by,
To guide the little brown footlings
In the path that leads on high.

AT THE DAWNING.

" At the dawning—oh, remember !"
From her white lips came the prayer,
While the breezes of September

Stirred the tresses of her hair.
"You must bury me at dawning,
When my spirit 's fled away,
In the early, early morning,
'Mid the purple flush of day.

"You must promise then to cover
Mine own with its kindred clay;
For I know the angels hover
Nearest earth at break of day:
There 's a chillness creeping o'er me,
There 's a weight upon my breath,
And the shadows, thick before me,
Are the heralds sent by death.

"Go without the garden wicket,
'Neath the branching linden tree
Standing near the vocal thicket;
Hollow there a grave for me.
Let the night dews gently press it;
They are tears by angels shed;
Let the passing winds caress it,
Sighing for the early dead.

"Mark the moon-beams, when they linger
In a last, faint farewell ray;
When the night, with jeweled fingers,
Beckons to the rising day.
Carry, then, this lifeless casket
To the fresh and fragrant lawn;
As a precious boon I ask it,
Bury me at early dawn.

“ At the dawning—at the dawning,
When the wild birds carol free,
In the early, early morning,
Heap the cold earth over me.
You must bury me at dawning”
Once, again, she strove to say—
“ You must bury me at dawning,”
And her spirit passed away.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little, hums the bee,
Little by little 's the motto for me,
I busily work each shining hour,
Flitting along from flower to flower;
Sipping the sweets from each beautiful fern,
Gathering food ere the winter storm,
A little here—a little there,
A little sweetness everywhere.

Little by little the acorn said
To the giant oak tree over head;
Little by little, the germ will grow,
Little by little, sure and slow.
Long time will pass in a tedious round
To sink my roots in the foster ground—
Ere the sapling stands by the parent's side,
As hardy in form, and as haughty in pride.

Little by little, the ocean cries;
Little by little, the cloud replies;

Little by little, I drink of the sea ;
Little by little 's the motto for me.
I gather the raindrops, far and near,
A little there—a little here ;
And I scatter them wide, with a faithful hand,
A few little raindrops to every land.

Little by little, ambition said,
And pressed a hand to an aching head ;
Little by little, the prize is won,
Little by little the task is done.
Patiently plodding, day by day,
Toiling along a weary way,
May I stand, at last, on the rock of fame,
Little by little to carve a name.

Little by little, all nature cries ;
Little by little, the heart replies ;
Little by little the goal is won ;
Little by little all good is done.
How shall we banish the tyrant woe ?
Not with the power of a single blow ;
But little by little—here and there
Scatter the clouds of doubt and care.

ALBERT R. SAVAGE, A. B.,

FORMERLY OF RYEGATE, VT.—*now* A RESIDENT OF LANCASTER, N. H., AND GRADUATE
OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, CLASS OF 1871.

JENNIE AND I.

Two little, prattling children we—

Jennie and I,

Careless and wild as we could be,

Jennie and I.

Twelve years had flowed their course for me,

And ten for her—as, childishly,

We prattled on, and joyously—

Jennie and I.

We played, as suited a childish whim—

Jennie and I ;

We danced on the meadow's velvet green—

Jennie and I :

Together we wandered over the hills,

And, hand in hand, leaped over the rills,

With joy that ever a child-heart fills—

Jennie and I.

We were happy and free as the summer-air—

Jennie and I ;

No trace of sorrow, or thought of care—

Jennie and I ;

Our childish trust increased the more,

As we whispered each other, o'er and o'er,

The love to each the other bore—

Jennie and I.

Long years have passed since last we met—

Jennie and I ;

We parted with many a fond regret—

Jennie and I :

Early she crossed the vague unknown,

And I am waiting all alone—

Waiting for her to bid me come—

Jennie and I.

In the Heaven above we soon shall meet—

Jennie and I ;

And walk together the golden street—

Jennie and I ;

Never again shall our parting be :

We 'll wake, together, the sweetest lay

Forever, in Heaven's eternal day—

Jennie and I.



TOLL, TOLL, TOLL!

Toll, toll, toll,

The knell of a buried hope—

Of a hope that was life, but is life no more ;

Of a life that is worn as the sea-beat shore,

That has left but the dregs in the cup.

Chant, chant, chant,

The dirge of a human joy ;

Can aught be so dead as a withered delight,

Of a spiritless void in the heart—the light

Of desponding, the only alloy ?

Roll, Roll, Roll,
O waves of the ocean, roll !
On the ocean of life is many a bark ;
The black clouds are over—before is all dark,
O, roll then, secure, to their goal !

Weep, weep, weep,
Let a tear, in sympathy, fall ;
How blest is the spirit that sorrow hath known,
Not a tear to the ground falls unnoticed, unknown ;
In mercy God measures them all.

Knock, knock, knock !
At the door of a human soul :
Without is the gilding—a tumult within ;
Confusion and discord—the wages of sin—
Are more than the death of a soul.

Pray, pray, pray,
To the Father of light above,
For a love, that shall drive from the sun away
The clouds of hate, that darken the day ;
For a Heaven of light and love.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

O Death ! how beautiful thou art !
Not the pale angel, whose approaching steps we fear,
But messenger of love : even though the message bear
But harshly on a quivering heart.

Death leads the weary pilgrim home,
Foot-sore and feeble, waiting on the hither sand ;

With Death the tide he crosses, gains the heavenly strand,
The golden harp, the starry crown.

How well, how beautifully bright
The blow, even as it falls on childhood's careless brow !
That loving voice, so silent here, is singing now
Beyond the veil that shuts our sight.

Death does not rob us of our gem ;
We mourn the casket where the priceless jewel lay,
The while a guardian angel bears it swift away
To grace our Father's diadem.

How passing beautiful that sleep
That gently falls upon the silvered brow of years,
And shuts the weary eyelids, filled with tears,
And opes them, never more to weep !

Call not again the fleeting breath,
Do not enchain it to the transitory clay, [day—
Death's wand will change the passing night to endless
How beautiful art thou, O Death !

MRS. OLIVE E. P. THOMAS,

OF SALISBURY.

TO MY MOTHER.

While worlds roll on their track of light,
And human souls are gleaming
Immortal tints of bloom or blight,
Amid life's solemn meaning ;

A wand of magic power will move
The world's great heart to duty,
Whose strongest throbs shall sweetly prove
Its influence and beauty.

We sing of love, a mother's own,
Blent with our life's awaking;
How dear no human heart hath known,
Till death the bond is breaking.
We wreathe our lips with smiles to-day,
For joy is o'er us shining,
And springing blossoms gild our way
At every hour's declining.

But deep within our fervent souls
Are tones, the while we listen
The backward surge of memory rolls
With tears our eyes to glisten.
Oh, Mother mine ! the gliding years
Have kept the visions tender,
That hallow all the hopes and fears
Of childhood's wasted splendor !

And thou dost shine a star serene
Above the days departed,
Affection twines the laurels green;
Oh, strong and tender-hearted !
Though severed from thee, every hour
We pause and question, breathless,
If we have fully prized thy dower
Of human love, yet deathless.

Thine was the blessedness of trust,
That wearies not in giving,

A morning dew amid the dust
Upon our earthly living.
Thy placid smile no treachery held,
Its brightening glow will linger
Till rising cares are all dispelled
By death's relentless finger.

Thine was the sweet forgiving grace
Each youthful error hiding,
Thy prayer we know, whate'er our place,
Is on our fate abiding.
We 've seen thee in thy noon of pride,
Thy life a dream enchanted,
We 've felt thy tearless woe abide
When death his arrow planted.

We 've stood within thy widowed home,
We 've marked thy pale lips quiver,
And known thy heart lay 'neath the stone—
Thy hope beyond the river.
We 've prayed that loving human hands
Would smoothe thy path of sorrow;
God's peace above thy pillow stand,
And cheer each lonely morrow.

Oh, ever fondly do we turn
To thee, with thoughts of blessing,
Amid life's changes pause, and yearn
For thy kind arm's caressing.
Though tender love our life enfolds,
And hope is bright before us,
Thy face will beam till evening cold,
A guardian angel o'er us.

And this will be our fervent prayer —
That we may be united ;
Who 've known thy care, in mansions where
No flowers by death are blighted.
Dear Mother ! when the blessedness
Of home will not be riven,
The band we prize serenely rest
Within the peace of Heaven.

DEATH IN THE "GOLDEN LAND."

A miner laid him down to rest beneath a stranger sky—
Parched with the glowing fever heat, he laid him down to
die :
One comrade lingered by his side, to soothe his dying pain ;
To list his parting words and weep, when death had rent
the chain.
His waving hair, tossed o'er a brow of beauty, fair and high—
How sad, that one so noble thus in loneliness should die.
"Come nearer to me, brother, now !" the pale lips softly
said ;
"Soon will this form of mine lie low, amid the gathered dead.
"Oh, cease thy bitter weeping, for life's last hour has come,
And I would have thee bear my words of love to those at
home.
Oh home ! dear home, how sweet the sound, it dims e'en
now my eye,
For oh ! I'm thinking 't would be blest in that loved spot
to die :
I'm thinking of the sad adieu, the tearful, prayerful band—

The hour when last I looked upon my own, my native land ;
When, full of hope, the proud ship sailed, and fancy pictured
o'er

Alluring scenes of wealth and gold upon this far-off shore.
"I 'm thinking of a mother's love, her fond, her last farewell,
A father's hand, in blessing given ; how tremblingly it fell—
A sister's kiss—her clinging arms so wildly round us thrown,
For we were all—the only sons, the idols of our home.
My father ! thou wilt be his staff, when he is growing old—
My mother ! sister ! would these arms once more could round
you fold ;

These lips again be pressed to yours, as in the days gone by
Then calmly could I all resign—then joyfully I 'd die !

"Oh tell them that I 've loved them well, and in my dying
hour

Their memory twined around my soul, with an o'ermaster-
ing power ;

Tell them I heeded, cherished all the counsels that they gave,
And Christ hath given a victory o'er the terrors of the grave ;
Thou know'est the precious Bible given, a guide hath ever
been,

Unto the wanderer's erring feet, a shield from deeds of sin !
And bid them not to mourn for me—for, on a brighter shore,
I 'll wait to welcome them, where death and tears will come
no more.

"And there's another dear one, still waiting at home for me"
My voice grows faint—oh, do n't forget this message given
to thee !

Thou 'lt meet her—tell—oh, tell her how her fond and
trusting love

Hath made my life an Eden path, like to the land above !

Her pictured face !—I'd gaze again within the beaming eyes.
Can aught be fairer, brother dear, within God's Paradise ?
Lay this sweet image near my heart, when I am cold in death,
And tell her that I blessed her name, e'en with my latest
breath.

"I'm sad to leave thee, brother, here in this far land alone ;
But God will be a friend still near—oh, look unto His throne.
He bids me come up higher, and I see the angel band—
A joy that is unfading waits me in that better land !
Death's dew is on my forehead, and I cannot see thy face—
Oh, check thy tears, and fold me close, within one last embrace."

Then cold the brow of beauty grew ; smiles o'er the pale
lips fell ;

"I'm going home !" he murmured low, "dear brother—
fare thee well !"

The love light slowly faded then, from out the beaming eye,
And spirit-wings, unfolding, plumed a flight beyond the sky.
In solitude, with bitter tears, the brother gently laid
The loved one down to rest, within the grave his hands had
made,

And then, in loneliness of soul, his footsteps turned away
To seek the home where prayer arose for those who went
astray.

Now rests he in the lonely wild, where none will o'er him
weep,

But mournful winds sigh round his tomb, and stars a night
watch keep.

Oh, rest thee, spirit ! safely moored within the haven blest !
Where dreams of pride, of power and gold, no more shall
lure thy breast.

Though angel voices wooed thee hence, in all life's strength
and bloom ;
Though human love shall never bring its offering to thy
tomb !
Though death hath made thy lowly bed far from the home
of love,
Thou rovest now the golden streets of Paradise above—
Thy wealth is immortality—a crown of glory bright ;
A shining harp—a tearless home, in realms of fadeless light !

WHITE ROSES.

When moonlight's golden spell was thrown
O'er village spire and waving pine,
One pale, sweet face beside me shone ;
One gentle hand was clasped in mine.
June's roses, pure as drifting snow,
O'er-crowned the hedge we leant beside ;
I spoke of joys we 'd one day know,
When they should crown my own—a bride.

When, 'neath the roof of yonder tower,
Our lips should breathe the promise o'er,
Beside the shrine, whose holy power
Should blend our lives forever more.
Her mournful eyes were raised to mine ;
Through trembling tears their glances shone ;
"Nay, nay," she said, "by yonder pine
See'st thou the gleaming burial stone ?

"Before another June shall come,
With moonlit hour, and rose's glow,

My home will be the silent tomb,
My rest the grave, so cold and low!
This heart for thee no more will beat,
Oh, friend, more dear than all beside!
Perchance the roses may be sweet—
They 'll deck the bier and not the bride."

"Oh, speak not thus!" I cried in grief,
"The strength of love shall bind thee here;
A life so pure, should not be brief!"
Yet o'er me swept a darkening fear;
And then I knew how large a part
Of life was this o'ermastering love.
I clasped her to my beating heart,
And prayed that God would shield my dove.

* * * * *

The fading year left in its train
The radiant hours of mirth and song;
When echoing bells, with glad acclaim,
The New Year's greeting lay prolong.
While hearts were gay at festive time,
Death's shadow o'er my path was thrown,
One cold, cold hand was laid in mine,
One voice was breathing love's last tone.

The joy-bells ceased—to sound a knell
O'er one whose earthly smile had fled,
Upon whose bosom lay the spell
That gathers o'er the slumbering dead.
Amid the golden, gleaming hair,
Some pure white wintry buds I laid,

And longed the couch of rest to share,
Kind hands amid the snows had made.

The vines are climbing o'er the wall;
The winds of June are murmuring low;
The radiant moonbeams softly fall,
As in the eves of long ago.

Beside the moss-grown church I stand—
The pine tree's shadow o'er me thrown,
Where snowy roses lightly bend
Above the sculptured burial stone.

My early lost ! my angel bride !
Though years have in their silence fled,
With solemn joy I stand beside
The mound that keeps my sainted dead.
The silver lies upon my hair—
Life's hour is brief, I know—and soon
Our souls the bond of joy shall wear
Where Eden's deathless roses bloom.

S. B. ROCKWELL,

OF MIDDLEBURY.

FREEDOM FOR POLAND.

Fair Freedom ! may we hold thee dear
In lands remote, beyond the sea ;
Thy children, in our stricken land,
Proclaim their sympathies for thee ;

Our thoughts, despite of time and place,
Go forth in sorrow for the race
Who fight for Freedom's rising star,
Bedimmed by Russia's haughty Czar.

Brave land! we share thy wrongs with thee—
Thy griefs are ours—thy clouds our gloom;
And memory, like a mourner there,
Weeps o'er thy holy patriot tomb.
The deeds of Kosciusko tell
How Freedom rallied when he fell;
And in his dying breath of prayer
Rung out the knell of slavery there.

Ho, gallant ones! with iron wills,
Who spurn enslavement to the Czar,
Stand forth and claim your birth-right true—
You share our sympathies afar:
To-day Columbia in her tears,
Stands pledged to thee in future years,
And gives to thine her generous cares,
Embalmed in friendship's fervent prayers.

COMPENSATION—A SONNET.

The day had sunk to peaceful rest,
The hills embalmed in snow,
Fair Venus twinkled in her sheen,
The crescent queen hung low;
The winds were cradled in repose;
The frost-king bore his sway;

The stars stood out upon the sky ;
Bright shone the milky way.

The air was sharp and chill, without,
The hearth-fires glowed, within ;
No lack of cheer in all the town,
In palace, cot or inn.
At length a tap upon the door
Aroused a sleeping swain,
Who, startled from his half-fledged dreams,
Resumed his task again.

A figure, wan, and strangely thin,
Whose cheeks were furrowed o'er
With grief and sorrow, age and care,
Stood shivering at his door :
His locks were white as virgin snow,
His garments soiled and worn,
His bended form and piping voice
Bespoke the man forlorn.

He rested on a friendly cane,
And tottered as he said—
“A crust, a lodging for the night—
Your floor may be my bed.”
“Once I had gold,” continued he,
“A home and children dear—
My gold took wings, my children died,
No friend to drop a tear.”

“Ah, you must be forlorn, indeed,”
Replied his kindly host,
“No home, no kin, no gold, alas !
No luxuries to boast.

In vain to you the spring returns,
In vain the hollies bloom ;
No friend to share your load of ills,
That drags you to the tomb."

"Nay, quoth the aged man of cares,
This truth is plainly clear,
The sum of human happiness
Is nearly *equal* here ;
More equal, far, as I conceive,
Than blind man estimates—
'T is thus that Heaven is just to all,
And losses *compensates* !

"While you have gold, and I have none,
While you have home and cheer,
And corn and fruits and garner full,
That reach around the year ;
Sore cares have you—none such have I—
And possibly beside,
Rebellious sons and haughty heirs—
Perhaps a prudish bride.

"While you are plagued by flood or fire,
Your ships o'erthrown at sea,
This *compensation* I enjoy—
A *gracious poverty*.
You dream, of nights, of *pad* and thieves—
Your losses deep deplore,
This *compensation* blesteth me—
No gold have I in store.

"Your stocks are down—they yield no hoard—
Your tenants fail to pay ;

While my worn wallet counts alike
In blustering March or May.
Confined at home by carking cares,
The world you seldom see,
While I a liberty enjoy—
UNQUALIFIED and FREE.

“Perhaps you lack a peace that flows
From sense of sins forgiven;
While I ’ve a golden trust that claims
A title-deed to Heaven;
A treasure fraught with glorious hope,
And Immortality—
A *compensation* for life’s woes;
A constant joy to me.”

THE QUAKER VOLUNTEER.

His day’s work done—a Quaker sat
Before a blazing, cheerful fire—
A pretty woman by his side;
What more could mortal man desire?
His supper eaten—pets in bed,
His table well with books supplied;
No regal prince more blest than he,
In all the noisy world beside.

Life, with his spouse, was sunny morn,
The hours sped gaily, sweetly past;
Each day with her was crowned with bliss,
No cloud his tranquil sky o’ercast:
For her he lived—O, gallant thought—

For her beat strong his manly breast ;
How could he leave her for the wars ?
The cruel thought he half suppressed.

Despite of creeds, despite of rules,
His spirit yearned to share the strife—
To grapple with the haughty foe
He asked permission of his wife.
His soul was kindled to a flame ;
Nor home, nor spouse could brook his zeal ;
“ Amy, thee wilt—thee wilt consent
That I defend my country’s weal.”

“ Nathan, my dear, thee canst but know,
To thy sweet will my own I bow ;
To ‘ love, and cherish, and obey,’
I pledged thee in my marriage-vow.
’T is hard to tear thee from my love ;
’T is hard to willingly comply ;
’T is hard to share our home alone,
But harder, Nathan, to deny.”

The Quaker mused—his heart was stirred ;
He watched the glowing, blazing fire—
Emblem of *inward* flames aglow—
Which every moment mounted higher :
“ Amy,” said he, “ I can n’t abide
The logic of our Quaker schools ;”
And, list’ning to the voice *within*,
He doffed, for once, his Quaker rules.

Next day he donned the martial suit,
And mounted on his charging steed ;
He bent and kissed a sweet adieu,

While she a *homily* did read—
 “Nathan, my dear, thee wilt take care,
 And ne’er return to wound my pride
 By coming home, surcharged with lead
 Received, alas! in thy *back-side*.

“Amy,” said Nathan, as he placed
 Upon her cheek the parting kiss,
 “Thee ne’er shalt hear of him you love
 A deed, so cowardly as this.”
 Farewells and love the pair exchanged,
 And prayed to meet another day;
 Then dashed the soldier, out of sight
 Of wife and home, to join the fray.

* * * * *

When Freedom’s gallant sons pour out
 Their loyal blood, in gory pools,
 Let *Quakers* join to strike a blow,
 Despite their training, and their schools.
 Henceforth, in history’s golden urn,
 Shall stand recorded—as their due—
 How *Quakers* fought for human rights,
 In *eighteen hundred sixty two!*

APOSTROPHE TO COLONEL E. D. BAKER.

Thy mission is o’er—life’s battles are ended—
 A nation now mourns thee in sadness and grief:
 The cause which thou loved and bravely defended,
 Is ’reft of a gallant and patriot chief;

And the tongue, that so warmly plead for the slave,
Lies mute in the cell of its "lone mountain grave."

Strong as a lion, as swift as an eagle,
As dauntless as Cæsar of old;
True to thy trust as the mystical needle,
Unmoved or unbought by bludgeons or gold;
On the field, in the forum, at whatever post,
Thy skill was a match for a treacherous host.

When the dragon of treason strode from his lair,
Mut'ring curses of vengeance, my country, on thee,
Thy voice rose aloft on the tremulous air,
Inviting—inspiring the hearts of the free
To come to the rescue, like Briton or Gaul,
And drive the base monster back to the wall.

Thy clarion voice and silver tipt tongue
Stirred city, and town, and mountain, and glen—
Moved Senates and States, while breathless they hung
On thy lips, as one of the greatest of men;
The tribute be thine, of a nation in tears,
Unceasing—increasing in measure of years.

When courage was blanched, and cowering shame
Bound thousands in shackles of menacing fear—
When each sought to find, in the other, some blame,
As war shook his locks, all gory and drear—
While all were appalled and standing aghast,
Thy words cheered the hosts as they rode on the blast—

As the gathering war clouds rose lurid and dun,
Threat'ning ruin and death to thine and to thee—

When fear stalk'd a spectre in every home,
From the Lakes to the Gulf, from mountain to sea—
Thou did'st fling to the breeze thy banner unfurled,
Defiant of crime, though in arms by a world!

When foul handed treason, defiant and bold,
Clutched fiercely the altars of Freedom and Law—
Stole arsenals and forts, munitions and gold,
In order to cloy his ravenous maw ;
Not counting life dear, but rejecting *the lie*,
Thou rushed to the conflict, to conquer or die!

'Tis well said by one, that 'tis not all of life
To live—though one lives his three score and ten—
That life is the longest, when leagued in the strife
Which strikes down the blackest and basest of men.
Though thou fell in thy prime, bereft of thy years,
We'll count thy life long, and embalm it in tears.

As Langdon, and Lawrence, and Warren of yore,
Still live in their deeds, persuasive, sublime,
Inspiring true valor, as never before—
An offering to freedom, in all coming time ;
So with thee shall it prove—Lo ! now doth appear,
Though dead, yet thou speakest—though gone, thou art here !

Let the low moaning winds chant thy funeral dirge,
And the sea, with its surf, chime thy requiem too ;
Let thy name live in song to time's farthest verge,
And thy deeds and thy fame be mirrored to view
As an orator, statesman, hero—and then
As a friend to the poor—crown jewel of men.

THE REAPER.

Yon moves a Reaper, both merry and blithe—
And all who may stand in the swing of his scythe
Must yield to his stroke; what matters to him
Whether youthful and strong, or haggard and grim?

The number that fall by his sickle, each day,
Is one every second, cut down on the way;
'T is vain to dispute the Reaper's domain,
Or challenge his right to gather the grain.

How vain the attempt to parry his blows!
He gathers his sheaves wherever he goes;
He garners the young, he reaps down the old,
For he halts not, nor sleeps—the Reaper bold.

Insane is the man—intolerant and rude,
Who defies the strong Reaper his home to intrude;
For his weapons are keen, all sharp for the fray,
And his Argus eyes sleep not by night nor by day.

The ends of the earth, only, bound his domain;
He garners his sheaves from all kinds of grain;
The prince and the monarch, the peasant and king,
Are subject, alike, to his merciless swing.

Behind covert and screen stalks this Reaper of old,
Unbribed and unbought by beauty or gold;
Firm is his mandate, and stern his decrees,
Intent upon reaping his harvest of sheaves.

Though the Reaper may deal with a pitiless hand,
And carry his conquest through every land—

Though he scatter his sheaves, broadcast, o'er the plain,
In Christ they may live and flourish again.

TO A TEAR.

What is thy mission, so urgently press'd,
Oh, tear ! sent forth by that throbbing breast ?
Dost thou come to adorn that angel face,
As the dew-drop comes, the morn to grace ?
Or art thou seeking to afford relief
To a heart that's surging with keenest grief ?

Hast thou tales to tell to the aching heart—
Some sorrowful news of grief to impart ?
Dost thou tell of loved ones snatched away,
Or, some sorrowful scene of yesterday ;
What griefs, what sorrows, what sore unrest,
In the sombre depths of that silent breast ?

It were vain to ask, as thou seemest deaf,
Of losses or sorrows, of pain or grief ;
It were vain to seek, in thy pearly face,
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace ;
Thou art rising high, thou art gushing free—
How vain are the questions we ask of thee.

'T is human to weep ; 't is noble, divine—
A face that is tearless—O, never be mine ;
My tears let them flow from their briny bed,
And water the graves of my kindred, dead ;
For the land that I seek is a tearless shore,
And all who reach it shall *weep no more*.

MRS. L. M. ROBBINS,

OF DERBY CENTER.

Mrs. Robbins has written frequently under the signature of "Nora North."

A LETTER.

Did you call me, darling Rosa ?
I thought I heard your voice,
And its echo, bounding towards me
Makes my loving heart rejoice.
It said, "Come home, dear auntie,
For I miss your cheery smile,
And I can't be good without you,
Though I try to, all the while."
Well, I 'm coming soon, at longest ;
But I 'm rustivating fast,
In this quiet little valley,
Where I safe arrived, at last.
All I lack is your dear presence—
For I have no ghostly fears :
Here all nature smiles with gladness,
And the shade trees drop sweet tears ;
And were my coffers full enough
Of gold and precious stone,
I 'd lay them at the owner's feet,
And call this spot my own :
And here, in this sweet quietude,
Away from noise and strife,
I 'd read, and write, and meditate,
Nor ask a happier life.
The scenery is delightful

Along the level street—
While, further back, "Lake Lovely"
Greets the eye—a placid sheet
Of water; lying lovingly,
Just at yon graveyard's base;
In mood reflective and serene,
With calm, unruffled face.
There rest in peaceful slumber
Our loved ones "gone before;"
And I ofttimes catch a whisper
Wafted from their "shining shore,"
Saying, "Oft we come to greet you—
For we live and love you still;
And we beg you give us welcome—
'T will your souls with gladness fill.
'T is "the day of sacred quiet"
Such, as 'mid our city's din,
I seldom find, at home, dear,
So near a city inn.
I 'm not at church—for reason
Best known to my own self;
So, I surely shan't be posted
On news from fashion's shelf,
No, I shan't learn till to-morrow
Which hat Katilda wore—
Nor whether Debby's bonnet
Was tied right side before—
Nor whether Miss Stubbs' mantle.
So stylish, new and gay,
Was made—or came from Boston
By express—the other day;
Nor whether what a Parson said,
(Which no one can forget,)

Is true ; that " Miller was a fool"
Because this earth stands yet ;
And then, at intermission, dear,
While all pass out, so staid,
I shall fail to hear it mentioned
How much sugar Jack has made ;
And how much sap is wasting—
And how heathenish it is
To gather sap on Sunday :
(By some *solemncholly* phiz.)
Nor how much " Uncle Moneylove"
Has got for his black colt :
Nor how much that nice sleigh cost,
Pat bought of Mister Holt.
All this—and more intelligence
I 'm losing dear, to-day,
By resting in my easy chair,
While thus from church I stay.
But I can wait with patience—
For soon the news will spread ;
And I 'll sit and read of One who " had
Not where to lay His head,"
How, when the Synagogues were full
Of worshipers, as now,
He walked abroad, healing the sick,
With sweat upon his brow ;
Allowing e'en His followers
To pluck the ears of corn ;
Calling those—" Whited sepulchers,"
Who treated Him with scorn :
And wept, as o'er Jerusalem
He gazed, and saw how few
True worshipers of God were there

To greet His heavenly view.
Alas ! alas ! how very far
 All fail to imitate
The precepts and exâmples
 Of the Perfect One and Great,
Who draweth very near to all
 Who seek His guiding hand.
At church, at home, or in the fields,
 Or with a "heathen band."
The heart—the motive of our acts—
 From Him is not concealed ;
And in the bright, eternal spheres,
 All—all will be revealed.

A LETTER

TO MISS ROSA L.—, MARCH 30, 1869.

Yes, I 'll write to you often, Dear Rosa,
And tell you the news of the day,
At your home, up among the Green Mountains,
While you in the sunny South stay ;
For I know, 'mid your joys and your pleasures,
There will come to you longings for *home*,
And, weary of splendid surroundings,
You will watch for my letters to come.
I suspect, by the tone of *yours*, weekly,
 That time is approaching full fast ;
And now I will answer some questions,
Contained and desired in your last.
First—I 'll post you on *facts* and on *fancies*—
Such as *births*, deaths and weddings, *to be* ;

And mixed with the comical matters,
Now and then tell what happens to me—
Such as this, for example : I 've mittened
The lover I had when you left,
Because—he loved *drink* that is stronger
Than *that from the rock Moses cleft*.
It cost me a struggle and heartache
I 'll never—no, never forget ;
But the step, which was prompted by duty,
I ne'er shall have cause to regret.
A long year has passed—and the wine-cup
He *courts* and *loves* better than me ;
And, to-day I have heard, he leaves “Mono,”
To sail o'er the “deep heaving sea,”
To squander his fortune, in roaming
Old Europe's famed cities to see ;
And drink, to his fill, of the grape-juice ;
Perhaps, now and then think of me.

Well—I 'm sure I shan't enter a convent,
Nor weep till my vision is dim ;
But there 's one thing I 'll do, while I tarry—
I 'll never cease *praying for him* ;
That his soul, which was once pure and noble,
With talents surpassingly bright,
May be snatched from the grasp of “The Demon,”
To labor for Truth and for Right.
I 'm still at my post, as you left me ;
I love it, and wish not for change—
The Father of blessings will guide me
Through time's short meandering range.
Then the whys and the wherefores, now hidden,
Will all be so clearly revealed,

I shall revel in gladness, forever,
For blessings *now* darkly concealed.
I grieve next to tell you, with frankness,
"The Demon" still lingers about,
With aliases "*cordial*" or "*syrup*,"
Or, "Genuine German Brown Stout."
And young men still visit the places
Where the "venomous serpent lies hid;
While the "showmen" stand ready to serve them,
By raising the poisonous lid.
Good Templars are striving to save them
With a will that is cheering to see;
May Heaven still smile on their efforts,
Till all from "The Demon" are free.

I can not—I will not write gossip—
This page is too pure and too white
To be stained with it; though it is flying
From Monday to Saturday night.
On Sabbath, a part go to meeting,
While some remain, quiet, at home;
A query—which serves most his Maker,
And prays for His kingdom to come?
But no matter—what 's *meat* for *one* brother
May poisonous prove to his friend;
Our duties lead not in one channel,
Though all in one motive may blend.
An old fashioned winter of snow storms,
And changes, too frequent to name,
Have kept our thermometers busy
Enacting the high and low game.
But in spite of bleak winds and foul weather,
Our sports have not waned in the least;

But instead, as I 've oft heard repeated,
Amusements have greatly increased
In this old, quiet village of "Mono,"
Since sixty-nine dawned with good cheer;
And a mighty mite-gathering, weekly,
Makes country sports lively up here.
Last and best for the cheer of all ages—
From *one* year to seventy-five,
The boys formed a "Club" called "Dramatic,"
And the hall seemed a perfect bee-hive.
Five evenings they played to amuse us—
The girls acting well, each, their play—
And the audience seemed quite delighted,
And hope at some fortunate day,
They 'll again try their skill at "Dramatics,"
And help us drive dull care away.
Now, the "stars" shine so brightly about us,
The "Moon" is not needed at all.
Come home! darling Rose—*I can't write it*—
Come home! e'er the summer leaves fall.
Farewell, Rosa dear, and write often,
And tell me, as ever of yore,
Of your loves, and your hopes, and your conflicts.
Good night!—some one raps at my door.

"NORA NORTH."

TO "NORA NORTH."

The author of the following is unknown. The foregoing letter was printed in the Newport Express, and the following poem was sent to the same paper in reply to it.

I see that, in your last effusion,
You make quite a neat allusion
To your lover. You say you gave him up,
Because he loved the tempting cup.

Now, dear "Nora," do you really think
From such a duty you ought to shrink?
Was it true, and well, and good,
To leave him in the downward road?

I know that caution says "Beware!"
Prudence knows the serpent's lingering there—
But, Oh, "Nora," what nobler lot in life,
Than to help him in its trials and its strife?

Forgive me, sweet singer of the North,
Most truly I esteem thy noble worth;
Be always as true, as noble as now,
And unfading laurels will wreath thy brow.

As months and years will rapidly roll—
Remember, "He satisfieth the longing soul."
Let aspirations from that fount be drawn,
Then longer, and better, and sweeter thy song.

RUTH.

Fifth Avenue, April 10, 1869.

A LETTER TO "RUTH."

And you have lately called me, Ruth ;
I heard your questioning voice,
Have looked your queries in the face,
But can't regret my choice
To walk in single loneliness,
How'er my path be spread—
With flowers, or thorns, or poverty,
Rather than ever wed
With one of God's own imagery,
Who loves the tempting bowl,
Or will not manfully exert
His influence to control
The curse—the sin—the shame—the scourge
That steeps our land in woe ;
Has crushed the hopes of thousands, who
Have perished long ago ;
Made brutes of men, who might have stood
Within our " Halls of State ;"
E'en now its curse is resting *there*,
Among the elected great.
You know it, Ruth—it needeth not
My pencil to portray
The ravages that rum has made—
Is making every day.
You know, too, where the sin most lies ;
Dark at the vender's door ;
'Till God forgive him, man ought not ;
His ill-got gains, how poor !
If you will meet me, some fair eve,
Upon the village green,

I'll give you one sad history,
 My pitying eyes have seen ;
 Tell you how one fond, hopeful heart
 A moderate drinker wed ;
 He occupies a convict's cell—
 She sleeps among the dead.
 Two orphaned children blush with shame
 Whene'er his name is spoken,
 And weep above a mother's grave,
 Knowing her heart was broken ;
 Then, kneeling on her grassy mound,
 With weeping eyes, to Heaven
 They pray the prayer she bade them pray—
 " That father be forgiven."
 This is but *one* of thousands like ;
 Then tell me, Ruth, in candor,
 If I, no nobler work could do—
 Nothing that's wiser—grander—
 Than give my hand to help through time,
 One who, in spite of reason,
 Yields himself up a sacrifice
 To soul-destroying treason.
 No ! sooner far than wed a man
 Who sips at *Bacchus' fountains*,
 I'll teach the blessed children, here
 Among these verdant mountains,
 To shun the evil—love the good—
 Drink only crystal waters ;
 Make active " Sons of Temperance,"
 And noble Temperance Daughters.

* * * * * * *

I 've nothing to forgive you, Ruth ;

Your tribute I will cherish
As coming from a heart which would
That none by rum should perish.
Your duty may (for aught I know,)
Be for one soul to labor;
God bless you, Ruth—lighten your way:
I'll be your helping neighbor.
I'll strive to lift the fallen up—
To cheer the weary hearted—
Scatter, broadcast, a few small seeds,
To bloom when I've departed.
If sown in faith, the dews of Heaven
Will cause them to mature—
And angel fingers pluck the weeds,
And make the blossoms pure.
Nor you—nor I, will swell town votes,
But in our sphere prove true—
Help swell the buds of purity,
Like evening's noiseless dew.
And when unfettered: all unseen—
Unheard—but not unheeded,
Commissioned for a brighter sphere,
We'll labor where most needed.
Boundary, May 18, 1869.

J. A. WING,

AN EMINENT JURIST, OF MONTPELIER.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Now turn your eyes to Plymouth Rock—
See, gathered there, a little flock.
It was a cold December day,
The Mayflower did at anchor lay,
And on her deck, for praise and prayer,
See men and matrons gathered there,
Who left their homes on England's shore,
And fearless passed the waters o'er;
In the New World, to seek a home
Where tyrant's foot shall never come.

In fancy with them, take your stand
Upon that bleak and sterile land—
See the dark forest proudly rise,
Where e'er to land you turn your eyes.
There, through the night, the wolf doth howl,
And there the bear doth furious growl;
And there the panther wildly springs,
And there the Indian warwhoop rings.
These men heed not the winds that blow,
They heed not, now, the falling snow,
But, on that wild and friendless shore,
Where winter winds now ceaseless roar,
They seek a home where, evermore,
They can in praise their God adore.
Before that small and fearless band,

The pathless forests darkly stand ;
Before these men, from day to day,
The forests wild, pass fast away.
See dwellings rise, where late the wood
In all its ancient grandeur stood,
The bears and wolves flee fast away,
And e'en the Red Man cannot stay.
The farms are cleared—see cities rise,
With temples pointing to the skies.
Where, late, we saw the birch canoe,
The mills and fountains meet our view ;
Where, late, the Red Man chased the deer,
A thousand lowing herds appear.
The hills, where, late, the wolves did keep,
See, now are white with flocks of sheep :
And where the Indian sought his prey,
The iron steed now takes his way :
And where the Indian late held sway,
A powerful nation dwells, to-day.

What cleared the fields and raised the grain ?
What built the cities of the plain ?
What leveled down the mountain side,
And bridged the rivers swift and wide ?
The factories built, the loom to speed ?
Chained to the car the iron steed ?
Called down the lightning from the sky,
And bade it on our errands fly ?
Say, was it accident, or luck ?
Or, was it science, *toil* and *pluck* ?

MODERN BELLES AND BEAUX.

See yon beau, so trim and neat ;
Dressed so slick and smells so sweet—
Scent of Musk, and Oil of Rose
Fill the air, where e'er he goes.
Look him o'er and search him round,
In his pockets may be found—
Hold ! you should the secret keep,
Let those bottles quiet sleep,
Filled with liquor—O, ye gods !
Sure to kill at " forty rods !"
In those pockets, deep, they lie,
Not designed for beauty's eye :
By their side, not distant far,
Lies the fragrant, loved cigar,
With cigars and bottles lay
Cards to pass the time away ;
With pistols and a bowie knife—
Lest mirth, perchance, should end in strife.
In those pockets' ample fold,
There are neither bills nor gold :
Wealth he squanders not away,
Bread to buy, and debts to pay—
The little cash comes always handy
To fill the flask with R. G. Brandy.
If devoid of cash, alas !
He is well supplied with brass ;
He can boast his rings and chains—
Hair supplies the place of *brains*.
O'er his head how sleek his hair—
Black the boots he deigns to wear.

Graceful tied is his cravat—
Latest fashion is his hat.
On his lip the moustache curls—
Sweet he smiles on all the girls :
With what grace he wields a fan—
Is not he a lady's man ?
When he walks the streets in pride,
Honest merit steps aside ;
Worth and talent can 't compare
With scent of musk, and curlèd hair.

By him see yon lovely belle,
Bound as by a magic spell ;
See her bosom heave with pride,
As she lingers by his side :
She may well deserve his care—
From the barber's came the hair
Which doth deck her lovely head,
And graceful o'er her shoulders spread.
The rosy cheek, the neck of snow,
Paris shops on her bestow,
And those teeth, so pure and white,
Giving to the eye delight,
Which so well the mouth do fill,
Owe their charms to dental skill.
And that *bust*, divinely fair—
Venus might be proud to wear,
When encircled by his arms—
Owes to *cotton* all its charms.
See, as arm in arm they go,
Do n't they make a goodly show ?
As they mingle in the crowd,

None like them appear so proud :
I can hear the crowd all say
There are none so fair and gay ;
And, as through the dance they swim,
She is just the match for him—
Just a match—for neither one,
A noble deed has ever done.
No blessings follow where they tread,
For naked clothed, or hungry fed ;
The only bliss that they possess
Is sensual pleasure, pomp and dress.

ADVICE TO THE WIFE.

The wife, who would her husband constant rule,
Should never tell him he 's a knave or fool :
If he do n't all her fondest wishes suit,
She should not, scornful, call him Turk or brute ;
If he do n't silks and satins instant buy,
She should not fret, and scold, and madly cry
Like children, spoiled by parents kind and weak,
Who constant cry, denied the toys they seek.
She should not fret and scold, the livelong day,
Until the sun's last beam has passed away ;
And when, o'er earth, the night her watch doth keep,
With curtain-lectures lull him to his sleep.
There is no love within the human breast,
From year to year, can stand so strong a test ;
No fire will always burn, unless 't is fed,
And love, that 's constant scorned, will soon be dead.
If jars there are, in matrimonial life,

Let nature guide you in its storms and strife ;
If winds grow fierce, and darkness veils the sky,
And thunder roars, and bolts of lightning fly ;
Though fierce the storm, 't will quickly pass away.
Let the sun shine without a mark or stain
Left by the storm on valley, hill or plain.
If he denies you dress, or bonnet gay,
Perhaps he has not cash for them to pay ;
And you, if worthy of the name of wife,
Would ne'er engage in matrimonial strife—
Make him the debtor's galling collar wear,
That silks and jewels you may proudly share ;
And, while you sport gay feathers through the street,
Cause him to toil, the great expense to meet.
But if he 's able, and your wants wont hear,
This secret let me whisper in your ear ;
Which, like the magic word in eastern tale,
To ope all places ne'er was known to fail :
'T will calm all strife and quiet every jar,
Remove all locks and every bolt unbar,
And from the miser draw his gold away,
And change the night of discord to clear day :
Be kind and gentle in your humble home—
Your husband meet with smiles, when he doth come
From store and shop, where he the weary day,
In constant toil, the hours has passed away ;
And make him happy—never fret nor scold—
One smile and kiss will draw from him more gold
Than constant fretting, while the day is bright,
And "Candle lectures," given through the night. .

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

Ye husbands, I, to you will tell
How you, in peace, fore'er may dwell ;
How you can win the glorious boon,
To make your life one honeymoon.
When first you sought to win a wife
To sail with you the voyage of life,
You tried, by every act, to prove
That you did her sincerely love :
Each wish of hers was law to you,
And all she asked you loved to do.
Then, then you led a happy life ;
And when the maid became your wife,
You should not call the courting done,
Although the maiden you have won.
Soon as the silken knot is tied,
You should not change towards your bride :
You at your home each eve should stay,
And from the tavern keep away,
And make home happy every day.
If treated with neglect and scorn,
You 'll find that trouble soon is born.
You should not, if the children cry,
Unto the store or grocery fly,
And leave her, all alone, to bear
The burden you ought then to share.
On washing-days you should not fret,
If nicest dinners you do not get.
You cannot hope to happy be
If you drink *rum* when she 's no *tea* ;
Or smoke till you are nearly dead,

When she has neither meat nor bread.
No wonder, when she catches you
Giving to Jennie, Beck or Sue
The fond embrace that is her due,
If clouds grow dark, and lightnings fly,
And thunder rends the angry sky—
The winds arise that hearts appall,
And rain, in drenching torrents, fall.
If you would wife and children bless,
Make home your place of happiness;
Forsake the tavern's noise and din;
Flee from each place of vice and sin.
The gambler's den you must forsake,
The chains of every siren break—
Cast from your lips the flowing bowl,
That wastes your wealth, and drowns your soul;
And frugal, temperate, virtuous be;
To all your business constant see—
Consult your wife in all you do,
As one who is a friend to you;
Watch o'er your children, day by day,
From virtue's paths they must not stray;
Expend for books an equal sum
Your neighbors do for *gin* and *rum*;
And you will, then, around you see
A loving, virtuous family:
Your wealth will then, each day, increase,
And you will always dwell in peace.

INVITATION.

FROM THE ALMA MATER OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE TO HER CHILDREN, JULY, 1869.

Come home to your Mother, my children so dear,
I summons you all, in July, to appear;
Come home my dear sons, 't is my hundredth birth-day,
Let no one remain from my mansion away.
In my old classic halls, my tables you 'll find,
Well stored with rich food for both body and mind;
Come, gather around the Old Homestead, once more,
Where deeply ye drank of her classical lore.
Though an hundred long years your Mother hath seen,
She 's as gay and as fair as a girl of sixteen;
On her face not a wrinkle, or sign of decay—
Her step is as bright, and her voice is as gay,
As when, in her youth, at her altar all swore,
None fairer or nobler the earth ever bore.
Come home to your Mother, from mountain and plain;
Let Oregon greet here her brothers from Maine;
Come home all my children, that dwell o'er the sea,
Come all that now live, on my birth-day, to me;
And make, with your presence, the Old Homestead gay,
And honor your Mother's one hundredth birth-day.
We 'll rejoice with the living—but still we must weep
For Brothers, who now in their graves are asleep;
* For thirty-one years from the time of my birth
All my sons are asleep 'neath the clods of the earth:
And many, each year, of the noble and brave,
Are passing from toil to find rest in the grave:

* Hon. Samuel Swift, of Middlebury, who graduated in 1800, is the oldest living graduate of Dartmouth College.

Then, come to your Mother, my sons widely spread,
To rejoice with the living and weep for the dead.

LINES.

On the death of Edward Dillingham, Major of the 10th Regiment of Vt. Volunteers, who was killed at the Battle near Winchester, Virginia, while gallantly leading his Regiment on the field.

He fell, as a soldier should fall,
At the head of his own gallant band;
He died as a soldier should die,
In defence of his own native land.

He fell 'mid the battle's loud roar,
Where the Stars and the Stripes proud did fly,
His life to his country he gave—
“'T is sweet for one's country to die.”

He fell in the spring time of life,
His country from traitors to save;
While the bugle, the drum and the fife
Fired the hearts of the true and the brave.

He died while the victor's shout
Rang clear on the mountain air,
While the foe, in disordered rout,
Were flying in wildest despair.

Vermont the proud record shall make,
And add to her long roll of fame;
With her Allens, and Warrens she 'll place
Young Dillingham's glorious name.

MRS. LAURA A. B. BOYCE,

OF FAYSTON.

—

CHANGES.

O, my heart is full of sadness,
As I sit alone, to-night,
Gloaming over memory's pages,
Traced in shadow and in light.
Backward, now, my spirit glances
Through the misty aisle of years—
Years of sorrow and of gladness,
To my childhood's joys and tears.
O, the golden days of childhood,
When the days were bright and long ;
How the dim old forest echoed
With our blithesome laugh and song.
And, when icy breath of winter
Set his seal on leaf and tree,
Merrily, then, passed the evenings,
Sitting on my father's knee—
Listening to wild tales and legends—
Stories of the long ago,
When our grandsire sought the forest,
Helped to lay the tree-kings low.
O, those nights were never lonely ;
O, those days were never long ;
For our hearts were full of gladness,
And our lips were full of song.
But the changes time hath brought us
Since the years of long ago ;

O, the *changes care* hath wrought us
On the lip, the heart, the brow.

Change on *all*—O did we ever,
In those days, so bright and long,

Dream that *care* could *press so heavy*,
Or Time's fingers were *so strong*?

Dreamed we, *then*, that threads of silver
Soon should gleam in *our* dark hair?

Or, of brows, so *fresh* and *rosy*,
Written o'er with *thought* and *care*?

Nay, we knew not—nay, we dreamed not,
Life was but a gala-day,

As hope led us gaily onward,
Strewing flowerets all the way.

But the flowers grew pale and withered,
Ere life's morning reached its noon,

And the thorns that hid beneath them
Pierced and wounded all too soon.

Soon the clouds grew black and heavy—
Soon the storm burst o'er our way—

Ah! experience, sad, hath taught us
Life is not a gala-day!

O, the lonely hours of darkness,
O, the weary nights of pain;

O, the bitter, *bitter* partings,
That the *heart must bear* again.

Some have passed beyond "the river"—
Passed beyond our yearning sight;

Though we call, no voice e'er answers
From that glorious realm of light.

Some whose lives are parted from us,
And we meet them here no more;

Yet we know they 're living, loving,

As they used to do of yore.

And our hearts grow better, stronger,
As we think of all God's love ;

Think how gently He would lead us,
Did we not so wayward prove.

Lead us still, our Heavenly Father,
Though by crosses we must come ;

Only bring us safely, surely
Through Time's changes to our home.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST DREAM.

It is midnight—and the darkness

Broods above the tented field,
Like a somber cloud of sable,
Save where here and there revealed,
By the camp fire's flickering glimmer,
Rise the tents like sheeted ghosts,
And, anon, the silent sentry
Guarding wearily his post.

Down beside yon gleaming camp fire,

Rests a weary soldier now ;
'Neath his head a knapsack pillow,
And upturned a noble brow,
Shaded by soft curls of chestnut,
Tossing in the breeze the while—
As the fire-light glints his features,
Mark ye there that happy smile !

Ah ! he's dreaming—sweetly dreaming—
Of his distant northern home,

Where fond hearts have watched and waited
Wearily, for him to come.
Once again he nears the cottage,
Nestled down beneath the hills,
Pausing on that well-known threshold,
How his *inmost being* thrills !

Rosy lips his own are pressing,
And his arms a burthen hold,
Dearer far, than richest treasure,
That Golconda's mines unfold ;
And he hears the gentle patter,
Of the little dimpled feet—
Tones like notes of richest music,
Dearer, and to him more sweet.
Soft, white arms his neck entwining,
Baby kisses meet his own—
Tell me, on a scene that 's fairer
Hath the sunlight ever shone ?

Hark ! what means the drum's loud beating,
Horsemen dashing to and fro ?
Ah ! they 've driven in our pickets !
Arm ye, quick ! to meet the foe !
Up he springs—the dreaming soldier,
And with bayonet gleaming bright,
In the morning's first grey glimmer,
Hurrying eager to the fight.

When the sun rose in its splendor,
Ushering in another day,
Close beside a rippling brooklet
Calmly, now, that soldier lay.

But his lip and cheek are paler,
And the gory, sodden ground
Drinks the life-blood, slowly ebbing
From that deep and ghastly wound.

“Nearer, comrade! I am dying,
And while I have strength to tell,
I would send a last fond message
To the ones I love so well :
Scarce, three hours ago, while dreaming,
I was in that distant home,
And sweet loving eyes were weeping
Tears of joy that I had come.

“Vainly will they watch my coming,
Vainly list my footstep near—
Ah! *one fond heart* will be broken,
When the tidings they shall hear :
Bear to *her* this little token,
Tell her that it ever lay
Close beside this heart's warm beating—
Cut one little curl away ;

“For she used to love to twine them,
And to praise their glossy hue—
Ah! *this little one's* the *only*
That shall ever meet her view.
Tell them that we charged them bravely,
That I fell with *face* to *foe*—
Heaven awaits the true and faithful,
And in joyful peace I go.”

Manly tears fell as they laid him
In that lonely, distant grave,

Where no tear of kindred loved one
Ever more the turf shall lave.
Yet he sleeps as calm and sweetly,
Heedless of earth's din and strife—
He who yields his life to duty
Gains Heaven's holier, better life.

MARVIN D. BISBEE, A. B.,

OF SPRINGFIELD—A GRADUATE OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, CLASS OF '71.

CLASS ODE.

Pensive eyed angel ! unfold thy soft wings ;
Wake our heart's music from the quivering strings ;
Gently breathe through them the fragrance of years,
Perfume of flowers, now crystaled in tears.

Sigh, O ye breezes, and murmur ye fountains,
Swell the sad dirge, as the golden cords sever,
Dear as the purple-eyed eve on the mountains,
Are the fond mem'ries we cherish forever.

Gem-tinted shells we have found on the shore,
Silver-chimed whispers will breathe evermore ;
But o'er the surges the white sails are fair,
Our barks are restless the billows to share.

Great King of Glory ! warm praises be thine,
Each gleaming censer yet beams on our shrine,
No golden chalice with crystalline wave,
Scattered in jewels, has garnished the grave.

Loved ones who linger, though wild waves divide,
Thoughts of our pleasures will flash from the tide ;
Spirit-winged zephyrs will whisper them low,
Breathing, in echoes, of joys long ago.

Hail thee ! great Future, thou wilderness bare—
Ours be the mission the rose to plant there ;
Dear hands shall twine them with laurels of fame,
Crown our worn brows with their bright wreathing flame.

Then as our spirits their pinions are pluming,
Springing, triumphant, within the bright portal,
Angels will pluck them, celestially blooming—
Twine for us garlands of glory immortal.
Kimball's Union Academy, 1867.

BELLS FROM OVER THE SEA.

O'er the waves the winds come playing
Light as thought from Dreamland straying :
Strangely sweet they bear to me
Far off bells, in echoes chiming
Like the muses' voices rhyming ;
Joyous bells from o'er the sea.

Sadder, now, the echoes sighing
Like a wail of pleasure dying,
Pealing slow and mournfully ;
As the nightly ravens, winging,
Dread their hollow tones are flinging ;
Muffled bells from o'er the sea.

See! the lurid sky is flashing—
Hark! the steeds of war are dashing,
 Fiends of death in revelry;
Wild the awful death-peal rolling,
As a nation's requiem tolling;
 Bells of war from o'er the sea.

Lo! a burst of rapture pealing,
Like the gush of frenzied feeling,
 Bursting joyous, wild and free;
O'er the surging waters roaring
Loud as clarion notes, come pouring
 Victor bells from o'er the sea.

Now thine echoes tell of glory—
Noblest deeds of earthly story;
 Sounds of joy and ecstasy;
From their brazen lips are leaping
Notes of cheer like anthems sweeping—
 Bells of peace from o'er the sea.

Far too pure for earth, come pealing
Silver voices, sweetly stealing—
 Welling from eternity;
Sweet as songs of infant lispers—
Seraph voices, angel whispers—
 Bells of Heaven from o'er life's sea.

THE DYING SEA-KING.

Wild a nightly storm was raging
On the cold Norwegian shore,

Where an old Norse King lay dying—
Dying 'mid the tempest roar.
Weak his brawny limbs were growing;
Dim his eye of restless fire;
Deep his great, wild heart was heaving,
Ere the burning flame expire.
His had been the soul of valor,
His the warrior's fearless might;
But his sinews then were nerveless,
And his locks were frosted white.
All his brow was dark with sadness,
And with grief he sighed aloud,
For he longed to die in battle,
And to win a gory shroud.
All at once his mind grew brighter,
As this thought his being stirred;
And his lips shook off their fetters,
While they framed his thrilling word:

“O, thou Universal Father!
Mighty Odin, wise and brave,
Hear, O hear, the dying Sea-King,
Give, O give, an honored grave!
Broad the scars that bear me witness
I have never shunned the strife;
That my soul has known no master,
That no fear has stained my life.
I have loved the battle's music,
When its thunders rose and fell;
Loved to hear its awful echoes
On the night wind's bosom swell.
I have wandered mid the giants
Of the far-off Jotun plain,

And I prayed that death might meet me
 'Mid the Choosers of the slain—
'Mid the Valkyrs, who should bear me
 Straight to Odin's Heavenly Hall;
Covered o'er with wounds of honor,
 As the noblest warriors fall.
And I 've joyed, amid the billows,
 All alone my bark to guide,
Where great Hymir's ivy castle
 Rose amid the boundless tide.
O! the tempest's frenzied rapture,
 Where the foamy mountains swell;
I have reveled on their bosom,
 I have loved them long and well."

Here he checked his fervid accents—
 Paused a moment, wrapped in thought—
Then his eye lit up with pleasure,
 As if life new hold had caught.
" Joy ! I feel my prayer is answered ;
 There is yet one noble grave,
Where the storm shall knell my requiem—
 I will die upon the wave.
Rig my bark ! O faithful vessel ;
 Spread once more its riven sail,
Place me on its shattered benches—
 Cast us loose before the gale."

Quick obeyed those trusty Vikings—
 Soon his bark was bounding free,
And within it, sitting stately,
 Rose the Chieftain of the sea.
One hand grasped the shaking tiller,

One a flaming torch raised high,
Which he cast amid the timbers
Whence the flames rose curling nigh.
Onward sped the flaming vessel,
Like a phantom tempest-born,
With the lord of aged valor,
Seeking death with royal scorn.
And they say that flaming spirits
Came and manned the ashen oars,
And that all the shapes of darkness
Came from out the ebon doors—
That great Thor upraised his hammer ;
Shook his flowing locks with glee ;
Split the cliffs, with fiery wedges,
Cast them hot within the sea.
Loud the lightning's hell-born rockets
Sent them coursing through the air,
Gilding all the crested billows
With a blue funereal glare.
But, above the storm's loud tumult,
Rose the Northmen's runic song ;
Pouring out their wild, deep natures ;
Swelling upward hoarse and strong.

“Farewell ! farewell !

To the Sea-King brave,
Roll on ! roll on !

O ye dark free wave.
Swell high ! swell high !

With your heaving surge ;
Knell on ! knell on !

In your sounding dirge.
Fly swift ! fly swift !

O thou flame-wrapped bark ;
Far away ! far away !
O'er the waters dark.
No more ! no more !
With us here to dwell,
Brave King ! brave king !
Fare thee well ; farewell."

Long they lingered, waiting, watching,
Till the bark had passed from sight ;
Till the storm had spent its fury,
And were fled the shades of night.
Then, when all the tempest voices
Softened to a wailing moan,
While the winds and pines made music
In their weird, unearthly tone ;
All these great, free hearted natures—
Strong and deep as restless seas—
Woke to pure and lofty worship,
Earnest prayers their god to please.
Nothing grieved they for their chieftain,
For they knew his soul had passed
Safe beyond the raging billows,
And in pleasure dwelt at last.
But they prayed to Father Odin—
Prayed to Odin, wise and brave—
That, if they fell not in battle,
They might die upon the wave.
That the storm might wail their dirges—
That the night should be their pall,
And their flaming bark should bear them
Swift to Odin's Heavenly Hall.

MISS GRACE N. FARRAND,

OF FAIRFIELD.

—
TO A CHRISTIAN.

Christian, art thou sorely prest ?
Seekest thou in vain for rest ?
Go to Jesus—in His breast
Thou shalt be forever blest.

Is the cross thou hast to bear
Heavy made by doubt and care ?
Bright shall be the crown thou 'lt wear ;
Sweet the rest that thou shalt share.

Does the way look rough before ?
Are thy poor feet bruised and sore ?
Trust thy Saviour more and more ;
Endless is His healing store.

Does it grieve thy soul to prove
Still unfaithful—prone to rove ?
Know, thy Father from above
Looks on thee with pitying love.

Dost thou for the daylight sigh—
Long to dwell with God on high ?
Bid thy spirit cease its cry ;
He will take thee, by and by.

Jesus once was as thou art !
Bore the burden and the smart

That oppress thy human heart :
Dwelt, for thee, from God apart.

He doth pity all thy woe ;
All thy weakness He doth know :
From his Father's throne brought low,
For thy sins His blood did flow.

Christian, why dost thou repine ?
Christ and Heaven shall soon be thine ;
In His crown a star thou 'lt shine ;
Round His brow a laurel twine.

Trust Him, then, and never fear ;
To His bleeding side keep near,
Waiting, still, His voice to hear,
When in glory He 'll appear.

Let thy burning lamp be bright,
Filled with oil of truth and right ;
Carry e'er the Shining Light,
For a guide through life's dark night.

Christian pilgrims ! watch and pray
That thou may'st not go astray ;
That thy troubled spirit may
'Neath the Cross its burden lay—
Christian ! ever watch and pray.

THE BROOK.

See the jolly, rippling brook,
As it flows with many a crook,
Winding all the meadow through,
Like a thread of crystal blue.

See it bubble, sparkle off,
With a little silvery laugh ;
See it dance, and dash away,
All so mad, and free, and gay.

See it here, just at the bridge,
As it shuns that little ridge,
As it flows along, so still—
Pretty, silent little rill.

See it wash the pebbles clean,
See it dash, with silver sheen,
O'er that stone that stops its way
With a barrier, dark and gray.

See it here so smoothly lie,
Like a bit of bright blue sky ;
See it now, as on it flows,
Making music as it goes ;

Singing to itself, in notes
Sweet and silvery, as it floats ;
Dallying now, in merry glee,
With the roots of that old tree.

See it wildly rush along,
With a loud, exultant song ;

Bubbling, sparkling, gushing, fair,
Dancing, babbling—free as air.

Tell me, pretty brooklet, why
Do you run so gaily by?
Stop, I pray, and tell me this—
Why are you so full of bliss?

Why do you, as though 't were joy,
With the wild grass fondly toy?
Why so fiercely spring you by
Yonder rock, so cold and dry?

Why do you so softly flow
Where the pretty mosses grow?
Do you love the cowslips meek,
That their homes you seem to seek?

Tell me, brooklet, what you say,
As you sing the livelong day:
Are you singing praise to Him
Who has filled you to the brim?

Stay, my pretty brooklet, stay;
Do not haste so swift away:
I would have you tell me how
You to Him so gladly bow.

Teach, I pray, teach me the way,
Thus to praise Him all the day;
Bending always to His will—
Trusting, joyful, happy still.

Thus the brooklet answered me.
“If you e'er would happy be,

Love your Saviour, trust Him still;
Be submissive to His will.

“Doubt Him not, whate’er betide;
Keep Him ever at your side;
Ever keep *this truth* in sight—
Jesus helps you when you ’re right.

“Fret not over follies past;
Keep on singing to the last;
E’er be true to all mankind,
And you ’ll have a peaceful mind.”

Go, then, pretty brooklet, go;
On your way forever flow—
Flow with song of merry glee,
Sparkling, gladsome, joyous, free.

For the lesson thou hast taught
Is with much instruction fraught.
Onward flow, rejoicing still—
Happy, gleesome little rill.

FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

Lo, I wander green fields over,
Searching if I can discover,
Anywhere, a four-leafed clover.

In the grass I bend the knee—
But all clovers that I see
Have, of leaflets, only three.

Long I searched with anxious eye,
Noting not the birds that fly,
Hearing not the cricket's cry—

Trampling on the violets sweet;
Heeding not the daisies neat;
Crushing blossoms 'neath my feet.

I the sweet fern do not smell,
For on me there is a spell—
Why, or whence, I can not tell. ■

For, of all the things that be,
Nothing lovely do I see;
Seeking for *deformity*.

Falling, prone, upon the ground,
Peering eagerly around;
Blind to beauty, deaf to sound.

But my labor is in vain—
Disappointed, yet again,
On the grass my head is lain.

Slowly fading from my sight
Is the meadow, fair and bright,
Spotted o'er with daisies white.

In its place before my eyes
Doth deformity arise,
Filling me with sad surprise—
Indignantly my spirit cries :

What art thou, unsightly thing,
That to earth disgrace doth bring?

Lo ! before thy Master fling
Thy unrighteous offering.

How darest thou usurp the place
Of loveliness and perfect grace,
Of which thou bearest not a trace ?
Go—in disgust I hide my face !

Mockingly the answer came,
Surely thou dost know my fame ;
I have heard thee speak my name—
Mortal, it is still the same.

I had thought thou wast my lover,
For thou 'st wandered green fields over,
Searching if thou couldst discover
Me, yes, *me*—a four-leafed clover !

Oh ! was it this so long I sought ?
This, with gross distortion wrought ?
Tell me not that I am taught
By a thing with vileness fraught !

Horror, then, my shame to sate,
Thou art worthy of thy fate—
Fit to be fore'er the mate
Of the thing thy soul doth hate !

From my troubled dream I wake,
From the grass my head I take,
And a voice the silence break :

O, thou foolish, erring one !
Well thy lesson is begun—
Evil, in all forms, to shun.

For some purpose of my own,
Which to mortal, is unknown,
Four-leafed clovers I have grown.

When 'neath any shape or cover
Deformity is seen to hover,
Know it is a four-leafed clover.

At last, at last the spell is broken!
Nature's God to me hath spoken,
Giving of His truth a token—

Giving of His love a sign,
Which eternally shall shine
With a radiance divine;

Spreading out before my soul
Nature, as a perfect whole,
Obedient to His control.

No more I wander green fields over,
Searching if I can discover,
Anywhere a four-leafed clover.

But the glories I rehearse
Fill, entire, God's universe
With a rhythming, chiming verse.

CHARLES CARPENTER,

OF WEST CHARLESTON.

DECORATION DAY'S ECHO.

A lofty granite crowned the hill,
Gay garlands crowned the chiseled shaft,
Flowers breathed around, above, among
Names that at death and treason laughed;
Answering to no roll-call more,
Until Earth's last review is o'er.

Words that were born of Patriot pride,
Of homage to the fearless dead,
High words have swelled *your* hearts to-day
As bugle-blast, *theirs*, when they bled;
Love of the same great nation's good
Wrung out your tear-drops, and their blood.

These beauteous flowers, these praise-full words,
This gathering from the hills afar—
Are no mean tribute to the men
Who trembled not, but died, in war;
Fit place your poem-praise to tell
Adorning soldier's graves is well.

But, are your duties wholly done
Now these festivities are o'er?
The dust you honor thus to-day,
Unheeding sleeps on Southern shore,
Your hearts divide these throbbing joys,
They reckon it not: dead soldier-boys!

A fragrance sweeter than of flowers,
That with the sun's decline, decay :
A holier homage, than the tears
Shed freely, lovingly, to-day,
A fairer gift, a fitter meed,
Awaits your future speech, and deed.

Hard by thy home, in humble cot,
A sad-eyed widow toils and weeps,
The tongue whose tones made all her joy,
War's bloody signet silent keeps :
Life's long day stretches out in gloom ;
She silent, weary, bears her doom.

How precious to the needy heart
The timely gift, the tender word,
The tear true sympathy may shed
At the sad story, often heard ;
Give where the heart aches to receive,
Yea, prove how blessed 't is to give.

Poor soldier-orphans fill our land,
A countless host, from shore to shore ;
A waiting army marshaled stand
At every church and school-house door :
Protect from wrong, and guide their youth,
To future manhood, virtue, truth.

But all the heroes did not die ;
The granite holds not *every* name
That answered the wild call to strife
By deeds of valor, dear to Fame ;
A shattered, scarred and war-maimed host,
Tell what a nation's life has cost.

Death leads a pale and thinning corps,
From Southern marsh, and drear stockade;
The wind flaps many an empty sleeve,
Like tattered sail, o'er crew dismayed;
The maimed and feeble, worn, distressed
Are grimly marching to their rest.

We praise the hero, stark and dead;
We praise the living heroes more,
Who cheerful, daily, still repeat
Their sacrifices o'er and o'er,
In one-armed contest for their life,
In want's unequal, ceaseless strife.

Lift cheerfully thy brother's load,
He gave his arm to save thine own;
Let not the soldier's orphan bear
The brunt of toil and want alone;
Had not his father's blood been shed,
You and your boy might both be dead.

A voice whose echoes never die,
Whispers the thickening centuries through,
From Bethlehem's star, to vanished sky,
"Love as thyself thy neighbor," too.—
He, by the signet of His name,
Seals every human sufferer's claim.

For Jesus' sake, then, cheer the sad,
Whose deathward way is near thine own:
Show pity where there's sorest need,
Just as His generous care was shown!
Follow thy pattern gone before,
And rest thee, when thy life is o'er.

OUR VOYAGE.

Written to be sung at the wedding of Carrie Robinson.

Two little oarless skiffs I see,
Afloat on life's broad river;
Like severed lily blooms, the sports
Of tempest, sheen, and shiver;
Two happy ones just stepped on shore,
With oar in hand are staying;
And smile to see the freightless skiffs
With foamy wave-crest playing—
As spring-time casts her flowers away,
Fair pledge of Autumn's treasure;
As dreams are gladly left to fade,
To grasp the real pleasure.

Around a point of jutting rock,
Where deepest floods are sweeping,
And circling eddies o'er the stream,
Are ever softly creeping,
A fairy shallop glides to view,
White swans its movements guiding,
And, gently o'er the wave-washed sands,
To kiss the shore 't is gliding:
The happy ones commit themselves
To shallop and the river,
No other landing-place to find,
This side the great forever.

Dear friends are grouped upon the shore
To view their outward sailing,
And kindest smiles speak generous hopes
That joy be never failing.

Though love's bright bands are passing strong,
And never may be broken,
Still *Friendship* tells of tender ties,
In language all unspoken;
While prayer ascends from hopeful lips,
That naught these hearts may sever,
But, joined with ever brightening bands,
May happier grow forever.

With vows so softly spoken now,
And hearts so bound together,
With steady stroke they 'll breast the wave,
No matter what the weather.
If storms should meet their upward way,
Or tempests thunder loudly,
United hearts and hands shall win
A triumph, ever proudly.
When sunny skies may smile above,
And soft breeze kiss the river,
The joy of one is joy of both,
Till moored in yon forever.

LINES,

Written for Mrs. Jones, and published with notice of her Little Ida's death.

Buried, our only one, out of our sight;
Shrouded our home, in a desolate night;
Our laughter is mourning, our pleasure is pain,
Waiting *her* voice and her footsteps, in vain.

Death was our guest on a sorrowful day,
But bore not his victim in triumph away,

For Jesus received her e'en home to His breast ;
There, sinless and deathless, forever she 'll rest.

So, when we may weep o'er her grass-covered bed,
We 'll weep not as those without hope for the dead ;
We know that *she lives* mid the perfect and just,
And only the dust crumbles back to its dust.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

Jostling through the crowded marts
Of business, or of pleasure,
Straining nerve to win the meed
Of soul, or pocket treasure ;
Unthinking if the hearts we meet
Do now rejoice or grieve ;
We lift the hat unconsciously,
To meet the empty sleeve.

When noble sons of carnage
Came from the fattened field,
And the nation's *wound*—by slavery—
With a nation's *blood* was healed ;
When we, home-kept, their greeting
From the left hand must receive,
The eye was dimmed and misted
By that empty hanging sleeve.

We said their toils were over,
Their sacrifice was made,
And to rest upon their laurels,
In our thought, the brave we laid ;

But the gift was just commencing,
Which the nation must receive;
Each day renews the sacrifice
Of that pulseless, empty sleeve.

The staunch right arm is needed
In the peaceful walks of life;
'Tis needed in the toils that wage
With poverty and strife.
There 's a shadow o'er his pathway,
From which there 's no reprieve,
Of a gory, shattered, own right-arm,
And an ever empty sleeve.

The spirit lists to voices oft
The ear cannot detect;
The heart may thrill to legends,
That the world does not suspect;
But of all the voiceless pleaders
Which the soul hears, I believe
No silent thing is eloquence,
Like a *worn, blue, empty sleeve*.

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Written Christmas Eve, after returning from an evening festival, and having received presents from friends on Christmas tree.

In my home another treasure;
In my heart another thought;
Lord! I thank thee for the pleasure
These unitedly have brought.

Precious gift ! O silver whiteness,
Like the sheen of winter night ;
Send my thoughts o'er drifts of brightness,
To yon world of silv'rier light !

Precious thought ! O sweet vibrations
Of that Eolian orchestra !
Quickening all the soul's pulsations,
With her windows just ajar.

Beauteous pitcher ! keep thy burnish,
Still my humble board to grace ;
Bid each guest the day may furnish,
'Mong our hearts, a welcome place.

Glad assurance ! when, in striving,
Care's big burden heavy grown,
Friends, in multitudes, are giving
Smiles and strength to help me on.

Fairest basket ! by thy gleaming
Fruitage of my "gude wife's" art,
Fairer far, shall be in seeming,
Richer far, to taste and heart.

Generous proof ! to give me pleasure,
E'en when saddest hours may be ;
Wealth of Friendship's kindest treasure.
Undeserved, alas ! by me,

* * * * *

Words are naught. But where my life is,
There's a little hallowed spot

Where *such* love, as prompts *such* giving,
Is not easily forgot.

* * * * *

Father ! bless *these friends*, I pray Thee ;
Shield from every harm and ill ;
All their garners fill with plenty,
All their *hearts* may Jesus fill !

Brightest treasures they may give me,
Time's slow footprints *must deface* :
Give each treasures rust can't tarnish,
In yon golden crystal place.

Charleston, Vt., Dec. 25, 1867.

MRS. THERESA E. FISHER,

OF WAITSFIELD.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

My lonely spirit pines for thee,
O, wondrous, ever-sounding sea !
I miss thee when the morning breaks,
When the glad earth in glory wakes.
The sunrise, breaking o'er the hills,
With welcome joy my spirit fills :
I turn to catch its light o'er thee ;
I turn in vain, O, far-off sea.

I miss thee when the moon's pale light
With tender radiance fills the night !

I know her softest glances rest
Upon the azure of thy breast.
I know the purest moonbeams sleep
Upon the bosom of the deep :
But not for me, O, not for me
Their soft light on the silver sea !
I wake at midnight, as of yore,
To listen for thy solemn roar !
The breeze sighs gently o'er the hill,
But, save the breeze, all earth is still :
So still I strain my ear, though vain,
To catch, afar, thy hoarse refrain ;
But all night long, O sounding sea,
Thou art singing on, though not for me !

But when against the window pane
The wild winds dash the falling rain—
When skies grow dark, and tempests pour,
And winds grow wilder than before ;
Then doth my heart exultant leap !
I know a storm is on the deep !
Then course my pulses, wild and free,
Wild as thy billows, angry sea !

I miss thee, miss thee, far-off sea !
Oft in my dreams I dream of thee :
In dreams thy dotted surface view,
Or sail upon thy waters blue ;
Or watch thy waves, with sullen roar,
Come slowly creeping up the shore,
Until the Lord's "thus far" they meet,
Then back, in foam, they slow retreat !

In dreams I wander on that shore—
I walk thy white and sandy floor ;
I wander slow, and soft repeat
Some poetic fancy, old and sweet ;
Some verse of Psalm, or song refrain,
Thy waves keep chanting in my brain—
Some old-time poet's thought of thee,
O, tuneful, song-inspiring sea !

A. H. MILLS,

OF MIDDLEBURY.

THE GIRLS.

The girls ! O, the girls, what a queer sort of creatures,
Unlike anything else, both in manners and features ;
 With their sweet smiling faces
 Displaying their graces,
'Midst profusion of ribbons, and ruffles, and laces ;
Till bewildered, what else can a poor fellow do,
Than simply to love them—and tell them so, too ?
They 'll seem to be angry when most they are pleased,
And, while feigning resentment, still love to be teased.
 If a fellow proposes,
 They 'll turn up their noses,
Or pout out their lips, like two newly-blown roses,
So invitingly sweet one can scarcely resist
The impression that, really, they wish to be kissed.
They 're fond of extravagance, too, I declare—
Just look, if you will, at the garments they wear :

And then, such a bonnet !
Why, my word upon it,
A butterfly scarcely could seat himself on it ;
But then, it 's " the style," and displays, I suppose,
To the greatest advantage, their charms to the beaux.
What other new folly, think you, will they find,
To enlarge their proportions more fully behind ?
Where nature 's been sparing,
'T is made up in wearing
Some monstrous invention that sets people staring,
And throws unmistakably far in the shade,
All other contrivances known to the trade.
But, ladies, forgive me, I 've said quite enough
For your edification, of this kind of stuff :
Though we talk thus about you,
'T is not that we doubt you,
And we well understand that we can't live without you ;
So, follow the fashions as much as you please,
And suit your dear selves, though you walk on your knees.

THE SLOTHFUL FARMER.

In the State of Vermont, far up this way,
Where we labor to earn our bread,
There once lived a man, who, as I 've heard say,
Spent most of his time in bed.

Yet, somehow, he managed a cow to keep,
Together with three or four hogs,
And a small flock of nearly a dozen of sheep,
With two or three half-starved dogs.

His farm had become so exhausted and poor,
That naught, to advantage, would grow ;
For it never had yet seen a coat of manure,
Unless 't was a coating of snow.

His buildings showed premature signs of decay,
With boards swinging loose in the wind ;
While the rags from his windows were blowing away,
Leaving only an opening behind.

His fences were ruined, and broken, and gone,
Till whatever pleased passed through,
And 't was seldom he had any more plowing done
Than just what his hogs could do !

His crops, when once planted, were suffered to go
Without his assistance, to seed ;
And his neighbors all wondered his corn did n't grow,
While it stood in such excellent feed !

And thus, with each crop, it would still be the same—
It would never be tended at all ;
And, if it by chance to maturity came,
It was suffered to waste in the Fall.

Thus he managed, till finally hunger and want
Drove him forth, like a hog, from his nest,
And he swore 't was no place for a man in Vermont,
So he sold, and removed to the West.

FOUND DEAD.

Over yonder, in the meadow,
'Neath that old oak's ample shadow
As it were a place selected for repose;
Lay she there just as they found her,
With her shawl drawn close around her,
But from whence, or how she came there, Heaven knows.

Such a young and lovely creature,
Of such perfect form and feature,
One might fancy her an angel in disguise;
Who, assuming to be human,
And arrayed in garb of woman,
Just to frighten us, had fallen from the skies!

On her head she wore a bonnet
With a wreath of roses on it,
Fitting emblems, they, of her who did them wear;
While from out its fast'nings straying,
And with wanton breezes playing,
Gleamed a rich and glossy tress of golden hair.

There were trimmings on the border
Of her garments, which in order
Were arranged, as though reposing on a bed:
And while lying there before us,
With the heavens smiling o'er us,
It was hard to make it seem that she was dead.

A ring gleamed on her finger,
And perchance, her thoughts did linger
On the giver, as she sank to earth and died:

And while here in death she slumbers,
All in vain, alas! he numbers
Every hour, till he shall claim her as a bride.

From the place where she was lying,
She was borne away with sighing,
With her white arms meekly folded o'er her breast;
Tender hands with care conveyed her,
And, in solemn silence, laid her,
A sweet rose-bud, in a stranger's grave to rest.

There 's a home somewhere in mourning,
Where, alas! no more, returning,
Falls the echo of her footsteps at the door;
And while loving hearts are breaking,
Calm she sleeps, where no awaking
Comes to greet her youthful vision evermore.

DO YOU MISS ME?

Do we miss thee! ask of midnight,
Does it miss the light of noon;
Ask the rose with faded petals,
Has the Summer fled too soon?
Ask the trees, whose naked branches
Wave before the northern blast,
Do they miss what made their freshness,
And their glory in the past?

We have seen the Spring in beauty,
Walk abroad upon the earth,
While attendant on her footsteps
Sweetest flowers sprang into birth;

And the notes of feathered songsters
Came from every glade and glen,
As though all things were conspiring
To make glad the hearts of men.

Then came Summer, ever welcome,
With its wealth of rainbow skies,
With its glowing, golden sunsets,
And its clouds of thousand dyes ;
With its long, bright days of sunlight,
And its blessed showers of rain,
Giving promise of rich harvest
To the fields of waving grain.

Next in order, grand old Autumn
Comes with overflowing horn,
With its fruit-o'erladen branches,
And its sheaves of ripened corn ;
With its friendly social gath'rings,
And their words of sweetest cheer ;
While the lovely Indian Summer
With its glories crowns the year.

Yet through all these happy seasons,
I have missed thee from my side,
My faithful friend and comforter,
My counsellor, my guide ;
And oft from where the sons of mirth
Their boisterous vigils keep,
In silence and in solitude
I 've turned away to weep.

O, blessed is the memory
Of happy days gone by,

When earth to me was Paradise,
If only thou wert nigh;
When joys sprang up along our path,
Perennial and free,
And sorrow half like pleasure seemed,
So 't was shared with thee.

I knew—indeed, had always known,
That we must one day part,
But, loved one, how reluctantly
I laid this truth to heart;
Or with what faintness realized
The sadness that must come,
When we should hear thy voice no more
In our once happy home.

O'er all those scenes which charmed our sight,
A shadow seems to fall,
Earth's most enchanting melodies
Have lost their sweetness, all;
It sometimes seems as if my heart
Had almost helpless grown,
So lost, and weak, without the strength
It borrowed from thine own.

But God forbid that I should seem
To murmur or repine;
Enough to know that in the past,
My life was blest by thine;
Enough to feel, when once from earth
And earthly sorrows free,
That Heaven, with all its blessedness,
Is to be shared with thee. •

THE ACORN.

Deep in the silent forest's shade,
A single acorn fell;
And where its tiny form was laid,
No human tongue could tell :
It chose a lone, secluded spot,
And soon by all was quite forgot.

And Winter swept across the earth,
In storms of fiercest wrath,
It hushed the notes of woodland mirth,
While ruin marked its path ;
Yet safe it lay within its cell,
The self-same spot where first it fell.

Soon Spring returned, with genial showers,
And Sol's reviving rays ;
The earth was clothed in richest flowers,
And birds poured forth their lays :
It burst its bonds, and once set free,
It took the shape of forest tree.

All silently its infant form
Rose slowly into view,
Protected from the threatening storm
Securely where it grew ;
While birds their sweetest carols sung
Its gentle, yielding boughs among.

Years rolled away, and now a tree
Of giant size, it stood ;
It rose in stately majesty,

A monarch of the wood ;
It bore a trunk erect and fair,
Its long arms waving in the air.

Once more were years around it cast,
And now it seemed to be
A monument of ages past—
That old deserted tree ;
Its kindred all had long since fled,
Itself was leafless, scathed and dead.

It stood within a narrow space
As 't were almost forgot ;
Amidst a wild, degenerate race,
Who spurned its exiled lot ;
A stranger in its fatherland,
Borne down by Time's relentless hand.

'T is thus with man : at first so frail,
So subject to decay,
That scarce a breath that sweeps the vale,
But seeks him for its prey :
He passeth some few fleeting years
Amidst anxiety and fears.

But Time, whose mighty torrent rolls
Resistlessly along,
And bears, alike, to final goals,
The feeble and the strong ;
Soon wafts him on to man's estate,
To mingle with the wise and great.

And now behold him in the pride
Of intellect refined ;

See ships o'er mighty billows glide,
Controlled by mightier Mind;
He bids the winds subserve his will,
And all his purposes fulfil.

Directed by all powerful mind,
He visits distant shores,
Or, leaving grovelling earth behind,
He unknown worlds explores;
Omnipotence he almost dares,
And holds communion with the stars!

Where e'er the sun hath ever shone,
Wherever man hath trod,
Its secrets all are made his own—
He deems himself a god—
Wrests lightnings from Jehovah's hands
To execute his own commands!

But soon his powers begin to droop,
To age and care a prey;
His manly form inclines to stoop—
His hair is turned to gray;
The lustre of those eyes is dim,
And palsy quakes in every limb.

Still with a death-like grasp he clings
Tenaciously to life,
While all his waning powers he brings
To wage the unequal strife;
But all in vain, his triumph's o'er,
Earth owns his magic sway no more.

His proud achievements still remain,
But soon that wasted form,
Which, like a stock of ripened grain,
Bows to the passing storm—
Yields to the pressure of the blast,
And finds repose in death, at last.

MRS. FRANCES L. HYDE DEARBORN,

Wife of the late Dr. J. G. Dearborn, of Granby, Missouri, was born in Wallingford, Vt. She now resides in Cambridge, Vt.

LINES,

On the death of her only child, Frances Lucia Dearborn, who died in the seventh year of her age.

I 'll mourn not for my darling child,
Though she hath passed away,
Like a golden ray of sunlight,
At the hour of parting day.

I 'll weep not, though her lovely form
Is laid within the tomb;
No sorrow, now, can shed its blight
Upon her spirit's bloom.

Sleep, dearest one; O, sweetly sleep
Within thy grave so low;
I would not wish thy spirit back,
To dwell again below,

Where grief is ever hovering near,
To shroud the soul in gloom;

'Tis better, far, for thee to rest
Within thy early tomb.

Thy Father called, and thou art gone
To yon bright world unknown;
He bade thee bid adieu to earth,
And took thee fondly home.

And now, in yonder blissful realms,
A spotless robe is thine;
A heavenly crown is given thee,
Eternally to shine.

Then I 'll mourn not for my loved one,
Though she hath passed away,
Like a golden ray of sunlight,
At the hour of parting day.

MUSIC.

O tell me not that music's strain,
Can yield one soothing ray;
Or bid the heart to wake again,
To joys that fade away.

Its tones recall the golden hours,
And echo back the years;
But yet, alas! like withered flowers,
Their bloom no more appears.

If thou would'st bid my soul to weep
O'er scenes of by-gone days;

Then let soft music, low and sweet,
Breathe forth its melting lays.

'T will tremble o'er the slumb'ring strings
When dying mem'ries moan,
And wake, alas! those hidden springs,
That I would leave alone.

EVENING MUSINGS.

The moonlight glimmers through the trees;
And o'er my chamber floor
Throws mystic shadows, strange and dim,
As in the days of yore.
Sweet visions, stamped on memory's wall,
Seem gliding through the room,
And hark! is it their snowy robes
That rustle mid the gloom?

Ah, no! 't is but the evening breeze
That sways the old oak tree,
And whistles through the waving boughs,
Its fitful lullaby.
Yet still, methinks, I hear the tones,
Soft, silvery and low,
Of those I loved, in childhood hours,
In days of "long ago."

Roll on, roll on, thou golden orb,
And sigh, thou evening breeze;
I love to watch the mystic forms,
Made by the old oak trees:

For youthful days throng back again,
As shadows, dark and tall,
Dance strangely with their ghost-like forms,
Upon my chamber wall.

Oh, mem'ry! thou art still too true,
And faithful to thy trust,
The living are by thee enshrined,
The dead returned to dust.
The moonbeam, resting on the wall,
The winds low, harp-like tone,
Is linked by mem'ry to the soul,
With magic power unknown.

Beloit, June, 1857.

TO THE DEPARTED.

I know thou art waiting for me
In the land of the blest;
My spiritual eye doth discern thee,
Celestially dressed.

All radiant with the joys of yon heaven,
And jeweled thy crown;
O, why should I mourn thy departure,
When such joys thou hast found.

I must not—for the hand of affliction
Has taught me to learn
How the home of the pure and immortal,
Mine eyes can discern.

How to lift the thin veil that obscures them,
The door is left little ajar,
And the glory of God shineth through it,
Like some bright and beautiful star.

I can hear the deep swell of music,
From Eternity's sea ;
And a voice, *I know its sweet accents*,
Is now calling for me.

Thank heaven for the "silvery lining,"
Though gloomy the cloud,
And its bright, ineffable beauty,
Its mist doth enshroud.

Ere long, my dear loved ones, I 'll meet you
On Jordan's bright shore ;
Come, clasp me, when death dims my vision,
To part never more.

I dread not the summoning Angel,
He opens the gate to the blest ;
He 's kind to the weary and careworn,
And lays them down to their rest.

Maquoketa, Aug. 17, 1867.

HIRAM C. ORCUTT, M.,D.,

GRADUATED AT DARTMOUTH MEDICAL COLLEGE IN 1845—*now* LIVES AT DERBY CENTER.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A CHILD, SEPT. 30, 1844, AT EAST CALAIS, VT.

Strong were the ties, dear child, that bound
Thee to a mother's heart ;
How hard to feel, and yet 't was found
That thou from her must part.
Yes, lovely babe, thy parents grieve
That thou by Death art slain,
And yet they know and may believe
Their loss to be thy gain.
Thy darling form is cold in death,
Smiles play not on thy cheek ;
A budding mind will not unfold,
And thou wilt never speak,
O dearest child, can it be so ?
How hard to give thee up !
Say, wilt thou never with us go,
Nor take the handed cup ?
How can a parent's love endure
The sad and lonely thought :
What object in the world, so pure,
Before their minds is brought ?
Though hard the stroke, and deep the grief,
Yet, parents, you shall find
The Christian's hope will bring relief—
Composure to the mind.
Although the child shall ne'er return,

Yet you shall follow soon ;
The joys of meeting there to learn—
Say, is it not a boon ?
Yes, for, beyond death's gloomy maze
A better world, the sphere—
That lovely face shall meet your gaze,
While joy begets a tear.
Such hopes should be your comfort now,
As time moves on apace ;
To Heaven's mandate meekly bow,
And trust the God of grace.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF HENRIETTA B. GEORGE, SEPT. 13, 1862.

Thus it is, and has been ever,
Nature's strongest ties must sever ;
God, whose right it is to reign,
Exempts no mortal here from pain.

Yea, more, 't is written on the wall,
The loved of earth by death must fall :
So Henrietta passed away,
But is it not to endless day ?

Yes, of her presence though we 're shorn,
As without hope we need not mourn :
No, doubt it not, our tears refrain ;
Our loss is her eternal gain.

Long since she trusted God on high,
Affections placed beyond the sky,

Her faults were mortal—faith divine—
Her Christian virtues e'er shall shine.

Happy thought ! in death's dark hour,
She proved religion's buoyant power ;
Serenely passed her life away ;
Renewed it is, in endless day.

Family circle, thus just broken,
Seek secure some heavenly token,
That when life's trials all are o'er,
We 'll meet her on the other shore.

Thanks to God, His right to reign—
Thanks to Christ, that He should deign
Such hopes to sinful mortals give,
Himself to die that we might live.

GOD'S PATIENCE.

Heavenly Father, gentle, kind,
Thy patience rushes o'er my mind—
Sinful, wicked, mean am I,
And yet, alas ! so soon to die.

Perhaps another sun or two
May roll, ere I shall bid adieu
To all I 've loved and sought below ;
Will then the tear of anguish flow ?

My Saviour, slighted, disobeyed,
His cause neglected and betrayed,

Dare I then call His sacred name ;
And He refuse, I ne'er could blame.

God of patience, love, and truth,
I sought and found Thee in my youth,
And still in Thee, O God, I 'll trust,
None else can save, even the just.

What else can wicked mortals do
But call on Thee for mercy, too ?
Keep me, Lord, by thy right arm
In virtue's path, from every harm.

And when I die, my God on high,
O take me, wilt Thou, to the sky ?
I know my God is more than just,
His patience, pardon, all my trust.

MRS. HELEN M. ORCUTT,

OF DERBY CENTER.

LINES,

TO HER DAUGHTER FLORA, BEFORE MARRIAGE.

How many times, upon my breast,
In helplessness you 've lain ;
And mother tried, with tenderest care,
To soothe your every pain.

You now have found another's love
More sweet, more dear to you ;

Dear girl, O may it ever prove
As constant, kind and true.

Our homes on earth are sundered far
By mountain, lake and river;
But when from earth we pass away,
Shall we not dwell together?

Your darling brother, now on high,
Still loves and cares for you;
Although you cannot see his form
Flit through the ethereal blue.

God, too, my child, with watchful eye,
Looks, from His throne above,
Upon your every action here,
With more than mother's love.

Yet storms will come, and cloud your sky,
And troubles oft assail;
Then look to Him with prayerful eye,
Whose arm can never fail.

As down the stream of life you glide,
Keep ever in your view
The Cross whereon the Saviour died—
He shed His blood for you.

Go, Flora dear, to your new home,
Though far away from mine;
Your mother's blessings and her prayers
Are still, as ever, thine.

MISS MATTIE E. THOMPSON—*now* MRS. MATTIE E. ELRICH,

OF WEST BERKSHIRE.

PEACE.

Peace! Ah, the word for us hath greater charms,
Since hearts have shivered at dread war's alarms;
Since earth hath shook and trembled at the sound
Of fearful strife, on many a battle-ground;
And hath been deluged in a sea of blood
Flowing from human hearts—a fearful flood.
Since, in this conflict between right and wrong,
The nation hath been struggling for so long;
Now right hath triumphed, and the war doth cease,
Sweeter, far sweeter, is the dawn of peace.
Peace! peace! I close my eyes and say it o'er;
And thought goes onward to the heavenly shore,
Beyond death's river, and beyond this life,
Which has for me, with sin, a constant strife.
O, t'will be sweet, beyond that surging tide,
To know that never more unto my side
Will come the spectre Sin, who all my life
Doth haunt me, till I 'm weary of the strife.
Then, soul, be patient—strong to watch and pray,
Until the dawning of Heaven's peaceful day;
Then shall the rest and peace be sweeter, far,
That here life was a scene of toil and war.

TO S. A. W.

My soul to thee, poor weary one,
Goes out to-day :
And prayer for thee, to Heaven, tends
Its upward way.

And though life's cares and labors press
On every side ;
Still, spite of all, thou 'st in my heart
A chamber wide.

Ne'er, in the days long fled away,
When dreamingly
We wandered in green paths—a life
That seemingly

Could not have ended as it has ;
Ne'er then did I
Feel for you such a tender love,
And sympathy.

For love hath strengthened in the years
Of toil and pain ;
As plants grow hardier, for storms
Of wind and rain.

“Whom the Lord loves He chastens:” then
You must He love :
You will He take, when breaks the “bowl,”
To rest above.

Will not that rest be sweeter for
The suffering here ?

For thou hast wept, and there will God
Wipe off each tear.

Here, hath sore trial borne thee down,
And grief oppressed ;
There, with the loved and holy, thou
Wilt sweetly rest.

If, by the silver waters there,
We then shall meet,
We shall remember not the toil,
Or weary feet.

May God be with us both, till then,
And us sustain,
Till, in Heaven's peace and gladness, we
Forget all pain.

AT HOME.

At home again, and by the lake,
In the old familiar seat ;
And the dear old waves came rippling up
To kiss my welcome feet :

I come in the early morning time
To the low rock on the shore,
Where oft in the morn and oft at eve,
I've seated me before.

The sun makes paths of golden light,
In the woods across the bay,

And in the waves around my feet,
The lights and shadows play.
I lay aside my hat, and toss
The hair from off my brow :
The birch, low drooping o'er my head,
May kiss me welcome now.

My heart is filled with joy and peace,
And praise to God above,
For this dear home where I now dwell,
And which I so much love.

WHAT PROGRESS?

Am I any nearer Heaven than I was a year ago?
Are my footsteps on life's journey, although weary, weak
Leading me the way I ought to go? [and slow,

Every time that over earth the twilight creepeth, cold and
gray,
Hiding, in its somber mantle, the departing form of day,
I should have made advancement in the way.

But my footsteps, weak and trembling, sometimes take me
from the right,
And I find that I have wandered into darkness, out of light,
When there falleth down the curtain of the night.

But the by-paths do not please me, and I go back to the
road,
That I know alone can lead me to the city of our God,
Where I hope, at last, to lay aside my load.

Help me, then, O blest Redeemer, to keep in the narrow way;
Strengthen me to keep right onward, hour by hour, and day
by day,
Till at last in Heaven my weary feet I stay.

WAITING.

Maiden, with the dark brown tresses
Waving o'er thy shoulders fair;
With the eyes of earnest meaning,
And the brow unmarked by care.

Why that glance so deep and thoughtful,
Through the open window thrown?
Ah! no heart doth pay thee homage,
Maiden, thou art all alone.

Thou art thinking, while thine eye-glance
Rests upon the autumn sky,
Other maidens are beloved;
Why, O why, then, am not I?

In my heart lie warm affections
Cherished for I know not who;
Will he ever come, I wonder,
With the heart so warm and true.

Ah, methinks it would be pleasant,
More than pleasant, 't would be sweet,
If a noble heart beat faster
At the coming of my feet.

Gentle maiden, be not weary,
Time doth many changes bring;
Filled with happiness, the warm heart
Yet with songs of joy may ring.

CAPT. GEORGE H. BLAKE,

OF SOUTH BARTON

The following Valedictory was delivered at the close of the fall term of Hardwick Academy, 1863.

There are moments in life when it seems that all the joys and pleasures of the past are summed up, and come crowding themselves upon the memory at once. Thus it seems now. The remembrance of the happy scenes that we have enjoyed together here fills the mind at this moment. There is no sad reflection in the past, and only in the present, in the thought that these bright scenes have come to an end, and we have gathered in this little circle to listen to a few words of parting.

And mine the task to say the last farewell—
Would that my words could half my feelings tell—
But feeble voice cannot, by words, reveal
The fervent love that kindred spirits feel.

Respected teachers! when we turn to you
To speak a parting word—a sad adieu,
There is a feeling in each swelling heart
That's only known, when friends from friends depart.
To him, who here has met us, day by day,

To guide us onward in our classic way—
Whose kind advice has set our feet aright,
And urged them on with strength and might;
A thousand grateful thanks we freely give—
May joy be ever his—and while we live,
In cheerful accents shall our voices raise
To speak his merit and to sound his praise.
From her, who not to-night can meet us here,
We cannot part without a falling tear;
So gentle, so good, so modest, so kind;
So lovely of soul, so noble of mind—
Fair one, the thought of her shall ever be
Among the treasures of the memory;
And when, again, a band like this shall meet,
May she, restored to health, their presence greet.
Of all our teachers we can speak in praise;
May the light of joy, with benignant rays,
Shine on their heads, ever brilliant and clear,
To welcome and bless, to comfort and cheer.
Now, fellow schoolmates, do I turn to you
To say the bitter word—the sad adieu.
Oft have we *met*; but now we meet to part;
How grieves each soul, how heaves each beating heart
To know that ne'er again we all shall meet
In these same bonds of union, strong and sweet.
We leave this place to go, we know not where—
Scattered, like withered leaves by Autumn air:
On life's rough sea we take our rapid sail,
Impelled along by fortune's fickle gale;
Time soon shall write upon our heads its years,
And mark our cheeks with sorrow's falling tears.
Too soon some lovely form we now behold
Shall molder in the tomb, silent and cold,

This night we sadly part, and know not when
We meet, if e'er we meet on earth again :
But if we meet not, we cannot forget ;
No, the star of friendship shall never set.
The sacred ties that twine around the heart
Cannot be broken, even though we part.
Kind friends ! each scene is closed, each piece is heard,
And now to you a friendly parting word :
We thank you much that you have met us here ;
Long will we hold you in remembrance dear ;
May peace and happiness your ways attend—
And when, at length, the scenes of life shall end,
And all its joys and sorrows shall be past,
O, may kind Heaven receive you all at last,
There, through a long eternity to dwell,
Friends, teachers, schoolmates ! I bid you all farewell.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE AULD SCOTCH MITHER, AND HOW SHE WELCOMED HER MALCOLM.

There was great bustle at a Highland inn,
One summer afternoon, without, within ;
For Malcolm Anderson—who, years before,
Had left his mother's cottage, young and poor,
His fortune in his little sailor's chest,
And in the blessing that his mother blest—
With wife and children, servants, baggage, all,
Had landed from the mail coach in the hall.

It was a hamlet 'neath Ben Nevis' head,
That looked up, smiling, from the valley's bed :
Some dozen houses, with the old gray kirk,
A few poor acres, but enriched by work—
By honest Highland toil, by sweat of brow,
Where men and women delved with spade and plow,
Or where, indoors, the good wives wove and spun,
And brought up children, as their dames had done.
A brook went tumbling, headlong, boisterous, down,
And ground the oatmeal for the little town ;
A bridge the sundered street re-bound in one,
From which you saw the yeasty waters run.
Ben Nevis, with his head wrapped in a cloud,
Like some old grandsire, o'er the landscape bowed :
He saw the village children as they played ;
He saw the lover trysting with the maid ;
Down on these smoking chimneys, year by year,
He looked and smiled, and blessed their humble cheer ;
He looked and smiled, like some old idol grim,
As though they offered incense up to him ;
He heard the millstones grinding at his foot,
Down o'er the rocks the dashing waters shoot ;
And merry, to his ears, rang up the note
The blacksmith from his ringing anvil smote ;
And when the doors were open to the air,
He heard the guidman in his praise and prayer.
And here, among the heather and the rocks,
The hamlet kept its ill-assorted flocks :
Climbed up his brow a cosset lamb, a goat,
Each step proclaiming, with a tinkling note ;
And, lower down, above the garden's line,
Contented, grazed the grateful, great-eyed kine.
Who Malcolm was, of course, no mortal knew :

His name he 'd given the landlord, it is true ;
But twenty years had slowly come and gone,
And twenty years had built up bone and brawn,
And care and toil had, in his wavy, chestnut hair,
Woven a thread of silver here and there ;
The little sapling, which, with nimble feet
He 'd climbed, now stretched its arms across the street ;
So now he was a stranger in the very town
Each foot of which his childhood steps had known.
Besides, the landlord was but lately there,
And so received him with a grateful stare :
Native or stranger, he was quite as glad,
And welcomed him to take the best he had :
The rooms were low, the windows very small ;
He and his wife responded to each call.
But Malcolm, with the thought pre-occupied,
From wife and children soon withdrew aside,
And, taking off his dress from head to foot,
Quickly put on a common sailor's suit—
Pea-jacket, pants, and hat—such as he wore
When he went seaward, twenty years before ;
And then, by by-paths that in youth he 'd known,
He sought his mother's cottage door alone.
The footworn way he trod, again, along
Where he had shouted out his childhood's song,
Where he had whistled many a sailor air,
Before he left his good old mother's care.
There are, above, the very chestnut-trees
'Gainst which he used to plant his climbing knees ;
And here, midway, still stands the awkward stone
That many a time his heedless foot has thrown ;
And now he sits again the old stone stile,
And waits, to look the landscape o'er, a while.

Before him is the little cottage, where
His tiny feet first learned to climb the stair—
A stone's throw distant from him, that is all.
No dog would answer to the old-time call,
Nor bound, as once, the intervening wall;
For old Rob Roy, worn out, toothless, and dumb,
Long years ago to his last sleep had come.
There is his window o'er the sloping roof,
The apple-tree, with branches spread aloof,
The old stone chimney, awkward, huge, and square,
Still curls, with sluggish smoke ascending there.
Oh how his heart beneath his bosom smote!
Oh how it leaped into his choking throat!
For, through the mist that blinds his eager eyes,
His mother, in the window, he espies;
And hark!—oh, how it made his senses reel!—
She's crooning, softly, to her spinning-wheel;
The same sweet voice, broken although it be,
With which she sang when he sat on her knee.
And she's the same, although the precious form
Is doubled up, from meeting many a storm:
The locks of auburn, that he used to know,
Are white as winter's deep, undrifted snow;
The eyes are dim, that shone like flowers in dew,
Searching, yet tender—deep as heaven's own blue;
And yet her cheeks are blooming, like the rose
Beneath a bank of melting Alpine snows—
The same sweet tint that youth had painted, first,
Before life's tempests on her head had burst.
He knocked, at length, and then he, waiting, stood,
Eager to meet and test her motherhood.
No answer came, except the hollow sound
Of his own blow, the death-like cottage round;

He knocked again, and said, in undertone,
"She's grown quite deaf, I surely might have known."
"Coom ben!" in her old-fashioned, simple way,
As often to a guest he 'd heard her say.
She brought a chair; nor had he scarce sat down,
Before he asked the way to Kinlock town.
His garments they were new, but corase and rough;
His accent English; and his voice was gruff.
"Gang through the town, across the burnie's bed,
Keep up the hill, to left nor right your head;
When at the hight, turn round the old gray kirk."
She eyed him once, and then put by her work.
He weary seemed, all crouching in his chair,
And broken down with travel, grief, or care.
It made her sigh. "And are ye Scotch by birth?
Why went ye then a roaming roun' the earth?"
"Ah, yes! I'm Scotch; but I am altered so,
That her own son my mother would not know,
Although a mother kinder could not be
Before I left her and went off to sea."
"Ah, mon! of mithers ye do little ken,
If that's your ain conviction of them, then,
A mither 'd ken the bairn she fondly pressed
On her ain bosom to a lo'in' rest,
Wha teuk the snawy draught frae out her breast,
An' toddled roun' in the auld household nest,
She 'd ken her bairn, her lo'in' e'es sae keen,
Where'er he were, wherever he had been;
Her ear wad ken his footfa' on the walk,
She'd ken him by his gait and by his talk.
But tell me, mon, how far your foot could reach,
That ye sud lose the Scotch frae out your speech?
On Arctic snaws, or India's scorchin' sands,

Where ha'e ye wandered roun' through mony lands,
That ye ha'e tined the tongue your mither taught,—
The auld Scotch tongue, wi' sich sweet mem'ries
fraught?"

"Oh! in Calcutta I have lived for years."

At that she sighed; and then she said, with tears,

"And, when ye lived there, did ye chance upon

A bairn o' mine—one Malcolm Anderson?"

"There's many of that name I knew full well.

What is he, ma'am? A merchant there did dwell,

About my age and build, and wealthy, too."

"Malcolm's a merchant, that is very true;

But he is younger, far, by mony a year,

An' bonnier far, than you do now appear.

I beg your pardon, mon; a mither's pride

Sich points o' likeness can fu' weel decide.

An', then, he stood up firm, and straight, and tall,

As though he walked a laird within his hall;

His han's were like a lassie's saft an' white;

His tressy hair was thick and glossy bright;

His cheeks were like the new-blawn rose, to me,

That hangs, half open, on the mither-tree;

His swellin' brow was pure as any snaw;

And, in his een, that answered to your ca',

There was a glint just like the e'enen' star—

A glint o' light across a sky o' blue,

A leuk that seemed to search a body through:

Ye're not my Malcolm, mon, by very far,

Although a decent mither's son, nae doubt, ye are."

The stranger rose, as if to take his leave—

That he had altered so, slow to believe.

"Oh! bide a bit, ye've gang'd sae lang a way,

An' eat wi' us, before we part, I pray."

Thus did the kind old mother rise and say.
He had not answered her, before she went
And, up the stairway, this brief summons sent—
“Maggie, coom down, and set the supper on!”
For now the parting day was well-nigh gone.
And so the two spread out a clean repast,
And he drew nigh to eat, as she had asked.
She closed her eyes, and drooped her frosted head,
And, reverently, a simple grace she said.
The stranger took upon his plate the food;
He tried to eat, but still untouched it stood;
His soul within him was too deeply stirred;
He was too hungry for some loving word;
His heart was leaping, in too eager haste,
The sweetness of his mother’s lips to taste.
“Ye dinna eat, my mon: what can we bring?
What wad ye relish? Is there ony thing?”
“There is a dish my mother used to make,
I’d gladly taste, if only for her sake—
‘Tis oatmeal porridge; taken from her hand,
I’d be the happiest man in any land.”
“*Parritch*, ye mean!” his mother quick replied:
“There’s some that’s left from dinner, set aside;
It stan’s within the pantry, very near;
But then it’s cauld. Maggie, just han’ it here!”
“If it but have the taste it had of old,
I do not care if it be hot, or cold.”
He took the bowl, and then he stirred the spoon,
And she began to mark the motion soon.
And, when he twirled it by some boyhood art,
Half from her chair she rose, with sudden start;
And then she trembled, then was pale as death,
And then she said, as fast as came her breath—

“Ye minded me o’ my ain Malcolm, then ;
There, there ! just lift your spoon that way again.
Just sae his parritch he was wont to stir :
O laddie ! now, my Malcolm, gin, ye were !”
“Ah, weel then, gin I were your Malcolm, come
To cheer your auld age in your auld-time home,
Or gin your braw young Malcolm were as brown,
An, auld, an’ gray, an’ bald, an’ doubloit down,
That Malcolm, mither, wad ye now incline
To lo’e him as ye did in dear lang syne ?”
His language had become his mother’s own ;
She heard again the old familiar tone ;
At once her aged breath comes thick and fast,
And gath’ring tears begin to fall, at last :
And when he calls her *mither*, then she goes
With one glad cry, and, tottering toward him, throws
Her fainting form upon his manly breast,
With her excessive joy, weak and distressed ;
And, like a child, within his bosom hides,
While many a tear-drop down his rough face glides.
Her brow he kisses, then her face and hand,
And calls her all dear names he can command ;
While in his face she looks, beyond a doubt
If she, perchance, can make her Malcolm out.
At last, by these caresses satisfied,
And, lacking words, they seat them side by side.
“But Malcolm, wife and bairns—where are they all ?”
“Oh ! at the inn, within a minute’s call.”
“Go, bring them here, to bless my achin’ e’e ;
I scarcely hoped this happy day to see.”
“But in the cottage ha’e ye surely room ?”
“I ’ll manage that. Go, bid them a’ to coom :

“ I ha’e twa rooms, wi’ neebor closets wide,
An’ shelves weel packed wi’ gudes on ilka side,
Wi’ things for years I ’ve woven or ha’e spun.”
“ Weel, mither, now ye ’ll rest: your work is done.”
“ ’T wad mickle irk my soul, I ken fu’ weel,
Idle to see my loom or spinnin’ wheel;
This side the grave to rest I dinna care;
Fu’ lang a time I ’ll ha’e to rest me there.
I canna bear these wrinklet han’s to fauld
Till they are crossed, to molder in the mold;
There ’ll be, ’twixt then an’ resurrection-day,
For needfu’ rest, fu’ time enough to stay.
But hasten, now, your wife and bairns to bring;
Against it we ’ll make ready ilka thing:
I hope to like your wife, I want to see
The bonnie bairns; I hope that they ’ll like me.”
The good dame’s hopes, each one, proved very true;
She liked them well, and well they liked her, too.
That night before their rest, in holy calm,
They knelt in prayer—they sang an old Scotch psalm;
And then, the good wife’s palsied voice instead,
Her Malcolm’s own the welcome worship led.
Bright was the cottage thence, within, without.—
Without with rose and woodbine clung about,
Within with childhood ways and childhood glee,
With books, and sports, and ringing melody:
But sometimes would the grand-dame call around
The little group, and still their boisterous sound;
While, as she told, their eager eyes would swim,
How Malcolm came, and how she welcomed him.

G. NELSON BRIGHAM, M. D.,

OF MONTPELIER.

Dr. Brigham published a volume of his poems, in 1870, that has been very highly complimented by the press.

IDA LENORE.

The lost Lenore—the beautiful Lenore—

The angel-resembling Lenore—the child
Of high-born birth, but lost out of earth,
A day unfortunate to me. The mild,
The affectionate child of incomparable worth,
Who came in, one night, at our door,
The lovable Ida Lenore.

The sweet tempered Lenore—gone back unto Heaven;
And a darkness left in the house evermore;
Left us with our hands imploring her stay—
Fled out of a land where the feet grow sore,
To the crimson, a golden flower-land away;
This lovable child Lenore,
Who went one night from our door.

The light-hearted Lenore, alas, I still
Remember, just as she toddled my floor;
With her arms like a cherub's so white and bare,
With a chin and a cheek which the dimples run o'er,
And her wavy tresses of flaxen hair;
This lovable child Lenore,
Who went one night from our door.

O, that it should be so! that the hand
Of an evil distemper fall on her;

That the angels should love her more than we ;
That I should be made Heaven's almoner,
While up through the flickering, starry sea,
The hovering pinions are more
Than the flowers the broad earth o'er.

But I know it is well with the child Lenore,
For none ever looked on her but to love,
And none ever thought of her as of earth—
But I comforted myself that my darling, my dove,
Who dropped from the spheres with these marks of her birth,
Would longer await at my door,
The beautiful Ida Lenore.

The lost Lenore, the beautiful Lenore !
With the angelhood at the rosy gates,
By cerulean Edens her form I see :
And what if her heaven-life antedates
On the dial awhile ! in the Great to Be
We shall find the Ida Lenore,
Our beloved and our darling evermore.

THE OLD MAN AND THE ANGEL.

The clock has plodded along till five,
In an Autumn day of the year ;
The strolling bee returns to his hive
From the pastures, brown and sere ;
The frost has nipt the vines on the wall,
And the dead leaves begin to fall.

In-doors, the grandma sits in her chair,
With the wrinkled lines on her face ;

And, bleached into white, her dark brown hair;
While walks, with a faltering pace,
The floor of the hall, her other half,
- Low bent, and leaning upon his staff.

Clearing the table, in middle life,
Is a woman, genteel and fair,
And a hale looking man, who calls her wife,
Sits near—a happy pair,
Discoursing together of the sermon read;
And then of their cousins this Sunday wed.

A chap, not two, with eyes of blue,
And abundance of golden curls,
There creeps, and plays with his grandma's shoes;
While two little pink-dressed girls
A psalm-book unto the old man bring,
And clamor, aloud, to hear him sing.

With trembling voice, he pitches and sings
The olden tune of Mear—
The grandma joins, like a harp with strings
Half broken, and drops a tear:
They both do seem, in their whitened locks,
Like sheaves of grain in the Autumn shocks.

The children gaze in the old man's eye,
As he brushes a tear away,
And ask, "What makes grandpa cry?"
And he says, "I remember the day
It was said to me, "Be of good cheer"—
And the time draws near—the end of the year."

For devotion soon they gather round,
And, from its place on the shelf

Is brought the Bible, in sheepskin bound,
Nigh as old as the sire himself.
His spectacles placed, he reads from Isaiah ;
Then kneels at the altar, and offers prayer.

The shadows of evening round them fall,
And the moonbeams steal on the floor ;
'Tis hushed within, and asleep are all,
The child and the man of fourscore.
An angel comes in the shape of Death,
With golden harp and an amaranth wreath,

And whispers a word in the sleeper's ear—
O'er his face comes a beaming ray,
And his lips say softly, "The end of the year :"
And he breathed his last as he lay.
They woke within, at the break of dawn,
But the good old man and the angel were gone.

THE OLD HOME COTTAGE.

Among New England's northern hills,
The old home cottage stands ;
The moss is seen upon its sills,
The dust is on its jambs ;

A quaint old house of square-hewn blocks,
With woodbine on its eaves ;
An oak beside the gate, where rocks
The hang-bird 'mong its leaves.

O, to it cling old mem'ries dear,
Dear bonds but death can free ;

We left it with a blinding tear,
And in deep agony.

From ruin, Time, this threshold spare ;
Buffet with tender blow ;
I would not see the grass grow where
Our walk wound long ago.

Bright glowed the yule-log's winter flame ;
And cheerful rose our songs ;
Old house, to me you are the same
In all neglects and wrongs.

O, keep for me my vacant chair,
My friend in days of cheer ;
Alack, what if I were but there,
How would old things appear ?

Should I yet meet a sister's smile,
Her arms flung out to me ?
Plods on old Roan his weary mile,
At tug and whiffletree ?

My dog—sleeps he upon the rug ?
Keeps kitty up her purr ?
I see you all ensconced so snug—
Myself a wanderer.

Ah, much I fear to look on what
Old Time has done for you !
I dread to see that lowly spot
Beside the weeping yew :

I 've wished to come for mother's sake—
Her loss how can I bear !

O, oft she 's watched till morning's break
At duty and in prayer.

Mementos are among the trees
Which hide the garden walks ;
A tender sound is in the breeze
That waves the mullein stalks.

And underneath the apple-tree,
Beside the sedgy brook,
Were faces which once met with me,
On which I shall not look.

The garlands gathered in the grove,
By angel fingers twined—
Alas ! they wither, as I rove—
My father grows more blind.

The spider weaves her cunning web
About my old bedroom ;
And on, and on the life tides ebb,
Which bear us to our doom.

And when again, oh ! when shall I
Sit round that welcome hearth ?
And who remains that said good-bye,
And who are not of earth ?

Among New England's northern hills,
The old home cottage stands ;
The moss is seen upon its sills,
The dust is on its jambs.

The low-roofed cot, with barns apart ;
Wood-shed and big wood-pile ;

O, ever clings my yearning heart
To every beam and tile.

MISS ANNA BRYANT,
OF WEST ENOSBURGH.

THE OLD DREAM.

Old Nature wore her flaunting robes
Of brilliant red and yellow,
And all the Autumn air was filled
With hazes, soft and mellow.

The scarlet leafage of the trees
The bland south winds were bending;
Yet mem'ry with that Autumn day
A sad, sweet dream is blending.

She stood beneath our old roof-trees,
Then crimson with September;
A radiant creature in her pride
Of wealth, and blood, and splendor.

Her queenly glance fell full on mine,
One single breathless minute;
A something mocking, lightly sad,
With scorn and pity in it.

O, I an ill-dressed country lad;
She clad in silks and laces;
I with my homespun, homely ways—
She with her airy graces!

I with uncouth, uncultured thoughts,
In rude provincial vesture ;
She with her wealth of polished words
And piquant grace of gesture !

A fateful glamour o'er me fell,
For, with a gloomy daring,
I loved her, though that very love
Seemed but a fond despairing.

She went her way, and I went mine ;
Then, in the gay September,
I with a world-full to forget—
She nothing to remember.

Since then I 've mingled with the world,
And caught its courtly graces ;
But ever in a feverish haste,
Amid its forms and faces,

My heart has seemed to seek for one
It worships most and prizes ;
But many Autumns have returned
With their flamboyant guises.

And many times the old roof-trees,
In ruddy colors burning,
Have brought sharp memories of that day ;
But not its sweet returning.

ISAAC W. SANBORN,

OF LYNDONVILLE.

FAIRY RAY OF SUNSHINE.

O, fairy ray of sunshine,
Full of joy and love,
Like an angel messenger,
From the world above.

Driving out the darkness,
Letting in the light;
Giving earth a beauty—
Day instead of night.

Coming from the day-king,
Streaming through the sky;
Lighting up the starry way,
As it passes by.

Happy in the glory
Of its heaven and love
Is the ray of sunshine
Beaming from above.

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE COMING.

The Summer days are coming,
With sunshine and with flowers,
When beauty decks, in verdant bloom,
The mountains, hills and bowers ;

When every field and meadow
Is clothed in green attire,
And gladness in her gayety,
Strikes loud her joyful lyre !

All nature smiles its welcome,
When Summer rules the world,
With fields of grass and waving grain,
Like banners all unfurled :
The songsters of the woodland,
In plumage bright and gay,
Unite to trill their joyous harps
In merry roundelay.

There's splendor in old Winter,
When all his blasts are keen,
And over all the forest trees
He spreads his silvery sheen.
But when each field and meadow
Breathes Summer's balmy air,
Young Gladness, in her gayety,
Strikes loud her joyful lyre !

REJOICE—THE STRIFE IS ENDED.

Written at the close of the Rebellion.

Rejoice, rejoice, the strife is ended,
For our country and its laws ;
The right prevails, the battle's ended
In victory to the Union cause.

Rejoice, rejoice, the strife is ended ;
Treason 's crushed and freedom reigns ;
Musket ball and cannon blended
To break and banish slavery's chains.

Rejoice again ! with a heart rejoice !
And shout the glories bravely won ;
Ten thousand thanks ! let every voice
Exalt the service that is done.

A country saved from treason, death,
A race redeemed from slavery ;
We 'll honor, till our latest breath,
The valor of our Soldiery.

THE SCHOOL BOY'S SONG.

Away, away to school I 'll go,
Thus early though it be ;
Over the light and drifted snow,
I 'll trip right merrily.

I will not loiter by the way,
And make myself a fool ;
Nor linger with the boys at play,
When it is time for school.

My teacher's rules I will obey,
In all that I shall do ;
When I my recitations say,
I 'll speak with promptness, too.

I'll mind my studies, as I ought;
 My time shall not be lost;
 For learning, though so dearly bought,
 Is doubly worth the cost.

To school, to school I then will go,
 And study while I may;
 I'll live to learn, and learn to do
 My duty, every day.

THE DAY OF JUBILEE.

JANUARY 1, 1863.

Freedom reigns ! the glorious day,
 The day of jubilee !
 Slavery's power has lost its sway,
 Its victims ever free.

Rejoice ye hills, ye mountains high,
 Declare the glory far ;
 Freedom is king ! and justice nigh
 Is crowned an honored star.

* * * * *

The morning breaks, the sun appears
 To light the course of future years ;
 Its dawn has flushed the Northern sky ;
 The Southern clouds before it fly.

The day has come ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Let Freedom gladden every voice ;

Awake the song of jubilee—
Afric's sons are forever free !

MISS EUNICE TOWN—*now* MRS. EUNICE POTTLE,
OF STOWE.

The following poem was written and delivered at the close of the Spring Term
of Stowe High School, 1865.

A DREAM.

Last night, when slumber's curtains soft
Had shrouded reason's beams,
The mother * that I never saw
Came to me in my dreams.

It will be twenty weary years,
When next May roses bloom,
Since they laid her fair, gentle head
On its pillow in the tomb.

But when she came last night, and stood
In silence, by my side,
I thought not, in that happy dream,
That she had ever died.

I thought not of her lonely grave
In the church-yard so low,
Nor of her pure soul gone away,
Where God's belovéd go.

* Mrs. Pottle's mother died when she was five months old.

I had forgotten all the tears
To her dear memory shed;
I thought I saw her living face—
Forgetting she was dead.

Her fair hair had a golden glow,
Her eyes were calmly bright,
Her garments like the drifted snow,
Beneath the moon's full light.

A blessed calm, a tranquil peace
Seemed her whole mien to fill;
Like starlight on a placid lake—
So holy, yet so still.

Joyful I took her hand, and gazed
Into her eyes serene;
She seemed as far removed from me
As if seas swept between.

With awe, yet not appalled, I pressed
My lips upon her face;
There seemed to be between us, yet,
A vast and awful space.

A gulf too wide for thought to pass,
Though strong its wings and fleet;
A barrier placed between our souls,
Forbidding them to meet.

Alarmed, I cried—"O, mother! friend!
What is this mystery?
And whence and why this fearful void
That severs thee from me?"

“Speak! speak! my soul is faint with dread,
For, though I kiss thy brow,
Yet the remotest star o’erhead
Seems much more near than thou.”

Then faint and trembling I awoke—
The morn was blushing red;
And I bethought me, with a start,
That she had long been dead.

Redeemer, when the time shall come,
That my weak soul must tread
That awful gulf which separates
The living from the dead,

O, let it cling to Thee alone;
Be Thou its strength and stay;
Guide Thou its faint and shrinking steps
Safe through that dreadful way.

And when the shores of Heaven are gained,
The drear gulf safely passed,
O, may I meet that gentle mother,
In fields of light, at last.

LINES SUGGESTED ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

It is Thanksgiving day to-day;
A year again has flown away;
This group of sisters meet once more,
And still we are, in numbers, four.

For this how thankful we should be,
That we 've been spared this year to see ;
While one, who met with us last year,
Is gone—alas ! she is not here.

Ah, no ! she is not here to-day,
With smile so bright and laugh so gay ;
For she, so full of health and life,
Has left this world of toil and strife.

O, how we miss that smile and voice
That used to make our hearts rejoice ;
That form, so full of life and grace—
Those pleasant eyes, that mirthful face.

Her's was a noble, generous mind,
As seldom ever you will find ;
Her work on earth was quickly done,
And she's gone, we trust, to a better home.

Let 's imitate those virtues rare,
That we admired in her so fair ;
And may the tie that binds our hearts
Grow stronger, until life departs.

HENRY M. LADD,

OF MIDDLEBURY—A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '72, MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

—

The following poem was delivered at the Parkerian Prize Speaking, at the close of Summer term of 1871, and a prize was awarded to Mr. L. for the same. It was written in commemoration of the touching death and burial, at sea, of an English soldier's daughter, on the voyage from Gibraltar to England, in the Summer of 1867.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

Where the British lion crouches
In his strength and majesty,
And Gibraltar's rocky fortress
Guards the entrance of the sea ;
There we anchored for the soldiers
Homeward bound upon a furlough.
Soon we saw their gleaming armor,
And their scarlet uniforms,
As adown the rocky fortress
Came the tread of tramping feet.
Now, on board, we hail the heroes—
Battered, scarred and time-worn heroes,
Who had fought at Balaklava—
Fought and bled at the Crimea—
Languished 'neath the suns of India,
And the withering, burning furnace
Of the desert-wind Sirocco.
But to-day they 're glad and happy ;
For the morrow's sun will find them
On the ocean, homeward sailing ;
And the thoughts of home and loved ones
Waiting on the distant shore

Make the hour of parting joyous ;
Though the comrades of the camp-fire,
And the messmates of the barracks,
Ne'er may meet each other more.
Then the Captain gives command :
" Heave the anchor, heave away,"
Quick is heard the clinking capstan,
And the grating of the chain,
As they slowly weigh the anchor.

All is hurry and confusion ;
Friend seeks friend to bid good bye ;
Hands are clasped—the last word spoken,
Messages to loved ones given,
'Mid the waving of the 'kerchiefs,
And the sobbing of the women,
While the grating chain is clinking,
And the captain shouts command,
Slowly from the harbor sail we,
And the boats that bear the loved ones
Fade upon our sight away.

There 's a form surpassing lovely,
Standing by the quarter-railing,
Waving still her hand to some one
In a boat that's fast receding.
Who is she beside the railing,
Standing there so sad and lonely ?
'T is the brave lieutenant's daughter,
And the boat, so fast receding,
Holds her own devoted lover,
He who never more shall clasp her
To his heart as oft of yore.

The rock of Gibraltar is left far away,
And the shadows of evening have closed on the day.
'T is the sixth from the starting, and naught can be seen,
But the sky and the ocean of fathomless green;
The soldiers are gathered in groups all around,
And naught can be heard but the riotous sound
Of laughter and shout; while the jest and the song
Are fitfully borne from the jovial throng;
For the hearts of the soldiers are merry with wine,
And the song is of England, and "Auld lang syne."
They speak not of camp or the battle's commotion;
What care they for carnage, where rolls the broad ocean?
'T is the time for rejoicing, not for fears—
'T is the time for merriment, not for tears;
So the bowl and the jest, the toast and the song,
Are noisily passed through the jovial throng:
They drink to the health of the loved and the fair
Who are waiting, at home, to welcome them there.
For the hearts of the vet'rans within them are yearning,
And the hearts of the lovers within them are burning
To clasp once again, as in long days of yore,
The loved and the cherished on Albion's shore.

But hark! the toast and song are hushed
No more the sound of music swells;
In gloomy groups of twos and threes
The silent crew are gathered round—
A sob, a tear the story tells,
For yonder in that little room
The soldier's pride is dying now.
The brave lieutenant weeps to see
Death printed on his daughter's brow.
Without, the storm-wind's angry breath

Shrieks through the cordage of the ship ;
The muttering thunder peals and rolls,
And lurid lightning veins the sky,
Amid the howling of the storm.
Hark ! how the ship's bell tolls and tolls,
As 't were some voice on distant shore
Lamenting for departing souls.
Within, the gloomy power, Death,
Is traced upon a peerless form
O'er which a mother bends and weeps.
"Mother don't weep for me," she said—
"It's growing dark and cold ; but then
To-morrow, ere the sun be risen,
My soul will be beyond the skies,
Freed from this weak and trembling prison.
Tell Bert I 'm waiting for him there ;
And, Father, at the sunset hour,
When lulls the storm, then bury me."
She, so young, so fair, was dead.
Every hope young love had cherished,
In that hour, with her, had perished.

The morning dawned, the clouds had fled away,
And o'er the ocean gleamed the orb of day,
The weary hours dragged their lengths along,
And now th' appointed hour was drawing near.
The setting sun, in all his splendors dight,
Seemed loth to view the mournful, solemn sight,
And hid behind a bank of golden clouds,
That shed a somber and funereal hue
Upon the heaving bosom of the deep.
The wind and wave together sobbed and moaned
In whispered cadence of a pent up grief :

Just as the sun stooped down to kiss the wave
The ship's bell tolled !

Forth came the summoned crew,
Bearing a form that once was full of life,
Wrapped round, for shroud, in her own country's flag.
Tread lightly, for that form is beautiful in death,
And bears the signet seal of Heaven's choice !
Ah ! could he see, who held her heart in life,
The stainless marble of that fair young face—
Those eyelids closed upon their dark blue orbs—
The curls of gold that shade that lovely brow,
'T would ease the blow that stuns his bleeding heart.

The ship's bell tolled ! The palpitating heart
Of our proud steamer fluttered, then stood still.
The mourning friends in silence now drew near,
Bold, hardy men, with tear drops in their eyes.
Such desolation reigns within the heart,
When that mysterious monarch, Death, is nigh !
There stood the stricken mother moaning, sobbing ;
A grief too deep for common tears was her's,
And some there were who in that solemn hour
Recalled the words of love's last eloquence.

The ship's bell tolled ! and now there rose a voice,
Clear as the star of hope, o'er angry seas,
As soothing as the balm of paradise—
"I am the resurrection, and the life."
All eyes were turned ; it was the chaplain's voice
That lent supporting faith to mourning love.
It was a solemn, holy hour for all.
Here lay the lovely form of beauteous youth,
There sunburnt soldiers, weeping, bared their heads.

Again the ship's bell tolled ! the sun dipped low
Beneath the wave and lingered, loth to set :—
There was a plunge ! the ready sea embraced
And hid the form we loved to look upon ;
The troubled waters calmly closed the gap,
And she was gone ; the sun that moment set.
The stars now one by one came shyly forth,
And soon the heavens blazed with stellar light :
But where was she we loved ? not in the cold
Deep ocean where the dull sea monsters glide ;
But entered at the sapphire gate beyond
Those radiant orbs, whose light serene
Lies mirrored on the bosom of the deep.
And yet, at times, my fancy wild will stray
To that pale form beneath the ocean wave,
Wrapped in the tangled seaweed's clammy shroud,
And laid within the caverns of the deep,
Where finny herds do roam, and shapeless forms
Of things, unseen by man, do hold their sway—
Where treasures lost, of wealth and beauty, lie
Amid the coral reefs and whitening bones
Of centuries.—Oh Death ! thy form is dread
When thou dost come alone ; but when thy spoils
Thou sharest with the ever-grasping sea,
Thy form is ghastly grim and terrible !
The earth can tell us of her dead ; but thou,
O, ever changing sea ! art mute and dumb :
Oblivion shrouds the secrets of thy breast.

The angels of God are watching the deep,
Where the wind and the wave lie together asleep ;
They mark well the spot where our loved one we laid,
They hallow the spot where our tribute we paid.

There the music of ocean unceasingly rolls,
And sounds, like a bell, as it mournfully tolls
For the treasures that lie beneath the deep main,
And the lovers now lost to the glad bridal train.
While the silvery moon keepeth watch o'er the place
Where beauty lies rocked in the ocean's embrace;
There ever the music of ocean shall swell,
And chant a sweet song where our loved ones dwell,
Till the trumpet of God shall arouse those that sleep,
And the ocean no longer her treasures can keep.

MISS A. H. CAPRON,

OF MORRISVILLE.

CHERISH THE LIVING.

A pallid, sorrow-stricken man
Stood bending o'er the grave,
And tears fell fast upon the bier
Of him he could not save.

He raised his streaming eyes to God,
And cried to Him for aid;
A sage, in passing, asked of him
Why such complaint was made.

"Because," he answered, "when alive,
Though kind and true to me,
This friend was scorned, and oft reviled—
His worth I *now* can see.

“If only God would give him back,
I 'd atone for all the past,
And ne'er, by word or look unkind,
Would I a shadow cast.”

“Waste not thy sighs in useless grief,”
The sage he quickly said;
“Go, cherish well thy living friends,
For one day they 'll be dead.”

A REGRET.

The dreams of my youth are passing away,
As the dewdrops vanish at the coming of day.
And what of the days of my girlhood gone?
The years of youth's smiling, beautiful morn?
These years have been given to me in vain;
Naught can I show but vexation and pain.

What deeds of glory, what a noble life
Would I ever choose, amid sin and strife!
How I joyed to think of the brilliant name
I would leave on the pages of future fame!
But now ashes of dead-sea apples alone
Remain in my grasp, for me to bemoan.

Like glimmering lights that disappear,
Each dream has left me—each vision dear;
Like a leaf on a stream that will never return,
The friendships and joys of childhood are gone;
Cheated by pleasure, the chalice of life
Now brims only with care and strife.

H. M. TENNEY,

OF MORRISVILLE—A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '73, OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

—

MEMORIES OF A TRAVELER UPON RETURN-
ING TO HIS OLD HOME.

Weary years have circled by me, since I left my early home,
Since I left the scenes of childhood, o'er the fields of life to
roam.

Time has sped with solemn motion, all along the track of
life;

Drawing on its train of action, through the whirling winds
of strife.

Sorrow's hand, with blighting pressure, has been laid upon
my brow,

Leaving deep its sad'ning traces, that remain there, even now.
I have battled in the contest, surging mid the restless
throng,

Felt the wounds of harsh injustice, and the stings of cruel
wrong :

Felt my spirit stir within me, crying for some nobler part ;
For the complement of being—quiet for the aching heart.
I have wandered, weary, restless, through the different
climes of earth ;

Crossed the burning fields of Asia—seen the icebergs of
the North ;

Sailed the Nile's slow-moving waters—drifted down the
castled Rhine ;

Climbed the steep, and rugged mountain ; entered deep the
darksome mine ;

Mingled with the classic Germans ; wandered o'er the Fath-
erland,

Felt the blighting curse of tyrants, from the Frenchman's
bloody hand.

Waves of years have swept upon me—borne me in their
circling foam.

Thus through foreign lands and nations, from my old, my
early home.

Weary with this life of travel, longing for the life of old,
I have turned my tired footsteps from the highways rough
and cold—

Turned them towards the olden homestead, towards the
scenes of early life,

Where I spent my opening manhood, where I entered first
the strife.

I am nearing; in the distance rise the mountains to my view;
Mountains near the homestead, sleeping in the western blue.
Many a time I watched the sunbeams tinge their brows
with rosy light,

Bathe them o'er with golden splendor, at the coming of the
night.

Here 's the valley, there the woodland, where the dreamy
shadows fly,

When the day's last parting glances from the western
chambers die.

Many a time I 've walked that woodland, deep within its
lonely shade,

Heard the wild and sad'ning music, that the wind through
pine trees made;

Heard with heart and mind so deeply that the sound rings
in my ears,

Sends its sad and solemn murmur down through all the
moving years.

Here 's the river winding slowly through the valley's fertile
plain,

Moving calmly on its journey to the distant roaring main :
Now the ripples chase each other, dancing to the further
shore,

Telling tales to nodding rushes, as they did in days of yore.
There are wavelets of that river, beating 'gainst my aching
heart ;

Beating with a quivering motion, and they never will de-
part.

Here 's the place—the olden homestead. O how quick the
memories come !

O, how deep the fount of feeling stirs at sight of my old
home !

O, my soul is filled with longing, and my heart beats deep
and fast,

As the waves come surging o'er me from the ocean of the
past !

O, how dark seems all the present ! O, how dreary on its
shore ;

I am moving through the shadows to the vast Forevermore !
But these mem'ries crowding o'er me, stirring all my spirit
so,

Bear me backward from the present to the distant long ago ;
To the distant lovely Summer of my life's now closing year ;
To my youth and early manhood—all its joy, and hope,
and fear.

Then the days ran on before me, beckoning with their love-
ly hands,

Decking me with fairy garlands—binding me in flowery
bands.

Then a mother's gentle warnings led me in the path of
right—

Pointed through this earthly darkness to the upper realms
of light.

Then a sister moved beside me, joined me in my early
dreams,
Gazing with me down the future, gleaming then, in golden
beams.
Here we sported, here we rambled through the rosy months
and years,
Feeling then no grief or sadness—clouded not with gloomy
fears..
Soon the days of childhood left us in the golden fields of
youth,
Then we sought and gathered knowledge—gathered spark-
ling gems of truth,
I in College, she with teachers in the distant busy town,
Strengthened mind and power and feeling—wore the earn-
est scholar's crown.
Manhood's strength was then upon me, manhood's zeal in-
spired my life,
And I moved, in stirring action, with the marching ranks
of strife.
While I moved among the victors, crowned with garlands
I had won;
While the future shone before me, and sweet voices called
me on,
Came a summons from the present, from my sister's trem-
bling hand,
Bidding me to hasten homeward—calling me with sad com-
mand.
There my mother's life was trembling, fading from the
mortal sight,
Gazing to the heavenly mansions through the gloom of
earthly night.
Sweetly, softly passed she from us, moving to her lasting
rest—

Joining there my noble father, in the kingdom of the blest.
Then my sister grew still dearer ; clung to me, her only stay ;
Begged me never more to leave her, while she walked this
 earthly way.

O, my heart grew sick within me, and my blood ran cold
 and slow,

As I gazed upon her beauty —saw the color come and go ;
Saw the hectic flush bright burning, on her sweet and love-
 ly face,

Felt that life with her was shortening, as I saw its crimson
 trace.

Then there came, from out the city, schoolmates to my sis-
 ter dear ;

One there was among the number that continued with us
 here ;

She, too, caught the whispered accents from the angel's
 heavenly breath,

That my sister moved before us to the lonely shades of
 death.

So *we* watched her, caring—doing all that mortal power
 could do ;

Guarded her from every danger all that long, long Sum-
 mer through.

O, those days are fixed in memory, pictured there so deep
 and fast,

That, as long as earthly life is, they will rise from out the
 past !

Then there came a change upon me, sweetest change to
 mortals given,

Save it be the bright transition from this earthly up to
 Heaven.

Love struck on my trembling heart-strings, waking all
 their sleeping strain,

Called sweet music out of sorrow, softened all my soul-felt
pain.

Love stirred all the fount of being, struck on all the keys
of life,

Bore me on its heavenly pinions, far above the common
strife.

Friend and schoolmate of my sister, one from whom she
ne'er would part,

She had won my admiration, then my earnest, loving heart.
She was lovely: O, how soul-full were those longing, love-lit
eyes,

With that far away expression, in whose depths such pas-
sion lies.

She was noble—gifted with a reach and range of thought,
That looked deep in all the present, far below the surface
sought.

In her mingled all the woman's finer fancy, feeling, love;
And she showed, in every action, guiding spirit from above.
And I loved her, loved so deeply, that my love will never
fade,

But will live with all my being, e'en through death's last,
dreary shade.

She, too, felt the trembling, quivering bliss of loving in
her *heart*,

And our spirits ran together, never, never more to part.

Then each day, on angel pinions, flew by us to join the
last,

And we *lived* in all the present, knowing not how soon
't was past.

Then my sister looked upon us, saw how deeply we were
blessed;

Wished us joy in all the future, while she longed for peace-
ful rest.

Peaceful rest from all the earthly, rest from all the power
of pain;

Peaceful rest above in Heaven, free from sin's controlling
reign.

She was going from us swiftly—moving towards the hidden
shores,

Where the spirit drops its shackles—on the wings of angels
soars.

One bright day in early August, e'er the sunset tinged the
west,

She had called us to her bedside, told us "we must take
more rest;

We had borne too close confinement, caring for her every
need,

We should row upon the river—walk along the fragrant
mead."

So we kissed the patient sufferer, leaving her in faithful
hands,

Walked along the fragrant meadow, to the river's shining
sands;

Moved upon the tranquil water, softly floated down the
stream;

All the sounds that breathed upon us seemed like music of
a dream.

Tinkling bird-notes from the woodland, gentle whispering
of the leaves,

Floated softly o'er the water, on the bosom of the breeze.

Sweetly o'er our spirits stealing came the magic of that hour,

And we talked with *eyes* and *language*, influenced by its
quiet power.

In those moments fleeting by us, on the rosy wings of day,

Years we lived in *soul* communion, as two spirits sometimes
may.

“ For *true* lives we count by *heart-throbs*,” by the spirit’s
wakened power,
When *long days* are lived in *moments*, and *full years* in one
short *hour*.

When we started down the river, clouds were sleeping in
the west;
Soon they wakened from their slumber, as the wind dis-
turbed their rest,
Thickened from the hidden chambers, where the storm-god
makes their fold,
And along the bending heavens, in their sullen grandeur
rolled.
Careless as we drifted downward, ’neath the woodland’s
cooling shade,
We had noticed not the heavens, till the light began to
fade,
And we gazed and saw the columns marching upward o’er
the skies,
Marching with their front of blackness, filling up the broad
on-high :
Then she sat and held the rudder, while I plied the bend-
ing oars,
And we moved, in solemn swiftmess, by the woodland skirt-
ed shores ;
Still the clouds grew thicker, darker—gazing with their
dreadful frown
On the river, forest, mountain ; on the cottage, hall and
town ;
Gazing with their flashing darkness, muttering in their
dreadful wrath ;
We could feel the air all trembling with their drifting
sulph’rous breath :

Then there came an awful stillness o'er the river, field and
wood ;

Silence held its breath and waited for the coming of the
flood.

We had neared the ancient landing, and we were approach-
ing fast,

When the storm clouds burst upon us, and around us roared
the blast ;

Then a flash of vivid lightning shot from out the shudder-
ing dark,

Struck a pine that stood above us, hurled it, 'cross our slen-
der bark—

Darkness covered all my vision, and I saw and felt no more,
For long days and weeks of stupor held me in their death-
like power.

Then I waked with dreadful feelings, stirring all remaining
life

Into weary, soul-felt mourning, into ceaseless, aching strife.
O, my soul was clothed in darkness, and my life bereft of
joy ;

Elements were stirred within me that all happiness destroy.
Two bright spirits in the tempest, on that raging, awful
night,

Passed away from all the earthly—took their upward, heav-
enly flight ;

Leaving me, with all the mournful, weary motion of the
years,

Leaving me a lonely trav'ler through this earthly vale of
tears.

But the shadows, onward drifting o'er my old, my early
home,

Tell me that the day is ended, that the night is coming on,

And I 'll close the book of mem'ry, clasp it with a trembling hand,
Sail, again, the seas of action towards the nearing, Silent Land.

MRS. CARRIE E. GREENSLIT,
OF WARREN.

AUTUMN.

The autumn winds, with wailing notes,
Are sighing through the trees;
The willow leaves go floating by,
Borne onward by the breeze;
The swollen streams are rushing on,
And bearing them away;
Relentless time is carrying us
To the great and gathering day.

We seek our abodes of comfort and ease,
As the autumn blasts sweep by,
And the blazing fire and cheerful light,
For the evening that draweth nigh:
But the night of death is coming,
And are you prepared to go?
Are your treasures all in Heaven,
Or are they here below?

Like the faded leaves of autumn
Borne onward by the breeze,
So our friends depart and leave us,

For we cannot stay disease ;
But there's a " Balm in Gilead,"
There *is* a Physician there,
And no wint'ry blasts to chill us,
On the new earth strangely fair.

That our lamps may be trimmed and burning
Is my earnest prayer to-day ;
That the door be not closed against us,
Like those that had gone away :
But may we be watching, praying,
That we may be free from sin,
And then, at our Lord's appearing,
Be ready to enter in.

THOUGHTS.

Suggested on being asked, by my little boy, if I was tired.

Tired my darling? yes, tired of sin ;
Weary of grieving, the love I would win,
Weary of heartaches, of sighs, and of tears,
For such I have had these many long years.
Little thou knowest, my innocent child,
Of the thorns that we find in this pathway so wild.

Weary of standing by the bedside of pain,
Unable to raise them to vigor again ;
Weary of seeing them languish and die,
While dear friends, in sorrow, are saying good-bye :
Pleading, in tears, for the last look or kiss ;
Yes, my sweet child, I am tired of this.

Weary of loving that which passes away ;
E'en the flowers that are sweetest are marked with decay ;
Here friendships are false, and love is untrue—
As fair and as fleeting as morning's bright dew :
Here kind words and wishes so seldom are used,
Although the poor heart may be bleeding and bruised.

But thanks be to God, I can look just ahead,
To where partings are over and tears never shed,
When the enemy, Death, will forever be slain,
And the good, made immortal, with Jesus shall reign,
And bask in the sunlight that comes from the throne,
With loud Hallelujah, 'neath Heaven's high dome.

OH LET US BE UP AND DOING.

Oh ! let us be up and doing—
The night is coming on—
To-day is the time for labor,
To-morrow may never come.
The careless are all around us,
And sinners dread to die ;
Oh ! let us strive to prepare them
For a beautiful home on high.

Let us tell them, in tenderest accents,
Of a Saviour's dying love ;
How He came to suffer in anguish,
From His beautiful home above ;
And, "Lo I am always with you"—
The promise is sweet and true ;

He has left it for me, dear sinner ;
He has left the same for you.

It was, indeed, the sinner—
The sinner He came to save ;
For you He died on Calvary,
And slept in a lowly grave.
Oh ! do not be thoughtless, careless—
It is real, indeed, and true ;
What can you reply, at the judgment,
When He says, I have died for you.

With shame your face will crimson ;
Your head will be bowed with woe ;
“Depart from me, ye cursed,”
His children shall never know.
Oh ! try to be one of the number
That shall hear the words, “Well done ;”
Lay aside this world’s enjoyment
For the new and beautiful one.

There, are lakes of the purest crystal ;
The streets are all paved with gold ;
There, the flowers will bloom forever,
And the half hath not been told.
O Christian, be up and doing—
Take sinners by the hand :
Let our crowns be set with jewels,
As we enter the goodly land.

LINES

Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. P. Spaulding.

Another in Heaven, as the mother bent
O'er the corpse of the last loved child,
And her stricken heart, like a wounded bird,
Scarce beat in its anguish wild.
She had pillowed all three on her loving breast—
Could she bury the last one now?
And scarce more white were the ones at rest
Than the childless parent's brow.

The father gazed childless on his dead,
Till it seemed his soul would go
Forth through the dark valley and shadow of death,
Where is known no earthly woe.
Dark clouds had come down o'er his earthly good,
And had settled around his hearth;
And he saw fresh tears on every cheek,
And this was the scene on earth.

But in Heaven, bright Heaven, that place of rest,
'Neath the Lamb's effulgent rays,
Two sweet little angels clothed in white
Were chanting Jehovah's praise.
When the pearly gates of Heaven swung back,
And they clasped in each cherub hand,
Their little earth-brother, with a golden harp,
A loving and happy band.

Now, amid the flowers of Elysian fields,
They can pluck the sweetest and best—

They can shout in the gladsome light of day,
And sleep on a Saviour's breast,
Where naught but immortal roses bloom,
And their leaves cannot fade nor die.
No thorns can obscure their pathway now,
No serpent is lurking nigh.

All three of them now are Jesus' lambs,
And jeweled crowns they wear ;
With shining sceptres by their sides,
And conquering palms they bear.
Oh parents, cease to weep, but let
These three little angels be
A glorious light to guide you on,
'Neath the shadow of life's fair tree.

ROBERT MORRIS BAILEY.

OF CAMBRIDGE.—A MEMBER OF CLASS OF '72 OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

The following poem was delivered at the Junior Exhibition, in 1871.

A TRAGICAL TALE.

It is a mournful tale to tell
About a Mister Slow,
How he became completely crushed
Beneath a pile of woe.

A pleasant sort of man was he,
With whom time swiftly sped ;
He had few cares upon his mind—
Few hairs upon his head.

He had obtained what all have sought,
But few have ever found ;
For *peace* of mind he had acquired
Upon his piece of ground.

From arduous toil upon his farm
He ne'er was known to stop ;
But labored ever, like a hen,
To get a fuller *crop*.

From morn till night he labored hard,
From night till morn he snored ;
Above the high beams of his barn
His mind had never soared.

He always lived quite plainly, and
For dainties did not care ;
Though sometimes he would have a *fowl*
To modify his *fare*.

He was an honest citizen—
Conservative in views—
He did not take a paper, so
He did not read the news.

In fact he went along in quite
An antiquated way,
And laid up cash, like an umbrella,
Against a rainy day.

But finally, one fatal time,
A little chap came down
To canvass for a paper, in
That little country town.

And he unto our farmer went,
And labored all the day
To show him how a paper would
Most profitably pay.

Said he ! " Your good I have at heart,
I really think you can
Become, if not an *In-di-an*,
At least a well-read man.

" This paper well will teach you how
The good of life to reap ;
And as your welfare's dear to me.
I 'll let you have it cheap."

Alas ! the farmer had to yield
To these ingenious pleas,
And then the chap went on his way
For more subscription fees.

The next day, came another chap,
Who, full of gas and vapor,
At last induced our farmer friend
To take another paper.

And from that day upon his life
A mournful change did creep—
Between those rival *sheets* he found
No more refreshing *sleep*.

Unto their corps of editors
That change was wholly due :
And so we mourn Slow's *cruel fate*,
Among the *fatal crew*.

He read the news political—
He read religious matters—
He read the flings, and filth, and mud,
Which every paper spatters :

He learned how many knaves there are,
The human race among ;
And he himself was *in suspense*,
Because they were *unhung*.

He learned what liars all men are,
Who dwell beneath the sky,
“At the bottom of a well,” he found,
E’en “truth itself will lie.”

He read that all the world was wrong,
And all the world was right ;
He found that short is always long,
And black is always white.

Now having read opinions, of
So many different hues,
He thought, at last, he ’d settle down,
And try a spell of blues.

Alas ! that reading papers should
Transform a man so jolly,
And so unsettle him he ’d feel
A settled melancholly.

At last, unto himself he said,
“I ’ve neither child nor wife
To give support, so I ’ll no more
Support this mortal strife.

“Though honor, justice, truth and right
To find I long have tried
In vain, on every side I sue,
So I ’ll try su-i-cide.”

And so into his house he went,
And lay upon his bed,
And in his hand, he took an axe,
And drove it in his head.

Next morning when the news had time
About the town to go,
The coroner’s jury came and sat
Upon poor Mister Slow.

First one arose and said : “ I hope
This jury won’t refuse
To call him *hung*—because his death
Was plainly through the *news*.

“ Besides, he ’d neither wife nor child,
So this conclusion ’s fair,
He met his death for want of *breath*,
Because he had no *heir*.”

Another said—“ The fatal cause
Is quite misunderstood :
I think our friend here must have thought
That he was splitting wood.”

Another juror next maintained,
Poor Slow’s last fatal act
Quite plainly showed to every one,
His head was slightly cracked.

Another thought 't was poison, sure,
That caused poor Slow to die,
"Because he 'd swallowed papers, filled
With concentrated *lie*.

The coroner last proposed his view—
To which all gave assent—
"Since he was dented with an axe,
It was an *axe-i-dent*."

Now I will end this mournful tale
Of one whose only cares,
From reading papers partly came,
And part from splitting hairs.

All men who party papers read,
This sound advice will fit—
Remember Slow, and so avoid—
His fatal party-split.

OLIVER S. RICE,

OF GRANBY.

NATURE'S HOUR OF PRAISE.

Evening now, with skilful finger,
Silent weaves the gems of light,
While 'mid clouds the sunbeams linger
On the ebon brow of night.

Softly o'er my forehead sweeping,
Grateful floats the evening breeze ;

And, with gentle pressure creeping,
Murmurs through the forest trees.

And a spirit of devotion
Over all her scepter sways,
Chaste is every voice and motion—
This is nature's hour of praise.

Hushed is every turbid feeling,
And the spirit of the hour
O'er my heart is softly stealing,
With a deep, mysterious power.

Over all the shadow slumbers,
And the fading light grows dim;
While the waves, in gentle numbers,
Softly chant their vesper hymn.

And thus calmly, without sorrow,
Doth all nature sink to rest;
Doubting not that on the morrow
Light will come to cheer her breast.

Thus when death shall fling its shadow,
And the fearful night shall lower,
And my eye, in silence closing,
Gazes on earth's light no more;

May it, like a kind emotion,
Woo my spirit unto rest,
Calm as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest.

MY PRAYER.

O, Father, I have longed to stand
And labor in some heathen land,
Mid the dark gloom of moral night,
To gather for Thee jewels bright;
To speak to those who have not heard
The sound of Heaven's gracious word;
To tell them of the ransom given,
And point the dying soul to Heaven.

This, this has been my earnest prayer,
I trust it was not over fair—
And still I hope, and 't is my plea,
When death, at last, shall call for me,
That I may feel that I have brought
Some souls to Thee that knew Thee not.
O Father! hear my earnest prayer;
Grant me this priceless boon to share!

But if Thou wilt that here I stay,
And labor for Thee while I may;
Oh! like Thy well beloved Son,
Help me to say, "Thy will be done;"
And let me feel that everywhere
Thy servants have Thy watchful care;
And though they fruitless look for gain,
The seed can not be cast in vain.

“THOU HAST COME AGAIN, O SUMMER!”

Thou hast come again, O Summer!
And again I turn to thee
To give thee heartfelt welcome,
O Summer! bright and free.
But with tears the greeting's spoken,
And I think, with bitter woe,
Of a sod all freshly broken,
And a sorrow none may know.

Thou hast come again, O Summer!
But thy stay was far too long:
As I waited for thy flowers,
And listened for thy song,
An eye which loved thy coming
Was clouded o'er with pain,
And now, to one who watched for thee,
Thy coming is in vain.

Thou hast come again, O Summer!
And thy breezes, light and brief,
Join with the singing of the birds,
The music of the leaf.
And again thy flowers are blooming,
And soft thy grasses wave,
Yet to me thy beauty speaketh
But of a new-made grave.

Thou hast come again, O Summer!
And strange it seems to me,
That thy long looked for coming,
So sad could prove to be!

That all thy radiant beauty
Seems but to mock our woe—
That over human bosoms
Thy flowers can spring and grow.

MISS JEAN WELLS,

OF GRANBY.

MEMORY.

O, memory, weave thy golden chain
More closely round my heart ;
Thy joys though often linked with pain,
True happiness impart.

I fain would bid thee tarry long,
Midst childhood's happy hours ;
'T was there we sang life's sweetest song,
And plucked its fairest flowers.

No other skies will seem as bright—
Or friends as kind and true ;
For all things wore a softer light,
When life was fresh and new.

The play-ground where we used to meet
Each dear familiar face,
When happy hearts made life so sweet,
Seems now a lonely place.

For many a loved one of that band
Shall welcome us no more,

Till we shall meet where hand clasps hand,
Upon the other shore.

Still, midst the joys of riper years,
Their love we ne'er forget ;
And, looking backward through our tears,
We see their faces yet.

And life is made a nobler thing
For memories like these ;
Through all the sorrows earth can bring
Their echoes never cease.

They teach the heart to look above
These fleeting joys below,
Where we shall dwell in perfect love,
Which mortals never know.

ENDURING RECORDS.

We know, by every passing hour,
And by the leaves that fall,
That brief, indeed, would be our power,
If this short life were all.

For, like the flowers we pass away ;
They wither and are gone,
And thus our forms will soon decay ;
Yet, still the years move on.

The rose, in dying, sheds around
Its perfume on the air ;

And thus a silent trace is found,
That it hath once been there.

And shall *we* act life's mission well,
With earnest, trusting heart,
If nothing shall be left, to tell
Where we have borne our part?

We're pressing onward to the shore
Where life and death will meet;
The multitudes who went before
Are sleeping at our feet.

We walk above their precious dust
With slow and solemn tread—
Thou, hast, indeed, a sacred trust,
O, City of the dead!

The heroes of the ages past—
The noble and the brave,
Whose memories shall ever last,
Though silent in the grave.

The good they did their fellow-men—
Their efforts for the right,
Are written, with an angel's pen,
In characters of light.

The record of each glowing thought
And aspiration high;
The mighty deeds their hands have wrought—
These things can never die.

And yet, in eager strife for Fame,
Have countless numbers died,

Who sought for an immortal name,
And perished in their pride.

They live in vain whose highest aim
Is glory and renown ;
For these, alone, we may not claim
An everlasting crown.

Where moldering relics now repose
Of wealth to ruin hurled ;
There sleep secure from mortal foes—
The men who ruled the world.

They sat in majesty and pride
On Rome's imperial throne :
Yet now they slumber side by side,
With those to Fame unknown.

They thought to reach the loftiest height
That man hath ever known ;
And from that dizzy cliff, to write
Their history alone.

But to the lowest depths they fell,
By proud Ambition led ;
And desolation marks the path
They walked with iron tread.

The proudest monuments of earth
Are symbols of decay ;
For man's true excellence and worth
Dwell not in lifeless clay.

And though on canvas we may trace,
With finest human art,

The speaking beauty of the face,
We cannot paint the heart.

The power to write, in deathless lines,
The records of the soul,
Man, with his feeble knowledge, finds
Above his weak control.

The inward life we cannot know ;
And often shall we find
That, where the sweetest blossoms grow,
Our eyes were sadly blind.

What can it matter, though we sleep—
Our earthly labors done—
Where none above our graves may weep,
If we the crown have won ?

Where lies that holy man of old,
Who stood on Pisgah's height ?
For him no muffled bell was tolled—
No solemn burial rite.

No princely dome points out the spot
His sacred feet have trod ;
His lonely grave man knoweth not—
'T was marked alone by God :

Yet men nor angels could not write
A record half so grand ;
Thus infinite in power and might,
It came from God's own hand.

He needeth not our human aid,
His records to suply ;

For though all earthly things shall fade,
God's Truth will never die.

JOHN J. HAYNES,

FORMERLY OF GLOVER, VERMONT—*now* OF CHICOPEE, MASS.

The following lines were written on the death of Lydia Sanborn—only child of
Dr. Bennaih Sanborn, late of St. Johnsbury.

How sad is the moment when loved ones depart;
How keen is the anguish that pierces the heart,
When the youthful and gay, in precarious bloom,
Are cut down in their glory, and sink to the tomb.

But Lydia has left us our loss to deplore;
We mourn that on earth we can meet her no more;
But Jesus has called her, we must not complain;
Though deep be our sorrow, our loss is her gain.

No more will her parents in ecstasy greet
The soft swelling tones of her seraphine sweet;
But angels will listen, in raptures of love,
As she touches her harp in the chorus above.

We shall meet her again, in that era sublime,
When all of each nation, and kindred, and clime,
Shall dwell in the courts of the Father above,
Subdued to the Son by the spirit of love.

MISS MARY E. WARD,

OF NORTH DANVILLE.

HOPE.

Were it not for Hope's sweet presence
Earth would be a desert drear,
But she comes with grace and beauty,
Gives a smile for every tear.

Not a storm-cloud bursts in fury
O'er the unseen path of life,
But her rainbow hues are shining
Through the tempest and the strife.

When we see the blossoms fading,
With the early frosts of Fall,
And we murmur, "thus we 're losing
All our treasures, all, yes, all"—

Hope will come and gently whisper—
"As the flowers again will bloom,
So the cherished ones you 're weeping,
Live, again, beyond the tomb."

When we break the ties that bind us
To our homes and native land,
Then 't is well to have beside us
Hope, with accents soft and bland.

All the visions that she painteth
To our eyes may not be true;

But they keep our hearts from breaking—
Give us strength to dare and do.

When earth's petty jars and discord
Fill us with a vague unrest,
Then how sweet to have her point us
To the mansions of the blest.

O'er each scene of pain and pleasure
Hope her own sweet charm can throw;
Giving one a deeper measure—
Taking from the other's woe.

When we feel our feet are slipping
From the yielding sands of time,
Hope's last mission is to point us
Where the lights eternal shine.

For this friend, on earth so pleasing,
O'er the river may not go;
In the land where all is perfect,
Hope and fear we may not know.

THE SOUTH WIND.

I love the voice of the South Wind,
In Spring's sweet, vernal hours;
For it tells me pleasant tales
Of coming birds and flowers.

I love the voice of the South Wind
In Summer, bright and gay;

For it tells of frolic and fun,
Mid fields of new mown hay.

Yes, and I love the South Wind,
When Autumn's pensive light
Steals over hill and valley,
Like shades of coming night :

For it tells of other climes,
Where Summer hours are long,
And Winter snows ne'er hush
The warbler's merry song.

And I love, oh ! more than ever,
In Winter the South Wind's breath ;
For it tells me life shall spring
Again from Nature's death.

But think not my love can come
From things like these alone ;
For a brother's cherished form
Now rests in the South Wind's home.

And ye know not the joy I feel,
When it tells me, in whispers low,
That his grave with grass is green,
And sweet flowers round it grow—

That sweet flowers round it grow,
Watched o'er by stranger's care ;
And their tender, thoughtful care
Has placed a yew tree there.

Yet all the words of the South Wind,
Which it speaks to my spirit's ear,

I can no more pen on paper,
Than I can paint a crystal tear :

For it brings, with mystic power,
From its southern home so fair,
The wild, sweet strains of birds—
The rich perfume of air ;

Till I feel, as I listen to it,
All the music and the bloom
That blend, in southern beauty,
Around my brother's tomb.

And it soothes the fearful pain
That 's burned my brain these years ;
As the deepest grief is calmed
By the blessed flow of tears.

Do you wonder, then, I love it—
The wind of the south—so well ?
But I dare not speak of it longer,
Lest I break the mystic spell.

THE FOUR VIEWS.

I looked o'er the earth when Spring-time's breath,
Breathed out in the vernal air,
And I said in my heart, " O, never again,
Sweet earth, wilt thou be so fair !"

I looked o'er the earth, when Summer was bright,
In the leafy bowers of June,

And I thought no more of the beauty of buds,
For the wealth of the perfect bloom.

I looked once more, when Autumn had touched
The hills with her magic wand,
And I held my breath at the gorgeous sight
Of autumnal glories grand.

Yet once, again, at morning I gazed,
And saw that in the night
Earth had been crowned with diamonds,
And clothed in angel white.

I placed a seal on my parting lips,
That had been so rash before ;
For how shall a feeble mortal know
The depths of the Maker's power.

FERNANDO C. HATHAWAY, A. M.,

OF MORRISVILLE.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

On the Stygian banks, in the Hadean land,
Wanders an ever-restless band,
Awaiting the boatman to carry them o'er,
And land them on the opposite shore.

The aged, the infirm, the strong, the weak,
Contend in goblin strife, to seek
The consent of the boatman, o'er the waters dark,
To carry them first, in his fragile bark.

The ferryman, Charon, with his magic boat,
Ever on the murky waters floats,
And drives them back, without any fears,
Until they have wandered their hundred years.

As he performed his task, year after year,
He used partiality, 't was very clear;
For every female that came to the shore,
Without hesitation he ferried o'er.

This settled a question much discussed,
Whether women had any rights in trust;
For a woman's right was established, then,
To enter Hades in advance of the men.

HIRAM T. PECK,

FORMERLY OF BERLIN, VT.—NOW OF NEW HAVEN, CT., OFFICE OF HOME INSURANCE CO.

NIGHT.

Night cometh on apace;
On Nature's breast the dews of Heaven descend;
The gems of evening glow in fields of space,
And lights and shadows blend.
With all its weal and woe, another day
Has left the bounds of time, to come no more for aye.

O'er mountain tops that rise
Where the bright day-god cast his parting glance,
Float little clouds, imbued with many-dyes,
Through heaven's blue expanse;

The Queen of evening sheds her silvery light,
Dispelling now the gloom that veils the brow of night.

The aromatic breeze,

From southern plains, decked by the vernal queen,
Sweeps gently by, and whispers through the trees

“Just coming out in green”—

Refreshing to the weary one of toil—

Cooling the fevered brow, marked by disease a spoil.

Silent are greenwood aisles—

No song of bird breaks on the solitude—

Peace, gentle goddess, looks on earth and smiles,

In her beatitude;

To sinful man a respite sweet she brings,

And sheds a heavenly ray o'er transitory things.

The Author of our weal

Leaves on the earth the impress of His love:

The charms that meet our vision all reveal

The glory from above;

And as we gaze, a something from within

Dreams of the happy home where naught is known of sin.

Glad season of repose;

The simile of that eternal rest,

When to his narrow house the pilgrim goes,

To slumber with the blest—

When severed are the silken ties that bind

Its tenement of clay with the immortal mind.

Fit time to meditate

Upon the wisdom, power and love of God—

To read the evidence that He is great

Who holds the ruling rod—
To muse upon that parting season here,
When the imprisoned soul sighs for a higher sphere.

Fit time to homage pay
In grateful prayer to the Omnific Love,
That we may follow in the narrow way
That leads to life above—
That when stern Death dissolves each vital cord,
It can be said, "Well done, blest servants of the Lord."

New Haven, May 31, 1867.

FOR AN ALBUM.

What is the theme that most engages
The soul of human kind;
The thought that lives throughout the ages—
That stamps with power the poet's pages—
Inspiring every mind?

'T is this: that as our years shall glide
Into the realm of mist;
'T is sweet to know, whate'er betide,
That in *some* hearts, both true and tried,
Our memory will exist.

For this Ambition toileth on
To reach the starry heights of fame,
That when the race of life is run,
And honor's crown is nobly won,
May still exist his name.

E'en thus, my friend, I fain would bring
To friendship's sacred shrine—
Poor though it be—some offering
To vivify the freshening spring
That waters mem'ry's vine.

Thus may the lines I now indite
A souvenir remain—
That as the years shall take their flight,
Sweet memory's vine may know no blight,
But bloom, and bloom again.

New Haven, June, 1867.

CLARENCE E. BLAKE,

OF SALISBURY CT., FORMERLY OF CORNWALL, VT.—*now* A MEMBER OF MIDDLEBURY
COLLEGE, CLASS OF 1873.

STANDING BY THE SEA.

I stood beside the ocean, as its billows lashed the shore;
And its heaving, troubled bosom gave a deep and sullen roar,
And many a thought came o'er me, as the spectacle I saw,
And I stood in raptured silence, filled with reverence and
awe.

I thought how many ages has this mighty monster rolled;
How remote is its beginning, no historic pen has told.
It witnessed our creation, and to day it is the same
As when Adam, cursed of heaven, from the plains of Eden
came.

The nations of antiquity have risen and declined ;
Generations have existed that have left no trace behind ;
And time has ruined cities of whose site there 's naught to tell
But the ocean of the ages rolls its briny billows still.

Thou 'rt the thoroughfare of nations, stretching out in wide
expanse,

From the tropic sands of Cuba to the coast of *la belle* France,
And surging from the center to the shore of every land,
From the ice of arctic regions to the sunny coral strand.

But tell to me thy secrets ; for methinks within thee lie
Precious treasures that are hidden far away from human eye ;
And thousands upon thousands of our fellow-beings sleep,
And await their final summons 'neath thy bosom, restless
deep.

And thus, throughout the cycles that the earth and man
remain,

Will the nations rise to glory, and their broken power, wane,
But the ocean, never changing, as in progress or decline,
Will roll its tidal billows to the farthest age of time.

LUCY E RICE,

OF GRANBY,

HOPE.

What is your hope ? these words to me
Awaken deep despair ;
That blessed world I may not see,
May never enter there.

I have no hope to tread its streets,
Those streets of shining gold ;
I have no hope its joys complete
I ever shall behold.

I have no hope ! then why not die ?
Why should I longer live,
When I 've no hope beyond the sky
And earth no joy can give ?

The fearful woe that follows death !
Oh ! can it ever be
That I must taste that endless death,
When Jesus died for me ?

This hope, so sweet, to me unknown,
When will it cheer my mind ;
Must I pursue my journey through,
And this dear hope not find ?

God, my God, my prayer has heard ;
Oh ! I praise His holy name ;
For He has sent the pardoning word,
And unbound the captive's chain.

Now I love Him from my heart,
Praise and laud Him every day ;
From His service would not part ;
Gladly own his sovereign sway.

Oh ! I hope to sing His praise
In the holy courts above,
Who, in mercy, crowned my days
With the blessing of his love.

N. T. CHURCHILL,

OF ELMORE.

FRIENDSHIP.

I would not call that one a friend,
Who others' sorrows can withstand;
The heart that beats for self, alone,
Is false as dross—is cold as stone.

True friendship strives, by every art,
To shield from harm the erring heart;
To turn the shaft of sin away,
And darkest night make bright as day.

When Slander robes us in disgrace,
She tears the mask from Slander's face;
Frowns Flattery down, nor seeks to hide
From us our faults, but kindly chides.

'T is sweet to know we have a friend
The breath of foes can never bend;
Whose friendship is no heartless show,
Spread o'er with smiles, with dregs below.

'T is sweet to see the tear-drops start;
Then half suppressed when friends must part;
'T is sweet to hear the words half spoken,
The farewell words, from hearts nigh broken.

There is no gem in pleasure's mart,
Like the rich love of a true heart;

{ The soul's pure love, the heart's fond sigh
Are things that gold can never buy.

MISS MARTHA J. BRIGGS,

OF FAIRHAVEN.

[Miss Briggs intends to publish a volume of her poems soon.]

WELL DONE, VERMONT.

WRITTEN NEAR THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

Well done, Vermont ! no heavier blows
Has armed rebellion felt,
While putting forth its strength, than those
Thy patriot sons have dealt.
They have arisen, with one accord,
In all their power and might,
To fearlessly unsheath the sword,
And for their country fight.

Well done, Vermont, thy mountains boast
Of verdure ever green ;
Like them thy firm and dauntless host
Is in great vigor seen.
For as the heaven-aspiring heights
Their nobleness display,
So they, tenacious of their rights,
Offer their lives to-day.

Well done, Vermont—the path that leads
To victory's fadeless star

Is echoing with thy valiant deeds—
The foremost of the war.
Mid conflicts dark thy troops have shown,
No doubts nor causeless fears,
And in our hearts we're proud to own
Our gallant volunteers.

Well done Vermont—above thy head
The brow of promise hangs;
Unmoved thou 'st been, 't is truly said,
Amid our nation's pangs.
Though death has sadly thinned thy ranks,
And still each camp attends,
To all are due the tearful thanks
Of many loyal friends,

Well done Vermont—beneath thy feet,
Thy treacherous foes are laid,
For thou art calm, bold and discreet,
Fearless and undismayed.
We know thy lofty, brilliant name,
In glowing letters traced,
From the immortal scroll of fame,
Will never be effaced.

Well done Vermont, thy motto 's been,
And evermore will be,
The best adopted by brave men,
“Life, Union, Liberty.”
And thy triumphant banner floats,
As o'er each State it must,
When rebel threats, and rebel notes
Are silent in the dust.

Well done Vermont, although our songs
Thy merits gladly own,
The will to be, and do, belongs
Not to thyself alone :
For unto the Eternal Power,
All-seeing and All-wise,
Fervent petitions, hour by hour,
From incensed altars rise.

God's goodness with great zeal displayed,
Thy noble sons protect ;
His hand in battle-field arrayed,
Their puny arms direct.
He strengthens every one that strives
To keep them from all want,
The loving daughters, sisters, wives
And mothers of Vermont.

He will their honored fathers cheer—
Grant them deserved renown,
Their husbands, sons and brothers dear
With deathless laurels crown.
And while the fleeting sands of time
Their circling courses run,
O'er earth will sound the words, sublime
Well done, Vermont, well done.

EDWIN R. TOWLE,

OF FRANKLIN.

—
KATIE.

Bless thee, little winsome Katie,
With thy azure eyes,
And thy rosy-tinted sunlight,
That thy pale cheek dyes.

'T is a rough road thou 'st to travel,
With thy weary feet,
Ere that lone and erring father
Shall thy presence greet.

But a holy purpose nerves thee,
And a tireless zeal,
Till that mother's fond forgiveness
Thou to him reveal !

Stranger eyes look pitying, Katie,
On thy fragile form,
As they see thee bowing meekly,
To the world's rough storm.

Haste thee, little wearied trav'ler,
For thou 'rt almost there—
Will that wayward, erring father
Listen to thy prayer ?

Yes, those speaking eyes proclaim it
With bright tear-drops laved—

“ ’T is a brand plucked from the burning—
For, thank God, he ’s saved !”

THE OLD MAN’S PLAINT.

Adown life’s weary vale
I ’m passing now ;
The frost of four-score years
Is on my brow.

The friends, that once I knew,
So good and brave,
Are sleeping—Oh ! so still—
Within the grave !

The scenes of other days
Are past and gone,
And ’mid earth’s busy throng
I ’m left alone.

Yet peace ! it is not long
I ’ll wander here,
Where is no joy nor friend
Nor pity near.

The time that I shall go
Is near at hand,
To join the “ gone-before”
In Eden-land,

Where no sad change e’er comes
To mar our bliss ;
But all is happiness,
And joy and peace.

MISS MAY A. MORRILL,

OF LINCOLN.

—
SUNSET.

One of those clear, bright autumn days,
Of sunny fair September;
Within a purple sunset's haze,
I love to oft remember.
We stood alone, my friend and I—
Ah, thinks she of it ever—
And watched along the azure sky,
The shadows slowly gather.

A crimson tide of splendor rolled
O'er clouds of fleecy lightness;
While the sun poured its rays of gold,
In all their dazzling brightness:
Thoughts filled our hearts too great for words
Of mortals faint expressing—
The while the light winds kissed her brow,
In silent, solemn blessing.

Oh! what a tide of splendor streamed
On skies that stretched before me—
My friend exclaimed, "we gaze upon
The threshold of God's glory.
Could we but step within those clouds,
Could earthly ties be riven,
Together burst the pearly bars,
And ope the door of Heaven—

“What thinkest thou we should behold,
When so much light doth linger,
Upon the borders of a land
Touched by the heavenly finger?
But now”—she paused, and in her eyes,
The tears were softly shining;
I gazed upon her radiant brow,
Her thoughts almost divining:

“We stand upon a rocky shore,
Life’s trials all before us,
Its doubts and fears, its griefs and tears,
Are still to gather o’er us;
Alone its ways our feet must tread,”
(A gloom, a dread comes o’er me,)
“Thro’ death’s dark door the soul must pass,
Before it reach the glory.

“Dear one, dost thou not understand
The glorious promise given,
‘Lo I am with you to the end,’
Once said the Lord of Heaven.
And even death no gloom shall bring,
Lit by His love and glory;
Remember Him who burst its bars,
Who has gone up before thee;

“And place in His thy trembling hand—
All earthly cares forgetting—
Safe shalt thou journey thro’ the land,
And when life’s sun is setting,
Thy feet shall press the golden shores,
Earth’s ties forever riven;

O'er death victorious—ever more
Range the glad fields of Heaven."

OUR MOTHER.

Our mother—holiest earthly name,
That human lips e'er whispered,
Breathed by the young or aged one,
Or little infant lisper.
Oh ! what a joy thrills all the soul—
Ne'er called forth by another—
As memory brings us early years,
And whispers of our mother.

If young, and far away from her,
We think of that sad parting,
And how the choking tears would come,
When first she saw us starting ;
How tenderly her word of cheer
Within the heart still lingers,
And every thing seems doubly dear,
Made by her loving fingers.

And then those letters that she writes,
Like angel visits coming,
Commencing with dear boy, dear girl,
So tenderly and loving—
Telling us all about our home,
And how they miss us daily,
And speaking of her toil and care,
Bravely, and almost gaily.

If old, and many a year has passed
 Since she was silent sleeping,
And o'er her grave the cypress waves,
 And moss and flowers are creeping ;
Still ever freshly mem'ry keeps
 The hours of life's glad morning ;
Her counsels all are unforgot,
 And her last solemn warning.

We stand, again, beside her chair,
 Our tired head on her shoulder ;
And brushing back our tangled hair,
 She tells us when we 're older
How much we 'll do, and what we 'll do,
 That 's *good*, and *true*, and *noble*,
To help her and to help the world,
 And save us care and trouble.

We promise, then, with hearts aglow,
 For life's *great duties* yearning,
That we will love the *good* and *true*,
 From every evil turning—
Will care for her, when she is old,
 Oh ! heart so *true* and *tender*,
To think *our mother* should grow old—
 She 's young, to us, forever.

We seek repose, and mother comes
 To see we 're warm and cosy—
Calls us her darling, and then stoops
 To kiss the lips so rosy ;
And hears us say our childhood's prayers—
 "I lay me"—and, "Our Father"—

And safe within His care we rest,
Who gave to us our mother.

Oh! lingering years, speed on, speed on—
We know within Heaven's portal
Our mother waits to greet us all,
With love unchanged, immortal.
And when we cross the river dark,
And meet with friend and brother,
We'll join the song of heavenly love,
Now chanted by our mother.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Joyful we hail thee again, Christmas morning—
As wanderers, and aliens, we come from afar,
And pray that the light, o'er the shepherds once beaming,
May guide us to Jesus, like Bethlehem's Star.

Visit us now, oh ye angels of glory!
Bring us glad tidings of joy once again;
Waiting, we listen to hear the glad story,
That once brought such joy to the lost sons of men.

What though no angel, on bright, shining pinions,
May bring us a message from out the far land,
As in the borders of sin's dark dominions,
Weary, and doubting, and trembling, we stand;

We hear a loved voice from the better land telling
Of the *unbounded* mercy, the *undying* love
Of that dear Redeemer, Who here once was dwelling—
Now gone to prepare us a mansion above.

Hope whispers of climes in their beauty exceeding
 Our *wildest imaginings* of glory and light;
 Where their Ruler, our King, is for us interceding,
 And 'round Him our loved ones, in garments of white.

Then hail, blessed day—that once saw his appearing—
 As wanderers and aliens we come from afar,
 And pray that the light, o'er the shepherds once beaming,
 May guide us to Jesus, like Bethlehem's Star.

MISS A. M. NICHOLS,

OF DANBY.

LINES

To an absent sister on the death of her nephew, who, when only four years old,
 saw his mother weeping and told her not to cry, for he was not afraid to die.

He's gone! our little one has passed down death's dark tide!
 He was his father's hope and joy—his mother's love and
 pride—

He's gone! our loving hearts with grief are made to over-
 flow;

But death, with his unerring aim, has laid its victim low—
 In humbleness we'll kiss the hand that stilled his earthly
 powers,

And give him up a sacrifice, though ne'er was grief like
 ours—

We made his narrow house of clay, where the golden ap-
 ples fall,

In the shadow of the early bough, just by the garden wall

For thee I pressed the tiny hand that clasped the myrtle
bough,
And kissed, for thee, the once warm cheek, so cold and pal-
lid now—
All nature wore a smiling face—high was the midday sun—
As we brought the little body forth of our own beloved one,
And gave it back to its mother earth—the spirit, larger
grown,
We knew had passed the golden gate where sorrow ne'er
is known. •
We saw them fill his little grave—a mound now rounded
high
Marks the spot where rests our darling boy, who 's not
afraid to die.
We know he is angelic now, since earthly bonds are riven ;
In endless joy his spirit lives, with the ransomed ones in
Heaven.

WILLARD H. PETTES,

•
OF BRATTLEBORO.

SONG OF THE WIND.

I come over mountains,
O'er valley and plain,
O'er woodlands and fountains—
The wild rolling main ;
I sweep the tall pine,
And bend the proud oak,

And the soft tender vine
Feels hardly my stroke.

I come from the North,
In the strength of my pride,
And bravely go forth
The world roaming wide;
Nor ceasing to ponder
A moment to know,
Which way I may wander,
Or where I shall go.

At the South I do revel,
But stride on my way;
In my course I dishevel
The locks of the gray;
Yet I linger not there,
Not even to know
The age of a sire—
I wish only to blow.

I trip from the West—
I ride from the East
O'er the smooth, gentle breast
Of some river in peace:
I struggle away
Till it rages in foam,
And carelessly play,
Or thunder my moan.

DEPARTURE OF WINTER.

Thou art leaving us, Winter,
Thou art hastening away,
And Summer's soft glories
Will brighten the day.
The sun will shine gaily
O'er forest and moor,
And birds and soft breezes
Will play round the door.

We are glad thou art trailing
Away from the North,
In some region to wander
Which may value thy worth :
Thou cam'st with thy cold—
With thy ice and thy snow,
Many hearts thou hast frozen—
Thou art welcome to go !

Then adieu to thee, Winter !
Thou hast given us pain ;
But soon from thy journey
Thou 'lt return once again :
Thy breath it shall wither
The bloom of the rose,
And sere each gay flower
In the valley that grows.

We will greet thee, fair Summer—
Oh, blest be thy ray ;
The fairest and noblest
That brightens life's day.

The heart shall leap forward
With gladness, to cheer
And call thee, of all seasons,
The best in the year.

H. L. B. MOON,

OF HOLLAND.

LITTLE THINGS.

The rain-drop is a little thing,
But when they come *en masse*,
Refreshing showers to earth they bring,
Enlivening all the grass.

The sunbeam is a little thing,
And yet how great its power;
For light and heat they ever bring,
And smile on every flower.

The snowflake is a little thing,
But, soon as they unite,
Their mantle round the earth they fling,
And all the fields are white.

A word of kindness, though it be
From him of lowly birth;
Will take a whole eternity
To prove its real worth.

The little springs, though very small,
Are e'en the ocean's source;

Niag'ra's mighty waterfall
Receives from them its force.

"Take special care of little things,"
Then let our motto be ;
For they are borne on angel's wings
To vast eternity.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

I love my native country,
With all her beauties rare ;
And better now that Freedom
Has placed her footsteps there.

I love her pleasant valleys,
So beautiful and green ;
Her rills, her brooks and rivers,
Which everywhere are seen.

I love her towering mountains,
Her hillocks and her plains ;
Her broad, extensive prairies—
Her sunshine and her rains.

I love her institutions—
Her colleges and schools—
Her telegraphs, and rail-roads,
And Silomaić pools.

I love her pleasant forests,
With foliage so fair ;

Her many lovely flowers
Which scent the morning air.

I love her pretty songsters,
Which cause the groves to ring
With nature's sweetest music ;
So lovely do they sing.

I love her lakes and lakelets—
(I trust you 'll with me bear,)
E'en every thing is lovely,
Which is afforded there.

In fact, I love my country,
The fairest of the fair ;
And better, still, since Freedom
Has placed her footsteps there.

THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

They tell me there are flowers fair,
That grow on prairie land ;
That sweet and balmy is the air
Where they 're by breezes fanned.

That when their blossoms widely ope,
And they 're in fullest bloom,
No other flowers with them can cope,
So rich is their perfume.

But fairer than the fairest flower
In nature's garden rare,

Is she who feels the Spirit's power,
And knows a Saviour's care.

She has a place of secret prayer—
A precious heavenly bower ;
Perhaps her features are not fair,
Still she 's the prairie flower.

She wears her jewels in her *soul*,
Excluding worldly lust :
Not outward jewels made of gold,
But those which never rust.

Then fairer than the flowers that bloom
In nature's garden bower,
And fill the air with sweet perfume,
Is she, the prairie flower.

MISS IDA L. SPRAGUE,

OF HANCOCK.

DESERTED.

Silent and lone—untenanted,
Save by the phantoms of the past,
The crumbling walls of granite
Frown defiance to the blast,
Which, in wild and wierd cadence,
Moans through stately halls and old,
Like a dark, relentless spirit
Doomed to roam through years untold.

There a wilderness of flowers
Fling their perfumes on the air;
But they blossom, all unheeded,
In luxuriance, wild and rare;
Russet vines of clambering ivy
Wave with every passing breeze,
That softly creeps and shudders
Through the dim aisles of the trees.

Close within the gloomy shadows
Of that mansion, old and gray,
Stands a chapel—slowly, surely
Falling into grim decay.
Through the high arched, sashless windows,
Through the widely open door
Plays the light, in countless rainbows,
O'er the tessellated floor.

Marble font, and statue gleaming,
Lie in broken fragments loose,
And the golden censers idly
Rust, unkindled, in disuse.
At the dust-enshrouded altar
Kneels no penitent, to crave
Pardon from the blest Madonna,
Trusting in her power to save.

Mortal footsteps never enter
Through the portals, dim and wide,
Of the gloomy manse and chapel,
Standing closely side by side:
For they tell you, whisp'ring darkly,
Of a strange, unearthly light

Gleaming ever from that mansion,
Through the hush of drear midnight;

And of voices echoing quaintly
Through the quiet Summer air—
Of uncanny forms and faces
Mingling anger and despair—
That on all who rashly venture
Within its unhallowed walls,
Withering blight, or doom of evil,
Must inevitably fall.

Ages since, (so runs the legend,)
Dwelt a maiden, pure and fair,
Lovliest flower of all the wildwood,
Blooming in seclusion there.
True and good—none knew the gentle,
Dark eyed “ladie” but to love;
None, in all that wide demesne,
But would true devotion prove.

Guarded by a selfish tyrant,
Cold and proud, by passion swayed,
Knew he naught of kindly pity,
Or compassion for the maid.
Blighted in her youthful beauty,
By a stern, unyielding hate,
Doomed!—and may just Heaven record it—
Death! her sad, untimely fate.

Through the lapse of passing ages,
Linking, dimly, “then and now,”
Still exists the deadly evil
Of a never-failing vow—

That while wall of manse or chapel
Should exist, in solemn gloom,
Neither years of good or evil
Could remove the blighting doom.

OUR MAY.

Happiness comes not with sunshine,
Heart's grief obscures the bright rays,
The clouds have no silvery lining
To brighten the sorrowful days.

List! to the breeze whispering sadly;
Weep! she has left us for aye;
Mourn! while the tear-drops fall dimly
For our darling, our own angel May.

Stars! twinkling brightly in ether,
Veil thy sad faces to-night;
Se'est thou not the heart's anguish
Shrinks from thy radiant light?

Bells! ring out silently—softly,
With mellow cadence wed,
And chant to the air of evening
A requiem for the dead.

Lilies! oh fold thy bright petals,
Murmur to violets a knell;
Tell them she's left us forever—
Too fondly we loved her, and well.

Heart! cease thy wearisome beating :
Knowest thou not she is free ?
Bow, then, in silent submission
To thy Heavenly Father's decree.

Read in His—"Whom He loveth
He chasteneth"—sorrow then quell ;
Silence! tumultuous grieving ;
"Doeth He all things well."

"Like as a Father may pity
His children," pitieth He ;
Stricken one, turn to Him only ;
Surely He pitieth thee.

Although He has taken thy loved one,
Leaving sad hearts and sore ;
And she 's lost to earth forever—
"Heaven has one angel more."

There then, Oh! then, thou shalt meet her,
If on earth thou wilt patiently wait
Till thy weary feet cross life's threshold,
And enter the Golden Gate.

MRS. O. S. SPRAGUE,

OF HANCOCK.

A TRIBUTE TO NELLIE.

TO MR. AND MRS. FARNSWORTH.

In a garden of exotics,
Each and all surpassing fair,
Just unfolding—none had blossom'd—
Was a lily, pure and fair.

Sunshine, care and early culture,
Loving hands and hearts bestowed ;
Fondest hopes, in rainbow colors,
O'er that fair, white lily glowed.

One by one the leaves unfolded,
Each more beauteous in their hue,
And more perfect grew our lily,
Shelter'd from the cold night dew.

Yet a few more days were needed
To make perfect gem of beauty ;
Fragrant lily, chaste, so rare,
Fanned by earth's soft ambient air.

Did the angels, bending o'er her,
Lend their own angelic hue ?
Knew we that our lily's beauty
More akin to angels grew ?

One by one the leaves were folded,
Hands were crossed upon her breast ;

Sculptured marble-like, their beauty—
Nellie lives in endless rest.

When our earthly flowers exhaling,
Pass away to fairer bowers,
Angels guard the holy treasures—
Fan to life the drooping flowers.

Hopes and fears are unavailing,
Prayers and tears cannot recall;
Life is like a flower blooming—
Droops at death's ungenial call.

Tiny buds and fair young blossoms
Still require your fostering care:
Gently guard your household treasures,
Not all the gems on earth so fair.

Can you mourn your flower transplanted?
Can you mourn? is hope all fled?
Look ye upward! see your lily bloometh;
Nellie lives, she is not dead!

Germ immortal, earth expanded!
Drooping for thy native sky,
Angels, pitying, saw thy beauty waning,
Bore her to their home on high.

VERSES.

Suggested on reading "My Baby's Drawer."

Thy babe hath gone to the angels,
And they for thy darling will care;

The bud that was exhaled in life's morning
Will blossom in beauty most fair.

The air is more genial in Heaven,
For these frail, tiny plants of the earth;
And those of the rarest beauty,
Oft languish and fade from birth.

A fostering care is needed,
A culture we cannot give;
'Neath the shadowy wings of the Eternal,
Thy babe in new beauty will live.

Drooping, fading, and dying,
The angels bore him above;
The pitying Father saw him—
This beautiful germ of His love.

The Magical Presence awoke him,
Blooming with new beauty and life,
While the shining crown on his forehead
Proclaimed him an angel of light.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven"—
The new-born, the helpless and young;
And highest mid the crown of His jewels
Are these sinless, these dear little ones.

No dimness mars the splendor
Which encircles "The Great White Throne"
And the baby choir attending,
With their golden harps are known.

As the baby souls He ransomed—
The chosen white lambs of His fold—

Their songs are the purest, the sweetest,
That through the broad archway roll.

Their robes are white and spotless,
Dazzling with emeralds bright;
But their wond'rous baby beauty,
Oustrivals these gems so bright.

The angels have named your darling
Some sweet pet name, I know,
And oh! most tenderly they 'll guard him
Through the flowery path he goes.

No tear dims the eye of your prince,
No sorrow his young heart knows;
Then cease fond heart "throbbing" with sorrow—
Thy Father hath willed it so.

Thou, the mother of an angel!
Exalted among woman-kind;
That fair young life immortal,
Shall add new lustre to thine.

Wond'rous! the mercy and goodness,
Of Him who hath willed it so;
Great, oh woman, thy mission
In this beautiful world below.

ERRATA.

Page 207, line 14, read drank for "drunk."

" 215, " 31, " have for "has."

" 251, " 11, " ceaseless for "ceasless."

" 487, " 8, " bow for "brow."

" 487, " 16, " treacherous for "treachorous."

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